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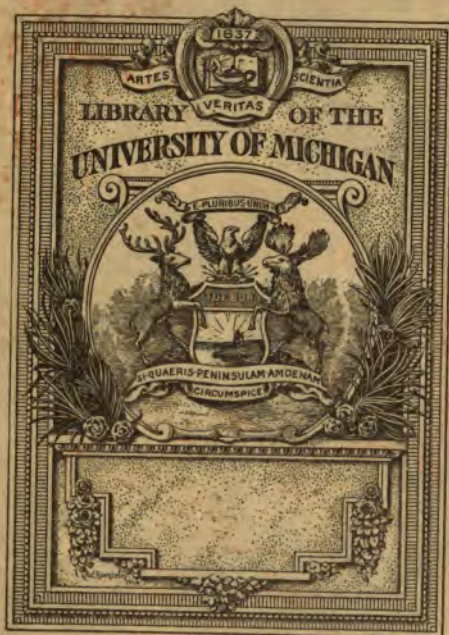
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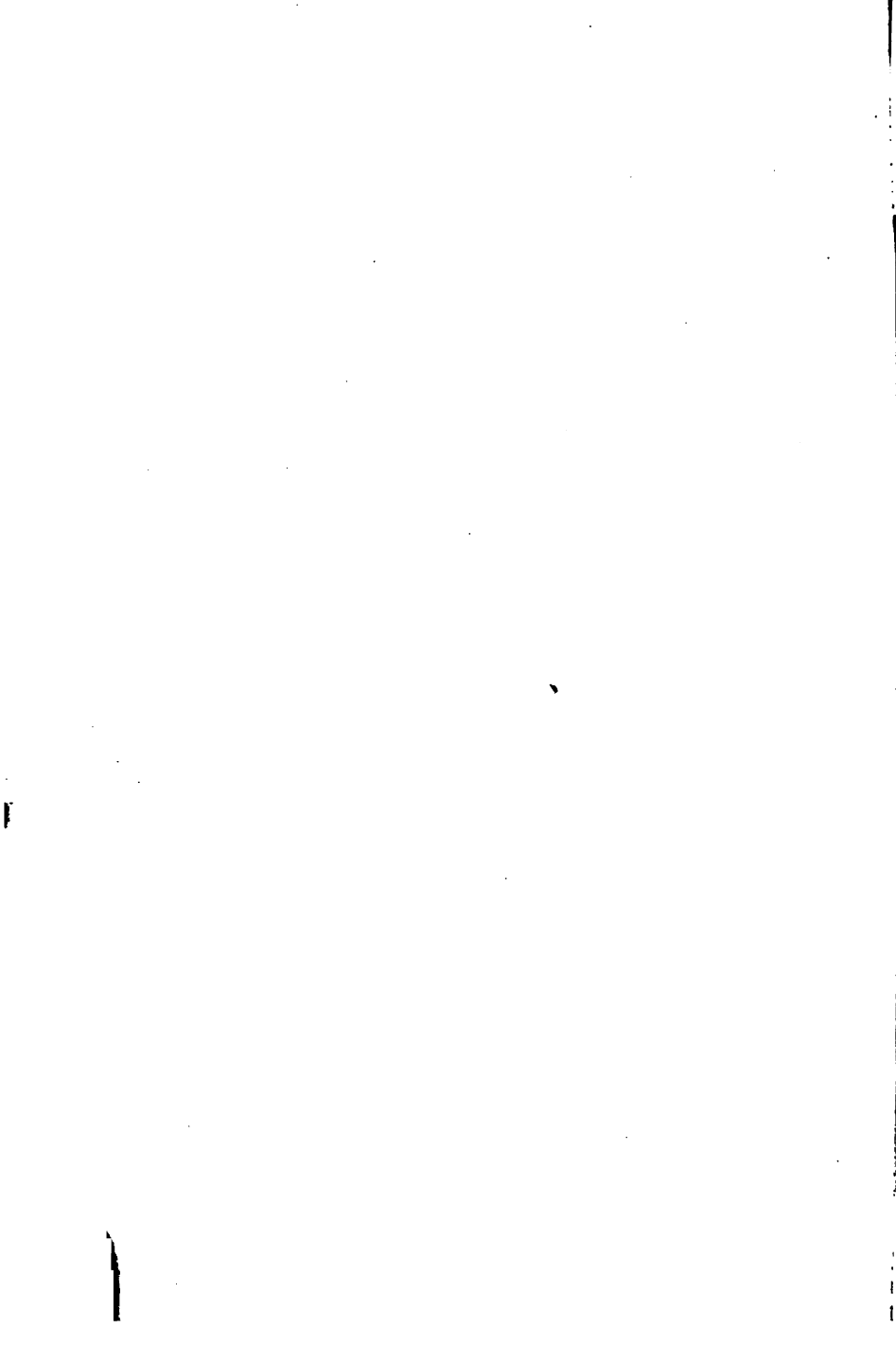
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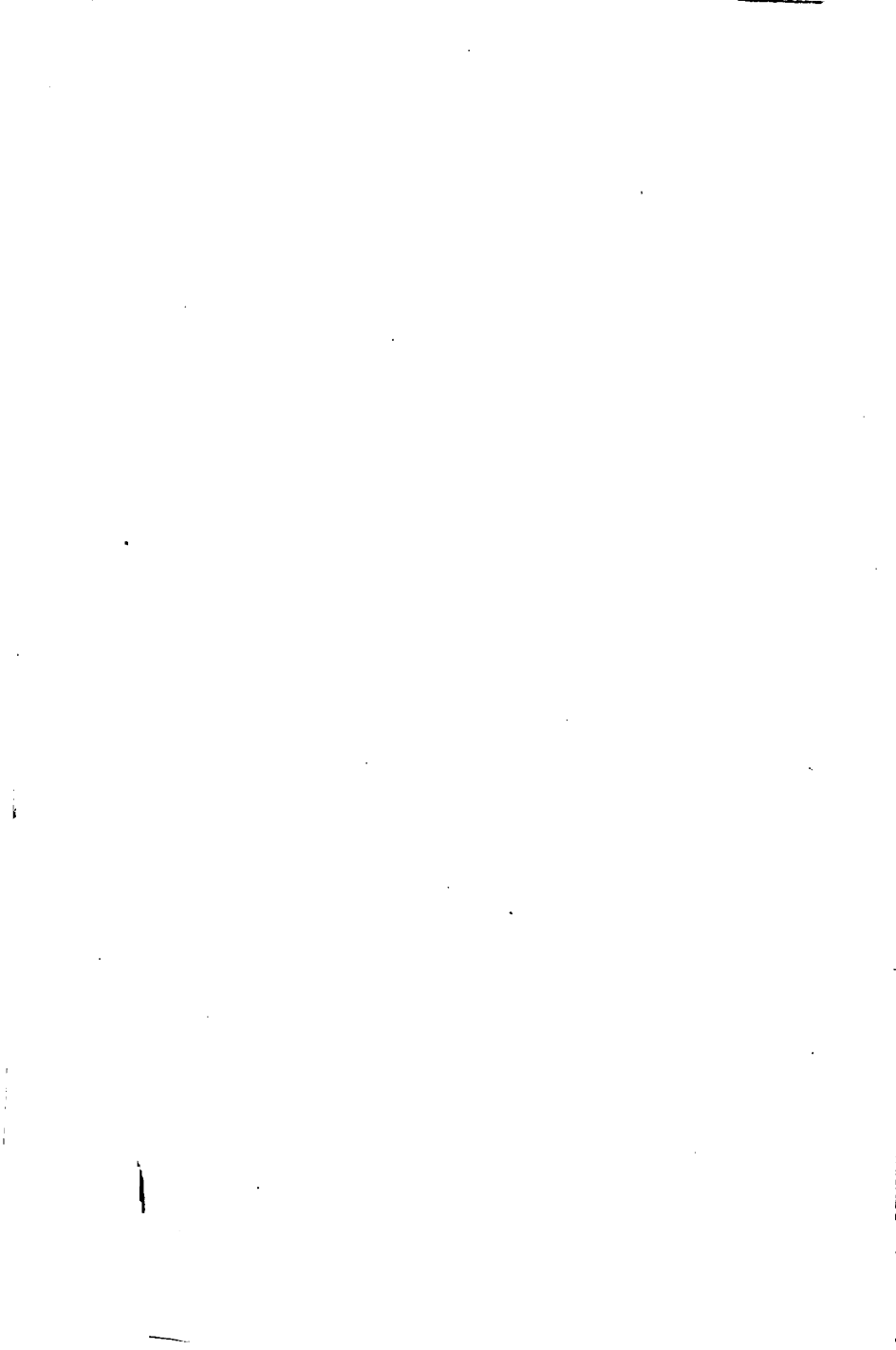


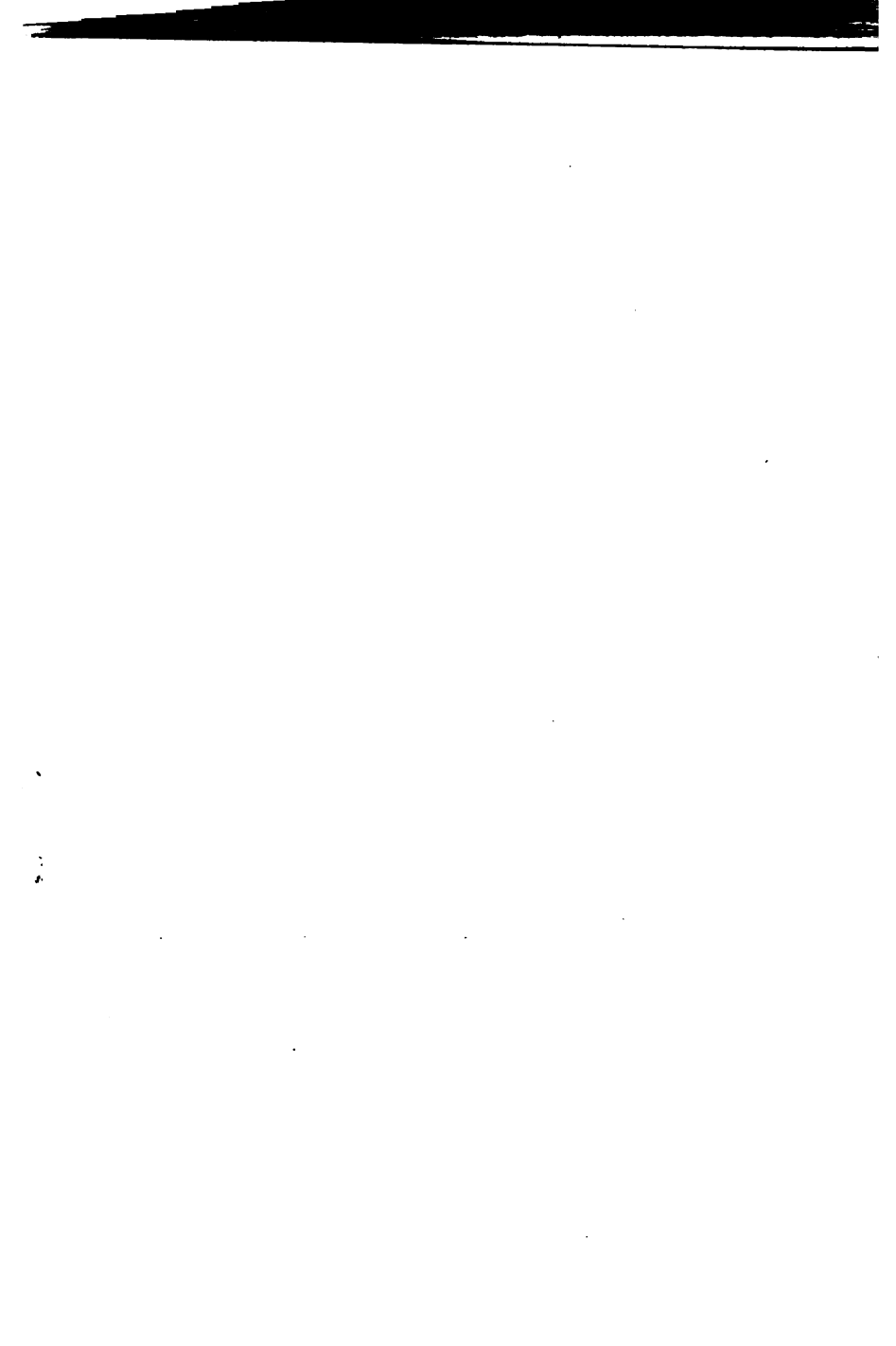




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A MEMOIR OF FRANCES TROLLOPE







F. Trilley

Printed by J. G. & Co. 1840

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FRANCES TROLLOPE

HER LIFE AND LITERARY WORK

FROM

GEORGE III. TO VICTORIA

BY HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE



In Two Volumes

Volume Two

LONDON

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A MEMOIR OF FRANCES TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

“Know'st thou the land where citron-flowers bloom?
The golden orange gleams 'mid leafy gloom;
A gentle breeze floats from the deep blue sky;
Still stands the myrtle, towers the laurel high.

* * * * *
Thither, oh thither!”

GOETHE.

THE route chosen by Mrs. Trollope for her first entrance into Italy, was from Paris to Lyons by diligence, and thence to Chambéry, and across the Mont Cenis to Turin.

Not only is great part of this road beaten ground to the traveller of to-day, but it was so to the traveller of fifty—and of five hundred—years ago. It by no means follows that there is nothing more worth hearing to be said about it. There will be something worth hearing to be said about most things on this old earth of ours, so

long as she continues to produce fresh minds to observe and narrate, and fresh hearers to listen and to learn. But, in truth, our authoress is not at her best in this "Visit to Italy."

The impression remains on my mind that her powers were, to a considerable degree, weighed down by the great deal she had read about the country and her own consequent expectations. All that she writes is accurate and faithful as to facts; but it is apt to fall into the commonplace and jogtrot (except where she is describing scenery)—a fault that can very rarely be charged on her other writings. It was a wise old woman who advised a fond mother to treat her children with "a little wholesome neglect;" and perhaps a little wholesome ignorance might be recommended to travellers in general.

Indeed, Mrs. Trollope herself says something to the above effect, although she limits its application to the thorny field of artistic criticism. Speaking of the sculptured groups under the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, and of Michael Angelo's and Baccio Bandinelli's colossal statues on the great Piazza, she writes—

"Now, the general effect of all this was, to my fancy, extremely splendid; but I had not time for more than

a hasty examination, and when I got home, I sate down, before dressing for dinner, and turned over sundry guide-books and volumes of travels in order that, before I set out again to take a more leisurely survey, I might collect a little more information than I possessed respecting them. Now see what I got by this meritorious desire for information."

She then quotes the most absurdly contradictory opinions on these great statues from the works of two or three acknowledged connoisseurs, English and foreign, and proceeds—

"Do you not think I should have done better to let my books alone, and permitted myself to like or dislike according to my own fancy, without troubling myself to discover what wiser folks thought about the matter? Such, at any rate, is my own opinion; and henceforward I intend to blunder on, approving or not approving, without any reference to 'foregone conclusions' which, were they uniform,—or even tolerably accordant—might help to correct ignorance, if they could not generate taste. But finding that authorities vary as much among each other, as I can vary from any of them, I shall henceforth make the matter easy by not referring to them at all!"

There was, however, one species of knowledge which added greatly to Mrs. Trollope's enjoyment of Italy—her acquaintance with the Italian poets. We have seen how, from her youth upward, she

was an ardent and admiring, although of course not a profound, student of Dante. Quotations from the "Divine Comedy" flow easily and frequently from her pen when she is describing Florence and Pisa; and she displays also considerable familiarity with Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch.

Without claiming for her that kind of infallibility in matters of taste which *is* sometimes claimed (either explicitly or implicitly) by certain persons whose version of the old saw, "There's no disputing about tastes," appears to be, "There's no disputing about *my* taste," yet it is to be noted that Mrs. Trollope's admiration is not given to trivial or ignoble things. In Florence, Giotto's Campanile enchants her; she laments the crookedness of the leaning tower of Pisa, as being a disfigurement to its own fair proportions, and a dissonance in the harmonious beauty of the wonderful group of buildings amid which it stands; and of some portraits by Titian, she says, "I think I could sit down before them the whole live-long day, and patiently wait till they should condescend to speak to me!"

She paid an interesting visit to the famous singer, Madame Catalani-Valabrègue, at her villa

outside the walls (Florence *had* walls then) of Florence. Not only had she the pleasure of seeing the great cantatrice looking still wonderfully handsome, and of conversing with her, but Catalani, with the unaffected amiability which always distinguished her, readily consented to sing to her.

Mrs. Trollope had not ventured to ask that favour, but she had inquired *sotto voce* of Madame Catalani's married daughter, who was present, whether her mother still sang.

"She most gaily and promptly answered in the affirmative, and then—what happened next I hardly know. I am afraid I must have said something about my secret longings, for the daughter whispered something to the mother, and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano! No; in her very best days she never smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with the half-expressed wish of a stranger who had no claim on her kindness but that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages of which her execution was so very peculiar and so perfectly unequalled, when I felt as if some magical process were being performed upon me which took me back again to something—I know not what to call it—that I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears. . . . It was not the feeling often produced by hearing after a long interval some

strain with which our youth was familiar, for I doubt if I had ever heard the notes before ; but it was the sort of peculiar, unique *Catalani thrill*, which I do not believe anybody can forget who has heard it once, and of which no one can form an adequate idea who has never heard it at all."

On another occasion Catalani told her an anecdote which, since it seems to me to be striking, and I am satisfied is true, I will here repeat.

It seems that while making a professional visit to a certain city in Germany, she heard of a horrible phenomenon at that time enclosed within its walls, namely, a woman who had been convicted of having committed above *sixty murders*! The monster, though still a young woman, had for several years followed the profession of a sick nurse ; and at her trial it was proved beyond the possibility of doubt (indeed, before her execution she made a full confession) that she had been in the habit of making away with her patients by means of poison, which she carried about with her in her curling papers, and which she never scrupled to administer whenever the poor sufferer appeared to her to linger too long.

On hearing this tremendous statement, a most vivid curiosity seized on Madame Catalani to

behold this creature. But she was assured on all sides that it was impossible; as the same wish had been shared by so many, it had been found necessary to refuse its gratification in the most peremptory manner to all. At length, however, she obtained from the supreme judge of the court in which the woman had been tried, a special permission, and proceeding with him to the prison, was shown into the small chamber where this unparalleled murderess was confined. The rest I give in the words taken down by Mrs. Trollope from Catalani's lips.

"The solitary wretch was weeping bitterly, and the lower part of her face was wholly concealed by the handkerchief which she held in her hand. But the upper part of the countenance was visible, and the animated narrator declared that she thought she had never looked on a lovelier face. The brow was large, finely formed, and delicately fair; the eye long, having a rich silken eye-lash from beneath which the big tears rolled slowly down her pallid cheeks. Madame Catalani said that she looked at this beautiful sad face till the memory of her crimes was actually forgotten, and she herself wept too.

"*'N'ayez pas pitié de cette scélérate atroce, madame!'* exclaimed the judge. The criminal removed the handkerchief from her mouth,—and in an instant everything like beauty disappeared, leaving an expression of hard villainy that it was impossible to look upon without a shudder!"

The sunset of Catalani's glory was a very fair and serene one. She was surrounded by what is far more precious in the decline of life, than any of the blare and glare that can be conferred by public applause—"honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." But, oddly enough, Mrs. Trollope chanced to see, during the same season in Florence, the close of the career of another public performer, which was in strange contrast to Catalani's. This was a humble professional sister—perhaps one should say far-away cousin and poor relation—of the great operatic actress; but one who, in her day and in her way, had also been applauded and admired and wondered at, and had doubtless felt the glow of gratified ambition, for she had been—the first rope-dancer of her time!

Mrs. Trollope says that when she first saw the announcement that MADAME SACQUI would perform a series of the most difficult feats ever exhibited on the tight-rope, she supposed it must be some descendant of the Madame Sacqui whom she remembered seeing in her youth. But no, it was the veritable, original, *immortal* Madame Sacqui herself! Probably few persons in the present day have ever heard of Madame Sacqui. The present writer remembers reading in some

antiquated journal which she got hold of when a child, an account of the wonderful rope-dancer's performance at, she believes, Vauxhall.

And now here was Madame Sacqui, over seventy years of age, risking her poor old limbs on a tight-rope in one of the Florence theatres. It certainly must have been a remarkable spectacle; for this extraordinary woman absolutely went through all the feats set down for her with amazing strength and agility. She concluded her performance by walking along a rope stretched to the topmost height of the theatre, above the heads of the spectators in the pit. Until she reached the summit, the audience was hushed into a stillness of horror. Every one seemed to dread witnessing some horrible catastrophe. But La Sacqui performed the appointed course, coolly turned, began to descend, and in the middle of her downward course, paused to wave a couple of large flags which she carried in her hands. At this, there was a burst of exclamations—almost a scream—that was deafening. Mrs. Trollope says, "Perhaps Sacqui took it for applause." *She* took it to be the result of the previous suspense and pent-up emotion. But it very probably was applause. Mrs. Trollope had then no experience

of the manifestations of approbation in a popular Italian theatre. She proceeds to say that if, from absolute need and lack of bread, the poor old woman had been driven to present herself again in public, and to perform feats which would have been daring in all the strength and elasticity of youth, she might at any rate have attired herself like a witch, or sorceress, instead of giving the public the shocking spectacle of wrinkled age decked out in spangled finery like a ballet-girl. But who knows? Perhaps there may have been some subtle association in the spangles, which helped her courage.

Of the rest of Mrs. Trollope's tour in Italy, there is little to say that could interest the reader. The chapters on Venice are, I think, the best in the book. They have many really admirable passages, and are written with a warmth and power which, hackneyed though the subject be, makes them still well worth reading. Her description too of Arquà, Petrarch's last home, and of the surrounding country, is vividly truthful, and the whole chapter reveals a knowledge of the poet's works which is, I am convinced, very uncommon amongst foreign readers of Italian literature. Lovers of Petrarch could not fail to be pleased with her sympathetic appreciation of his genius.

Venice, Bologna, Padua, Verona, Rome, and Naples were all visited, not to mention many other places of lesser interest. The travellers returned to Florence for a brief second visit before leaving Italy. On this second occasion Mrs. Trollope had the satisfaction, which she heartily expressed, of learning that two orders had been received by the sculptor, Hiram Powers, for reproductions in marble, of a statue of Eve, which she had greatly admired in the clay. It is worth noting that the two first studios which she visited in Italy were those of American artists—Mr. Greenough and Mr. Powers—and that she mentions both in her book in laudatory terms. Hiram Powers she had known as a mere boy at Cincinnati, and had then perceived his remarkable talents, and prophesied for him a successful career. When she first saw the clay model of Eve, freed from its wrappings of damp linen, the artist eagerly told her that he had recently had the honour of a visit from Thorwaldsen, and that the venerable sculptor had praised his statue. In suggesting an alteration as to the disposition of the hair, which might, he thought, be made to hang more gracefully, Thorwaldsen had touched the figure and left the impression of his thumb on one of the flowing

locks. "There it is," said Powers, pointing to the little indentation, "and there it shall stay. If ever I get an order for the statue in marble, the mark of Thorwaldsen's hand shall be perpetuated in it!"

And while on the subject of distinguished Americans, I may give here a letter addressed to Mrs. Trollope by Mr. Edward Everett, then Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James's.

"London, 30th Jan., 1844.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your obliging note of the 25th Dec. reached London during my absence from home. I shall have great pleasure in sending your interesting remarks on our friend Powers to the *National Intelligencer* published at Washington,—one of the most respectable journals in the United States—where I am sure they will do much good.

"Powers is certainly, if he lives, destined to Fame and to Fortune. I only hope that his courage will hold out a little longer.

"My wife and myself are greatly indebted to you for the kind assurance of your sympathy in our loss. It is indeed as heavy a loss as a parent was ever called to deplore, and one of which we feel the magnitude more and more as occasions recur, which bring our beloved daughter's memory afresh to our minds, and force upon

us the dreadful truth, that we shall see her no more on earth.

"I ought not to close this note without thanking you for the kind mention made of me in your work on Italy.

"Mrs. Everett joins me in the assurance of the friendly regard with which I remain, Dear Madam,

"Sincerely yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT.

"In my lines on Santa Croce as printed in your book, 'Master of Men' should have been 'Waster of Man.'"

The correction is significant and important, since the personage alluded to is Napoleon Bonaparte!

Mrs. Trollope's return journey across the Mont Cenis was performed on sledges, and amidst the snow and ice and storms of an Alpine winter. She would scarcely have braved such a journey in December, but for her anxiety to get back to Cumberland, in time to be with her daughter, Mrs. Tilley, during her confinement.

Of the following year, 1842, the records are almost wholly taken up with strenuous literary labour and the progress of the new house at Carlton Hill. Sir George Musgrave, by the way, urged that it should be called St. Michael's Mount, because St. Michael's Well lay at the foot of the

eminence on which it was built ; and in several of her letters Mrs. Trollope gives it that appellation. I know not why the name was changed.

Besides writing at her book on Italy, which was published in 1842 by Mr. Bentley, she had engaged with Mr. Colburn to write a novel in three volumes, to appear in twelve monthly parts, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was entitled "The Barnabys in America," and came out in book form, after having run its course in the magazine, in 1843. The terms she received for it Mrs. Trollope did not consider good ones ; but she candidly told her publisher that she wanted money to pay for the building of her house, and accepted his price because it was to be paid by monthly instalments, so much on the delivery of each portion of manuscript. In a letter to her son about Mr. Colburn's offer, she says—

"I think it is a very bad one, my dear Tom ; nevertheless *I accept*,—as the man said at Cincinnati when he was going to be hanged !"

The drain on her purse was very severe, as will readily be believed by any one who has tried building a house for himself. In one of her letters arranging for the disposal of certain moneys, she begs Tom to keep a strict account of all he spends

for her, and to be as economical as possible, and adds—

“If you were sixty-two years old, and had to get up at four o'clock every morning to work for it, you would not wonder at my saying this!”

In more than one of the letters of this year she says a word or two in the same tone, showing that she felt the pressure of her work. I believe that several circumstances conduced to this result. The sense of hurry and pressure inherent in the periodical form of publication was one of these. And then there was the anxiety lest the cost of the new house and gardens should exceed the amount she had calculated. It might plausibly be supposed that the sixty-two years she speaks of had much to do with these symptoms of weariness and depression, were it not that she soon recovered her spirits, and wrote not only a great many more novels, but some that were fully as successful as any of their predecessors—excepting, perhaps, “The Widow Barnaby” and “The Vicar of Wrexhill.” Neither in her letters are any hints of mental senility to be discovered. She was, doubtless, not able to face as much bodily fatigue as she could have endured ten years previous—though even in this respect she

could give points to many younger women and beat them.

On the 23rd of July, 1842, Mrs. Trollope and her son slept for the first time in their new home at Carlton Hill. A small party, consisting of the Vicar, Cecilia and John Tilley, Colonel Macleod (their near neighbour), and Mr. Beaufort, dined with them, and drank the toast, *Stet fortuna domus*. None of the party—least of all, perhaps, the hostess—foresaw how brief would be the new owner's sojourn under that roof-tree!

There were many pleasant persons on her visiting list here; and she was cordially received by all her neighbours in the county. But the pleasant persons were widely scattered over a considerable tract of country. The plums in the social pudding were too few and far between both in space and time; and, to state the case, not completely, but compendiously, she found the life dull.

In the course of this summer Anthony, who had not long before been appointed clerk to a Post-office Surveyor in Ireland, came over to visit his mother. And when he returned to his post, Tom accompanied him, and spent some weeks with him at Banagher. During Anthony's

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stay in Cumberland, he and his brother took long tramps together over many miles of country, climbing the hills and exploring the valleys in every direction around Mrs. Trollope's home. There were sundry drives also, when their mother and their sister Cecilia accompanied the young men, and many pleasant dinner-parties and supper-parties at Carlton Hill and at the Fell Side, where Mr. and Mrs. Tilley lived.

When her sons had gone to Ireland, Mrs. Trollope accompanied her daughter and her son-in-law to Newcastle to hear some special musical performance that was given there, and fell in with some very old friends of hers named Collinson—friends whom she had known before her eldest child was born,—and they insisted on carrying her and all her party to stay at their house near Tynemouth. On another occasion she went to visit the Coulsons at Blenkinsopp; and on another was the guest of Lord Wallace. But, nevertheless, she missed her son Tom sadly; and although she was too unselfish to urge him to hasten his return, yet when he announced it she confessed that she should be most heartily rejoiced to have his society once more.

Soon after he came back to Carlton Hill, a

welcome visitor arrived there in the person of Mrs. Trollope's dearly loved cousin, Fanny Bent, who was almost as great a favourite with Tom as with his mother. Miss Bent had been staying with some friends in Liverpool, and would not turn her face southward again without visiting Cumberland.

In "What I Remember," T. A. Trollope has made frequent mention of this old-maid cousin. She was a woman of sterling worth, of considerable powers of mind, gifted with a fine sense of humour, and, despite her eccentricities and disregard of many conventionalities, a thoroughbred English gentlewoman.

A scheme for visiting the Ardennes and Moselle country during the ensuing summer was talked over between the mother and son ; and on November 28th, T. A. Trollope enters in his diary : "I spent most part of the day in reading guide-books and consulting maps, anent our purposed jaunt to the Moselle." This tour did not come off. Instead of it, Mrs. Trollope went to Devonshire with Miss Bent.

But before that time arrived the House at Carlton Hill was abandoned, the greater part of the furniture sold, and the mother and son were once more free to wander whithersoever they would.

CHAPTER II.

"I will believe that there are happy tempers in being, to whom all the good that arrives to any of their fellow-creatures gives pleasure."—STEELE.

IT was stated in the last chapter that Carlton Hill was to be given up ; and by April, 1843, preparations for the sale of furniture, etc., were well advanced there.

The reasons for this change were several. One reason, as has been said, was that Mrs. Trollope found the life dull ; another, which came to reinforce it, was the expense of keeping up the place. This might not have presented any difficulty, had Mrs. Trollope been content to live at Carlton Hill all the year round, or with only occasional excursions to visit friends in England ; but both she and her son desired the possibility of making longer journeys and seeing more of the world than such a life would permit ; and, moreover, the climate of Cumberland was found somewhat too severe for a winter sojourn.

Early in April Mrs. Trollope left Cumberland to spend some time with friends already mentioned in these pages—the Misses Gabell, daughters of Dr. Gabell, formerly Head Master of Winchester College. These ladies were now residing at Clifton.

But although she had quitted Carlton Hill in order to escape the material discomforts inseparable from giving up her house, and had left all the business of the sale in her son's willing and capable hands, Mrs. Trollope by no means intended to pass her days in idle leisure while he was working. Such an intention would have been not only excusable, but justifiable; but it was not in her way. Her letters from Clifton speak of the great kindness of all her friends there, and of the general pleasantness of her visit—*only* she finds it difficult to get time enough for her work.

The work was done, notwithstanding. It was the novel called "Jessie Phillips," published during this year (1843) by Colburn. It met with a considerable amount of success, and contains some powerful writing. The subject is, however, a painful one; and the work is laden with political discussions, chiefly on the principles and practice of the Poor Laws, which had not long come into

operation. There is a vast deal of sound sense and shrewd observation in many of these, but they are undoubtedly somewhat heavy reading interpolated into the midst of a novel. One noteworthy circumstance connected with "Jessie Phillips," is that the illustrations to it are by John Leech. This admirable artist was then about twenty-six, and *Punch* not quite two years old.

The pictures to "Jessie Phillips" are of unequal merit; but one or two of them are as full of expression as anything he ever did. To the best of my belief, "Jessie Phillips" is the only one of Mrs. Trollope's works illustrated by John Leech.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" was appearing in monthly numbers during this year. Mrs. Trollope not only admired its extraordinary power very warmly, but she was better able to recognize the vivid truth of the American scenes than most of her contemporaries. She had written in this sense to her dear old friend, Miss Mary Ann Skerrett, who, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter, was filling a post in the Queen's household, and I give the reply of the latter *in extenso*, because I think it will interest many readers of to-day; and because the lapse of more than half a century since it was written suffices to remove the objection

of indiscretion in doing so. Miss Skerrett had seriously requested Mrs. Trollope never to repeat to others any trifling anecdote or bit of news which she might write to her from any of Her Majesty's dwellings. Miss Skerrett herself was, by nature and habit, averse from idle tattling—which in her position would have been an unpardonable offence,—and her friend scrupulously respected her little confidences.

“Buckingham Palace, July 15th, 1843-

“MY DEAREST MRS. TROLLOPE,

“You would have *had* a letter to-day, instead of my sitting down at the eleventh hour to write one. But *my* eleventh hour is not so useful as it was to the labourers in the vineyard, for they attained what they wanted. While to-day being Saturday I cannot send this until Monday. But I wanted to show you that in spite of all kinds of business, I could and would answer and write to you at a moment's warning.

“I am alone to-night, as the Queen is gone to Claremont this afternoon till Monday morning; and though at first I was going, yet all thought it useless. So I gain a day to go and see Henrietta” [her sister], “who leaves town on Monday, and Uncle George, and one or two more. Not feeling obliged to be back at any particular time, is rather an enhancement of the pleasure; I believe *all people* who live in King's houses, understand Cinderella feelings best.

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Trollope, I do think of you often and often. And when I am—except as relates to the Queen and Prince—so out of the reach of people who can talk of what I like, I do picture to myself how I should enjoy an hour or a day with you, and one or two others whom I could name. Six years I have been here now,—ever since the Queen has been on the throne, and without a creature, of *my* companions, who knows anything of what I should like to talk of. It is only by a strong taste for all book things, and the possibility of sometimes indulging it, that I keep up (at least I hope I do) something of auld lang syne. The Queen is very kind. She is always lending me books. But then it is rail-road pace to read them. That, however, I think good rather than bad. Do you remember my mother's rage when she had lent a sixpenny pamphlet to some one to read, and in a couple of days when she asked him how he liked it, he put on an animated look and said, 'Oh, very much ;—and I have *almost* got through it' ?

"I have no doubt that 'Martin Chuzzlewit' is even better than I can conceive, in the American part. I thought of you the moment I read it. But independently of that, I can see and feel how admirably it is done. *Funch* I have not read. I saw it on the Prince's table one day and just glanced at it.

"I wish you were here to see the little *hot-bed* of fresco painting the Prince has got. You would be delighted. Little did I ever think to stand with a Queen, a Prince, and four great painters, and I—not one, certainly, but filling up a certain space *tra cotanta gloria* !! Fancy a very small room built in the garden with four trestles

—things you know on' which the artist sits astride—going up as high as the top of the panel—nearly to the ceiling ; and in front of one panel sits Leslie, at another Landseer, another Etty, another Maclise, and Stanfield, and Sir William Ross—always four at a time, doing frescos after designs of their own ! All are subjects from 'Comus,' and some of them are splendid. Plasterers stand by to cut and replaster the walls. An old Italian who, without fame, has painted fresco for forty years in London, engaged in Catholic chapels and so on, is instructing them. I go often there with messages, etc. And the Queen and Prince go two or three times a day ; so it goes on briskly. The Prince has certainly put a great spirit into the painters. All those cartoons at Westminster Hall would never have been done but for him. Fancy how provoking, I, who never have anything the matter with me, must go and have the influenza on the day of the private view ; and the Prince had given me a ticket signed by himself, to go ! I could not, being in bed.

"I know how you love art, or I should not venture to say so much. We have all here a great taste for it. I think the Princess Royal will be just like the Queen. Some time ago she was *drawing*, and when she had done, she said, 'Mama, Princessy has done a drawing, and will *send it to Lan*. (She always called Mr. Landseer so before she could speak plain.) She will see every thing that is done. When the Prince was etching some short time back, he was in despair about some biting in. When I brought it in afterwards, and he was looking at it, I suppose with a more smiling face, she came to him, and said, 'Dear Papa, *your little plate will*

do well! She is quick in everything. At present she understands all that is said in French, and speaks it a little. And the creature won't be three years old till November! They do not press her on at all, which is quite right.

"How I wish the Queen had a place where you are now!" [Ilfracombe, in North Devon.] "But, dear me, let her have what she would, she could never enjoy it, she gets run after so! At Walmer she used to walk along the coast, as any other person of her age would do, and amuse herself by picking up shells, etc. Immediately people would begin to collect and watch her,—and then it was over for the day. She should have a park with the sea for one boundary, and then people could not break into private property.

"I am so glad you are better. Evidently the north did not suit you as it suited me. I was at Brougham in the depth of winter and liked it. But Henrietta found it too cold in September for *atmospheric* comforts:—mentally she was most happy with dear Cecilia. I have heard of Miss Mitford, and from her. She gave me 'Orion,' which I think a fine poem.

"I see how I have written, and written, and shame and conscience keep me from taking another sheet. But this, my dearest Mrs. Trollope, will show you that you *may* 'have the face to ask me to write,' if you are up to the *consequences*! Not but I think and hope this is not so badly written as sometimes. I often copy things for the Queen, and she always deciphers the handwriting. She writes a very good hand. But, unhappily for me, I cannot read one word in five. Not her fault. One day she sent me a note from the drawing-

room, and told the man to tell me to write the answer at the bottom. I was like a demented person! But suddenly I *guessed* what it was about. And so I did write, and I believe she read! . . . How can Henrietta and I be grateful enough after all the troubles we have had, to be as we are now! Through all, and at every time, you have always been the same kind invaluable friend. God bless you, my dearest Mrs. Trollope.

"Ever and ever

"Your most affectionate and grateful

"M. SKERRETT."

From Clifton Mrs. Trollope made a short excursion to Cheltenham to see "the dear Cokers," of whom she always writes with warm regard. And she mentions an invitation from "Katie Gould" (Mrs. Nutcombe Gould, formerly Miss Kate Grant) for herself and Tom, which she much hopes to accept. She and her cousin, Fanny Bent, are to go to Ilfracombe later in the summer, and there is some hope of Miss Mitford's joining them there.

Meanwhile, T. A. Trollope was at Carlton Hill, getting through the not trifling task of selecting the objects it was intended to keep, superintending the packing up of books and plate, making arrangements with the auctioneer, and so forth. He left Penrith on the 11th of May and went to

London, where he transacted some business with publishers on his mother's behalf, and visited his uncle, Henry Milton, and one or two friends—among them John Merivale, the Pauncefotes, and the Grants,—and on the 1st of June went down to Exeter to Miss Bent's house, where he found his mother awaiting him.

The journey, or rather one hundred and seventy miles of it, was made by railway, as far as Wellington ("to which place," he writes in his diary, "the rail has recently been opened"), and this portion of it occupied five hours and three-quarters (from 10.15 a.m. to 4 p.m.). The distance between Wellington and Exeter was traversed by coach.

Wednesday, June 7th, 1843, was a memorable date for Mrs. Trollope and her eldest son. On that day they had a long conversation together on the subject of their future residence, and decided on Florence—"at least for a year." It proved to be for T. A. Trollope the abode of thirty years, and for his mother her home to the end of her life. On the day subsequent to this momentous decision, I find Mrs. Trollope taking a walk of eight miles with her son. She was then sixty-three.

The remainder of the summer was spent chiefly in Devonshire. Part of the time was passed in Exmouth, at Bastin's Hotel there. I believe there is no inn so entitled in Exmouth now, although the name of Bastin is frequently met with in those parts. Mrs. Trollope, her son, and Fanny Bent were the guests of Mrs. Trollope's sister Mary, Mrs. Clyde, who came to Exmouth to entertain them, not being able to receive them in her own home at Ottery St. Mary, on account of Admiral Clyde's invalid condition. From thence the Trollopes, still accompanied by Miss Bent, went to Ilfracombe, where they passed some weeks very agreeably in the society of the Cokers and other friends, and paid a very delightful visit to the Goulds.

While at Ilfracombe Mrs. Trollope heard of the death of John Murray the publisher. During this time, also, her son made an excursion on foot to Heanton, and thence to Braunton, where he called on the vicar, Mr. Landon. This gentleman was a cousin of the poetess L.E.L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon), whom the Trollopes had known well. Moreover—strongest of ties to a Wykehamist!—he had been at Winchester, and “was junior in Sixth when my father was

Senior Præfect," writes T. A. Trollope in his journal.

In this year an arrangement was made with Messrs. Longmans for the publication of a novel. Mrs. Trollope worked at it during great part of the summer, and it appeared under the title of "The Larringtons ; or, Superior People," in 1844.

On the 1st of September Mrs. Trollope and her son left England again for Florence, travelling by Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris (the journey between the two latter places being still performed by diligence, and occupying about twenty hours), thence through Lyons to Savoy, and so into Italy by the Mont Cenis.

On their way they halted for some days at Chambéry, which they made their head-quarters for several excursions, leaving the little town sometimes for a day or two at a time, sometimes only for a few hours, and returning to the inn there to sleep.

The most interesting of these excursions was a visit to *Les Charmettes*, celebrated as having been the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens.

The house itself and its appendages of garden

and vineyard, have little beauty or charm of any kind. Jean Jacques thus describes the place—

“Between two tolerably high hills, is a little valley, north and south, at the bottom of which runs a brook among pebbles and trees. Along this valley, halfway up the hill, are a few scattered houses, very agreeable for such as love a somewhat wild and remote dwelling. After having tried two or three of these houses, we chose at last the prettiest. The house was very habitable; before it a terrace-garden, a vineyard above, an orchard below;—opposite, a little chestnut-wood, a fountain close at hand.”

Mrs. Trollope says that nothing can be more accurate than this description, and that the place was, when she was writing (in the autumn of 1843), to all outward appearance very much the same as it must have been in 1736, when Rousseau, and the woman whom the neglect of his father had made his only protector, and his only resource against absolute starvation, took possession of it. But the view from it is beautiful.

How sensitive Frances Trollope was to beauty of style we have seen in her remarks on George Sand as a writer. She intensely admired Rousseau's power of expression, and the limpid simplicity of the phrases in which he conveyed his meaning. This is the more noteworthy, inasmuch as her own

style tended towards the defect of redundancy ; and her sentences are often overloaded. As to Rousseau's real nature, she récapitulates a great many of the conflicting opinions that have been pronounced on this subject, and which it could serve no good purpose to quote here ; but she makes one acute observation that is worth giving, as an illustration of *her* mind, if not of Rousseau's. With regard to the degrading confessions he makes about himself, she writes—

“The critic from his chair of authority, and the general reader from his lounging sofa, have both been accustomed to look at men, through their writings, with a sort of habitual allowance for any little egotistical flights in which they may have represented themselves too much *en beau* ; but are quite unused to the process necessary for detecting egotistical exaggeration *in an opposite direction*. But to judge Rousseau fairly this must be done. It is quite evident that the genius of this celebrated man, though of a nature to elevate him into the very highest regions of intellectual sublimity, was accompanied by a weakness of character, which—displayed as it is by way of self-discipline and atonement in the pages of his Confessions—places him often as much below the ordinary dignity of human nature as many of his speculations lead us to place him above it.”

As they passed along, Mrs. Trollope addressed a question about Rousseau's house to some

labourers at work by the roadside within a few hundred yards of his residence.

“One of them advancing a few steps with us, pointed to a bank of periwinkle, exclaiming in a rather sentimental tone, ‘*Voilà, Madame! Voilà la véritable pervenche.*’ And as the plant is growing precisely on the spot which Rousseau describes as that where Madame de Warens pointed it out to him on their going first to Les Charmettes, it is likely enough to be an offshoot of the identical *pervenche* to which he alludes with such a lingering feeling of attachment when, many, many years afterwards, he chanced to come upon the same flower, and remembered that she had (vainly) called his attention to it when they were mounting together the hill that led to the house.”

No doubt the peasant who was working by the roadside had got his lesson about the *véritable pervenche* by heart—sentimental tone and all! Sentiment about *la véritable pervenche* of Rousseau’s memories, cannot be accepted as an ordinary characteristic of the Savoyard peasant, who is, in general, as hard-fisted, grasping, tough-hearted, and narrow-minded a specimen of his class as could easily be named. But the man had doubtless often heard foreigners ask for that bank of blue periwinkles, and had received a *douceur* for pointing it out; for as Mrs. Trollope truly says—

"The sort of eloquence with which, by about half a dozen words, Rousseau contrives to make one feel his regret in looking back to the time when he *might* have looked at the flower at her bidding, has certainly been felt and treasured by the generations which have come after him, with more of love and sympathy than was probably ever produced by any other passage equally short and trivial:—convincing proof that when a chord of true feeling is touched, the vibration will extend to everything that is in tune with it."

The only other incident of this return journey into Italy worth noting is the following: Between Paris and Lyons five great diligences, with their complement of passengers and freight, were hoisted bodily on the huge trucks on the Orleans railway. At Orleans they were let down again on to *terra firma*, and pursued their journey behind horses.

Much has been told in "What I Remember" about Mrs. Trollope's settlement in her first Florentine home—Casa Berti, in the Via de' Malcontenti—and of the troops of friends and acquaintances she made there. Lady Sevestre and her cousin, Miss Hall, were already old acquaintances, and it was at Lady Sevestre's house that they passed the first few days after their arrival in Florence. Among other notes, I find that they drove out to the Villa Catalani, "and found the

mistress of it looking exactly as she did two years since—very handsome at sixty-five !”

They visited Lord and Lady Holland a great deal, and met there, amongst innumerable passing travellers—a class of which the cosmopolitan society of Florence was, and is, so largely composed—Sir Frederick Adam, who had been British Minister in Greece, with Lady Adam and Mademoiselle Albano. The latter lady subsequently married her countryman, the Greek painter Giorgio Mignaty, and, under her married name, published several works on artistic subjects. They renewed, too, their old acquaintance with Hiram Powers, the sculptor, and met an American lady named Mrs. Brooks, a sister of Edward Everett, whom they thought an especially agreeable and well-informed woman.

But the most noteworthy name of all those which appear in the memoranda for this year, is the name of Henry Taylor—“Van Artevelde Taylor,” as he was often called in those days—whom they met first at a dinner party at Lord Holland’s. The diary states that he was “an *extremely* agreeable man.” The pleasant impression he made was quite unprejudiced by his reputation, for T. A. Trollope had talked with him a long time before discovering who he was.

Their conversation, on this occasion, was chiefly about Southey and Carlyle. Sir Henry Taylor stated that Carlyle's lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship had been originated by a knot of men of whom he (Taylor) was one; and that they had cost Carlyle his health for months—so painfully, laboriously, and with such anxious wakefulness did he prepare them. Taylor said that Carlyle was a man "of a very troubled mind." The phrase is graphic, and has been fully confirmed by all the minute revelations about Thomas Carlyle which have seen the light since then. The talk about Southey had reference to the extraordinary mass of his writings, their voluminousness making a uniform edition of his works almost impossible. The entry concludes thus: "Taylor is a tall, handsome, grave-looking, and quiet-mannered man."

Of the native celebrities whose acquaintance was made this year, the name of widest European reputation is that of the tragic poet Niccolini. It is odd to hear that, "although a dry and undemonstrative man, he became animated and excited on the topic of Puseyism in England" (!). There is no record of Niccolini's opinions on this subject, but there can be little doubt as to what

they were. Niccolini, like the bulk of his countrymen then (and now), considered all Christian dogma and doctrine from a political point of view. Priestcraft and Religion are inextricably associated together in their minds ; and both with politics.

On the 1st of January, 1844, Mrs. Trollope and her son went to the Pitti Palace to be presented to the Grand Duke and Duchess. The sovereign and his consort, as well as all the members of the Grand-Ducal family present, distinguished Mrs. Trollope by talking to her a great deal. There were many other presentations—a hundred and twenty-five—"but," says the diary of T. A. Trollope, "almost all the rest of us were presented, and received our bow, *en masse*."

The night but one following the presentation Mrs. Trollope was seized with an alarming illness : fever, resulting, probably, from a chill. She was delirious for twenty-four hours, and during five succeeding days continued to get steadily worse. The treatment she was subjected to by an English physician then resident in Florence (he died something like forty years ago, I believe ; but I will not indicate his name even by an initial) was utterly mistaken ; and had the patient not

possessed an exceptionally sound and vigorous constitution, she must have succumbed to it. She was bled, blistered, and mustard-plastered until her strength was rapidly and visibly reduced, and she was in imminent peril of sinking altogether. Her son insisted on calling in another physician in consultation, and thereby saved her life. The new doctor at once ordered port wine and bark, and nourishment at brief intervals. When Dr. No. 2 appeared on the scene, Dr. No. 1 had been about to crown his work by leeching the poor lady. This was, luckily, prevented, and she speedily recovered.

The physician called in consultation was a remarkably clever man, outside his profession as well as within it. He was, I think, a Frenchman—at any rate, of French extraction—and his name was Delisser. He, like Dr. Harrison of London on a former occasion, absolutely refused to accept a fee. Only four months after having cured Mrs. Trollope he died suddenly of gout in the heart. He had foretold the time and manner of his own death with almost perfect accuracy, having told his patient, Lady Sevestre, two years previously, that he gave himself about two years of life, and should then go very suddenly.

There was a vast deal of social gaiety in Florence in those days. Balls, dinners, whist-parties, and musical evenings succeeded each other with scarcely any intermission ; and Mrs. Trollope took her full share of them. And not only did she frequently remain in crowded saloons until three or four o'clock in the morning, but she was always ready for walking and driving excursions among the Tuscan hills and valleys. And then, besides all this, her industry never slackened. The record of it would be scarcely credible, but for the irrefragable evidence of her printed works, visible and palpable on the bookshelves before me.

In the spring of 1844 the first tidings reached Casa Berti of the engagement of Mrs. Trollope's son Anthony, to Miss Rose Heseltine. His marriage took place on the 11th of the following June. How fortunate a union this was for Anthony it is not for me to descant upon. It has been said emphatically by the one person in the world who had a right to say it—by Anthony himself in his autobiography. But I may be allowed to state that it was a source of heartfelt satisfaction to Frances Trollope, who was not long in recognizing the excellent influence of the young wife on her son's life in every way.

In May Mrs. Trollope and her son went to England, chiefly in order to pay a visit to the Tilleys in Cumberland, and also, doubtless, for the purpose of seeing her new daughter-in-law. Anthony and his bride arrived at Carlton Hill in the course of the summer.

I will give an account of the impression she made on this first meeting, in the words of Mrs. Anthony Trollope herself:—

“Nothing could have been kinder or more affectionate than the way she received me—kind, good, and loving, then and ever afterwards. No one who saw her at this date could suppose she was in her sixty-fourth year, so full was she of energy. There was no one more eager to suggest, and carry out the suggestions, as to mountain excursions, picnics, and so forth. And she was always the life and soul of the party with her cheerful conversation and her wit. She rose very early and made her own tea, the fire having been prepared over night—(on one occasion I remember her bringing me a cup of tea to my room, because she thought I had caught cold during a wet walk in the mountains)—then sat at her writing-table until the allotted task of so many pages was completed; and was usually on the lawn before the family breakfast-bell rang, having filled her basket with cuttings from the rose-bushes for the table and drawing-room decorations.”

I think that is a delightful picture, and typical

of the cheerful wisdom that made up Frances Trollope's philosophy of life. She had her full share of thorns and bitter herbs; but when the choice was allowed her, she always gathered the roses.

Of all the many journeys described in the family papers, the journey made by Mrs. Trollope and her son this year, from Florence to England, seems to have been the most tedious, and the most thoroughly ill-managed on the part of the diligence proprietors. The route was by Bologna, Parma, Piacenza, Voghera, and Alessandria, to Turin. The travellers had to remain some hours at each of these places, but not long enough to sleep anywhere (except at Bologna, where they arrived at three in the afternoon, going on at six o'clock the next morning); and they occupied ninety-seven hours in travelling from Florence to Turin, a distance of some two hundred and forty miles.

After a day or two in London, where they saw some old friends, they proceeded to Penrith.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilley were now living in Carlton Hill, having taken possession of it in the spring. I may here mention a little circumstance in connection with his mother's house which greatly pleased T. A. Trollope, and is, in its way, significant of

the estimation in which her memory was held in those parts. In 1891, having paid one or two visits to friends and relatives in Cumberland, he and I made a brief excursion to Penrith, and drove thence to Carlton Hill to have a glimpse of the old place. It was looking very pretty in the bright summer weather, and the trees—a large number of which he had planted with his own hands—had grown and flourished mightily. His intention had been merely to ask leave to walk through the grounds; but the servant who took in his card with that request, speedily returned, closely followed by his master. This gentleman, Mr. William Parker, insisted in the most cordial manner on our going into the house to make acquaintance with his wife and daughters. Their reception was as kind as his; and they pressed hospitalities on us, which, however, the inexorable railway time-table forbade our accepting.

I was admiring the drawing-room—a really fine room, commanding a beautiful view—when Mrs. Parker asked, half-laughingly, our opinion of the paper on the walls. Truth compelled the reply that, although rich and handsome in its way, it was a little out of harmony with the delicate tints of the modern furniture. “There!” exclaimed the

lady with a smile, "have I not always said so? But nothing will induce Mr. Parker to change it."

"No," said the master of the house, "I have not changed it, and I will not change it. It was put there by Mrs. Trollope, and there it shall stay, *because* she put it there. When I am gone you may do as you like; but so long as I am here, I won't have it altered."

Perhaps to some of my readers the most remarkable point in the whole story will be that any wall-paper should survive in presentable condition for forty-seven years! But there it was, looking very little the worse for wear.

I regret to add that Mr. Parker is no longer living to read the assurance that T. A. Trollope often spoke with great pleasure of his kind reception at Carlton Hill.

Mrs. Trollope and her son remained in Cumberland until about the middle of July. During this time they met, at the house of their friend Dr. Nicholson of Penrith, Henry Newman, designated in the often-quoted diary as "the brother of the *Tractarian*." They thought him a very agreeable man. A visit was paid in August to Mrs. Trollope's very dear friend the Baroness von Zandt, formerly Lady Dyer, and now widowed

for the second time, at Ovington, near Winchester. And the mother and son spent one day in going over the cathedral and college together. It was a place of many memories, for both Miltons and Trollopes counted Wykehamists among their ancestors; and how deep and tenacious was Tom's affection for his old school, the pages of "What I Remember" amply testify. They had the pleasure, too, of seeing Dr. Williams (then Head Master) and his son Henry Blackstone Williams, who was a valued friend of the Trollopes to the end of his life.

Whether in her own house or elsewhere, Mrs. Trollope continued to work steadily with her pen. It was her habit of early rising, which alone made it possible for her to perform so much literary labour, without obtruding it on the rest of the world, or in any way interfering with the daily routine of other people's lives.

She was now engaged on a work called "The Roberts's on their Travels," published first in serial form, and afterwards—in 1846—as a three-volume novel, by Mr. Colburn. Its avowed object was to hold the mirror up to certain classes of English tourists, in order, by a little good-humoured ridicule, to amend the ludicrous, or disagreeable,

peculiarities which make us nationally unpopular on the Continent.

That the touring Briton was heartily abused (and eagerly welcomed) in foreign parts in those days cannot be gainsaid. The abuse lavished on him now is perhaps equally hearty, but may be somewhat weakened by subdivision. Fifty years ago the very great majority of persons travelling on the Continent for pleasure were English. They, and their solid, neat-looking portmanteaus, clean-shaven faces, and well-filled purses, were periodically expected over large tracts of Europe, as the farmer expects the harvest, or the fisherman herring and mackerel. Nowadays, although still, I believe, numerically superior to the travellers of other nations, the Briton has a vast number of competitors. There is the ever-increasing number of visitors to Europe from the United States; and there are, at certain seasons, masses of German tourists. The consequence is that a portion of the odium incurred (in the minds of the bulk of uneducated people in every country) by the mere fact of being a foreigner, is shared by our Transatlantic and Teutonic cousins. Neither are beloved or admired in alien lands any more than John Bull. They are not, perhaps, so openly

criticized and derided by those who hope to make profit of them, as we are. But for this we may console ourselves by sundry reflections not wholly of a humiliating kind.

In her preface to "The Roberts's" Mrs. Trollope makes some sensible remarks to the effect that the well-bred English traveller is, naturally and inevitably, less conspicuous than the ill-bred one.

"Whereas hundreds of highly educated and refined people come and go without exciting a remark, or drawing upon themselves any disagreeable attention whatever, persons less educated, or less refined, can scarcely show themselves in any place of public resort, without attracting both eyes and ears."

And she adds that what makes this the more provoking, in France and elsewhere, is that

"these offenders are not a fair specimen *even of themselves*. The animal spirits rise. The customary restraints imposed by the manners and habits of home, and the check produced by the presence of familiar eyes, being withdrawn, the gay travellers become fantastic first, and then impertinent, and, like children invited out without their governess, appear in the eyes of those they visit, to have much worse manners than they ever exhibit at home."

This seems to me to be very well, as it certainly is very truly, said.

On the 1st of September, Mrs. Trollope returned to Florence, travelling by Paris, Dijon, and Lausanne.

CHAPTER III.

"Ye glitt'ring towns with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,
For me your tributary stores combine."

GOLDSMITH.

YET another change of abode in Florence was made by Mrs. Trollope before the final one to the Villino Trollope, built by her son. In the spring of 1845 she migrated from the *Via de' Malcontenti*, to Casa Olivieri in the *Via del Giglio*. The move was made at the request of their landlord in Casa Berti, whose old mother-in-law wished to occupy Mrs. Trollope's quarters. The old lady was an invalid, and it would have been harsh to deny the request. But it was a troublesome one to comply with. The bulk of the trouble of removing was, however, undertaken by T. A. Trollope, who remained great part of the summer in Florence.

The following letter, the original of which is in my possession, was addressed to her at Casa Olivieri by the Cavaliere Buonarroti, a descendant

of the family of Michael Angelo. It is written in English, and I copy it exactly :—

“DEAR MADAM,

“To-morrow evening at half-past eight, I am going to have some musick in order to distinguish from others the Birth-day of my great Ancestor Michelangelo ; and if you and your son should like to take a part in this act of domestick religion, it would be considered as a favour by

“Your most obedient servant,

“C. BUONARROTI.

“March 5th, 1845.”

Mrs. Trollope left Italy for England in April. She travelled by steamboat from Leghorn to Marseilles, touching at Genoa. She was not a good sailor, and had somewhat dreaded the voyage ; but it proved to be singularly calm and prosperous. Mrs. Trollope writes—

“Our voyage, my dear Tom, has been *delightful* ; and could I always ensure the like, I would never pass from Italy to France in any other way. *But*—it was the one in a hundred !”

She paused for a day or two in Paris on her way to London, and from Paris writes a letter to her son containing a very strange story of what one of the actors in it called “spontaneous

mesmerism" (l). To me it appears to be rather a case of hypnotism, which, before it was known under that name, was not much admitted to the honours of scientific investigation. I tell the tale as nearly as possible in Mrs. Trollope's own words, merely suppressing names, and, in the case of the young lady principally concerned, substituting another for her real appellation, for the convenience of referring to her without a circumlocution. The lady here called Mrs. N. was a very old friend of the Trollopes. Their acquaintance had been chiefly carried on on the Continent, in various parts of which Mrs. N. had resided for many years. She was now a widow, and was living in Paris with her two daughters. The elder, Emma, was engaged to be married, and had been engaged for some time, to an Englishman, the son of one of her parents' old friends, who, like themselves, had lived the greater part of his life abroad. Suddenly Mrs. Trollope was informed by letter that the engagement was broken off, but no explanation was given. Thus much premised, I quote Mrs. Trollope's letter from Paris:—

"I have seen Mrs. N. and her two daughters. Mrs. N. looks much better than when I saw her in London. A *crisis* seems to agree with her. Emma looks very odd

and wild ; Julia scared and anxious. They are all—but I despair of being able to give you anything approaching to a clear idea of what has been going on among them ! That H. F. is a very worthless fellow, I have no doubt. But the marriage has *not* been broken off by him, but by Emma herself.

“ It seems that the young German physician whom Mrs. N. was desirous of making her son-in-law when we were last in Paris, has been attending Emma in a rather severe attack of measles. From this complaint she was recovering, when she was seized with a succession of mysterious fits :—each one ending in a state (according to her medical attendant) of spontaneous mesmerism. My private opinion is that the mesmerism was not spontaneous at all, but superinduced by the German,—perhaps with very good intentions. While in the mesmeric state, or trance, or whatever it may be called, she began talking of H. F. (to whom she was to be married in about a week) with the deepest abhorrence ;—declaring that he was a wretch ; that he had laboured to corrupt her mind by the most wicked and abominable conversation ; that she hated and dreaded him worse than death ; and that nothing should induce her to become his wife.

“ This state of things lasted a fortnight, during the whole of which time the German was in constant attendance upon her. At length the fits left her. The doctor, however, did not. And a few days ago it was settled amongst them that he was to marry Emma immediately !!! And so it stands at the present moment, and I am invited to luncheon at Mrs. N.’s to-morrow, to make the acquaintance of the *futur*. H. F. is in despair, and has

just arrived post haste from England to remonstrate. But they have all resolved not to see him. If I *should* hear anything a little more like sanity on the subject, I will tell you. As it is, I am, like the hero in *The Critic*, 'in amazement lost.'"

I am able to add that the marriage with the German doctor did take place, and that it was not a happy one. After one child had been born, the husband and wife separated—or rather, the wife left him and returned to her mother, alleging tyranny, cruelty, and gross immorality on her husband's part as her reasons for doing so.

Mrs. Trollope lost no time after her arrival in London, in seeing Mr. Colburn, and promptly transacting her business with him. She agreed with him for the publication of two novels—both of which appeared in the year 1846, under the respective titles of "The Attractive Man" and "Father Eustace"—and also acceded to his request that she should write for him a couple of volumes of travelling sketches. She then went to Clifton for a week, and then proceeded to her son-in-law's residence, Carlton Hill.

A passage in one of her letters, written at this time, shows how constant she remained to her old habit of keeping her friends' interests present to her mind. She writes—

"Give the enclosed note to Powers. His Greek Slave is making a *fury* of success in London. I think he ought to come over, but I have not ventured to tell him so. If Mr. Everett has not left London, he could introduce him to all the best patrons, etc. Of course the hazard of such a step is great. But nothing can exceed the general admiration expressed for his statue."

Anthony and his wife visited Carlton Hill while Mrs. Trollope was there, as did also her brother Henry Milton and Mrs. Milton; and she much enjoyed these family reunions.

She was working hard all the time both at "The Roberts's," coming out in numbers, and at the novel called "The Attractive Man," for Mr. Colburn, and says on this subject:—

"I trust if my health continues as good as it is at present (enabling me to get up at four o'clock every morning) I shall be able to accomplish my task. But you must allow that it is less easy to do this in a house surrounded by company, than it would be without it. . . . If I do get through the novel—340 pages each volume *by agreement*—by the end of August, I shall consider it a great *tour de force*. But as to doing it in *less* time, I certainly do not mean even to attempt it."

According to a plan arranged before she left Florence, Mrs. Trollope paid a visit to her beloved friend the Baroness von Zandt at the latter's

estate of Seehof near Bamberg in Bavaria, where she was now residing. Mrs. Trollope had promised to go and see her friend be she where she might, and she kept her word ; but she strongly counselled the Baroness, who was lonely and out of health, to get rid of her big castle, and go back to live in one of her comfortable English homes.

T. A. Trollope met his mother at Seehof about the beginning of September. Seehof is situated about three English miles out of Bamberg, on the road to Baireuth—little known to the tourist world in those pre-Wagnerian days—and is a very fine place. The château was built by the Prince Bishops of Bamberg, in the early part of the seventeenth century. It was designed entirely in the French taste, and is of enormous extent. But although magnificent, it was scarcely a cheerful residence for the English lady in her widowhood. An army of servants and the expenditure of many thousands of pounds would have been necessary to keep the whole of the house and grounds in proper order.

Mrs. Trollope and her son started on their return to Italy after a stay of about a fortnight at Seehof. They travelled in leisurely fashion by Ratisbon, Munich, Innsbruck, to Trent ; and so

to Verona, Bologna, and Florence. The vexations and difficulties incurred in passing what was then the Papal frontier, appear almost incredible now. Indeed, one of the letters before me states that the pillage of travellers in every way on entering the States of the Church is "too barefaced and outrageous to be believed by those who have not experienced it."

However, the travellers did reach Florence at the end of September.

They speedily established themselves comfortably in their new quarters in the Via del Giglio; and during the winter of 1845-46, Mrs. Trollope entertained a great deal, and received at her dinner-parties and soirées, emphatically the best society that Florence had to boast. Among her guests were the most distinguished of her own travelling countrymen and women. Scarcely any one of mark visited Florence in those days, without finding his way to her *salon*.

Her social popularity was very great. And yet she was not a famous sayer of witty things; she had no reputation of former beauty, which often arouses an interest of curiosity; she did not trade upon an audacious self-assertion and disregard of other people's claims and feelings—a singular, but,

as experience proves, a powerful attraction to a large part of Mr. Carlyle's celebrated majority; she was not wealthy; and although she was a successful writer of books, she did not hold a pre-eminent position in literature. But she had admirably good sense, much genuine humour, great knowledge of the world, a quick appreciation of others' gifts, and, above all, a character of the most flawless sincerity, and a warmly affectionate heart.

These latter cannot be successfully counterfeited. A friend of mine once saw in the window of an enterprising huckster, in an obscure London street, a heap of eggs with a ticket stuck in the midst of them bearing the bold inscription, "Equal to new-laid"! But there is no substitute for genuine goodness of heart. The sham is detected by inexperienced, and even by stupid persons, almost with the certainty of chemical action and reaction. And yet, it will be said, people are deceived! True; but very seldom deceived in the *moral* qualities of their fellow-creatures, unless there be some motive for arguing away genuine impressions. "Tartuffe" would have but a poor chance if he did not take our defects into partnership, and make our vanity, or our pride, or our prejudice,

or all our uncharitableness, the accomplices of his hypocrisy.

The combination of trustworthy honesty with the tenderest loving-kindness was, I think, what gained Frances Trollope so many friends—and kept them.

It was, I believe, during this season, that Mrs. Trollope got up a performance by amateurs of Locke's music to *Macbeth*, in her own house. She was assisted by no less a personage than Madame Sabatier, known during her operatic career as Madame Ungher, the original Lucrezia Borgia in Donizetti's opera, and one of the first lyric actresses of her day. She had long retired from the stage, and lived in a villa near Florence, where she and her husband, Monsieur Sabatier, a Frenchman of considerable talent and erudition, were much liked and respected by a large circle of friends.

The following quaint, and essentially Italian, criticism on the performance and on Locke's music, appeared, in the form of a letter from Florence, in the *Gazette Musicale*, and was translated and printed in *Galighani's Messenger* :—

“An English lady of distinguished merit, Mrs. Trollope, has had the idea of getting up in her house a performance

of the choruses of the witches in *Macbeth*, composed half a century after the time of Shakespeare, by Locke, a musician celebrated in England. She had a little stage fitted up in her drawing-room, and every care was taken to perform those traditional scenes with the greatest accuracy in regard to costume and everything else. A numerous party of English ladies and gentlemen sang the choruses, and acquitted themselves very well. Madame Sabatier played one of the principal witches.

“‘And what of Master Locke’s music?’ you will say. It was not so much amiss; and had even something of the manner of Handel,—bating his invention, vigour, and genius. Portions of it might be sung in a church service in any cathedral. But still” [this qualifying “but still” is delightful! It reminds me of a criticism made by an Italian friend of ours on certain English glees by the best composers of that class of music. The listener shrugged his shoulders, and expressed the opinion that it was all just like *roba da chiesa*,—“church stuff,”—and added that it put him terribly out of spirits!]—“but still the old English composer is entitled to credit for certain effects, and certain intentions. And I must confess that, take it altogether, his music certainly pleased me more than the witches’ choruses of the *Macbeth* at the Teatro della Pergola.”

Verdi’s opera of *Macbeth* was then being given in Florence.

I cull one or two extracts from her letters to England at this time.

"You would think us mad, all of you, sober people as you are, were I to tell you exactly how we have been passing the Carnival. We were not in bed until three o'clock in the morning during nearly the whole of it. And the crescendo movement with which it concluded, gave us three costume balls, and three masked ditto, within eight days! Lord Holland's *bal costumé* was the first at which the Court was present,—and one thousand one hundred and twenty-five persons besides! I went as a Quakeress; and Lady Holland admired the dress so much, that she sent to borrow it next morning, and had one made like it for Prince Demidoff's! I had, moreover, the honour of receiving a message from Court, requesting that I would come there in the same dress. There's glory for you! Prince Demidoff's ball was the most splendid of the three, because no one was admitted except in costume. Tom went in the character of a jester to Mr. Plunkett, who had collected a splendid feudal group for the fancy balls. He was admirably dressed, and *did it very well indeed*. . . . Till three this morning we were at Prince Demidoff's. His wife, you know, is the daughter of the ci-devant King, Jerome Bonaparte.* She is charming, beautiful, and clever.

"It was amusing enough to find oneself in the midst of all the Bonaparte family on the most friendly and agreeable terms imaginable! We meet there every week, the ex-King Jerome; his son † (the most facsimile

* The Princess Mathilde, so well known in the society of the Second Empire.

† This was Prince Napoleon, nick-named *Plon-Plon*. He subsequently married the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of

likeness of his Imperial uncle, whose baptismal name he bears, that I ever saw in any family); the Prince Canino the son of Lucien, who having married the daughter of the ex-King Joseph has inherited his great wealth,—and to render the scene complete, one of the magnificent suite of rooms is a perfect Bonaparte Museum. Canova's magnificent standing figure of the *parvenu* Emperor is on one side, and the beautiful sitting, or rather reclining, figure of his mother from the same hand, on the other. Gerard's splendid full length portraits of the whilom King and Queen of Westphalia (the father and mother of our hostess) are in the same room; and busts of, I believe, *all* the imperial family, are ranged on brackets round the walls.

"I met Lord Holland there last week, and while we were examining the decorations of this curious room together, he said in a prudent whisper, 'If I were a great man, and had a great many kings and queens for my uncles and aunts and fathers and mothers and cousins, and had a room full of them, they should *all* be in marble, and none in plaster.' And he pointed to the bust of 'Uncle Murat' which was in the last-named vile material."

After all this Napoleonic display, another little anecdote, also from the correspondence of this year, comes like a touch of fateful irony. The

King Victor Emanuel. And his daughter is now Dowager-Duchess of Aosta, and cousin by marriage of the Bourbon Princess, Hélène of Orleans. A strange kaleidoscopic bit of history.

irony of Destiny, it must be owned, is generally more pungent than pleasant !

"At the Court concert last night," writes Mrs. Trollope, "the Bonaparte Princess Demidoff had a seat of honour on the front row next to the Grand Duchess. And what do you think was the principal piece performed? A sort of music in action, called THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ! Soldiers heard marching, and distant drums and trumpets placed in all the rooms of the palace so as to give it quite the effect of reality. I sat immediately behind the Princess, and it was very evident that she did not like it *at all*."

In complete contrast with all this are the following extracts from a letter written to Mr. Tilley immediately after the announcement of the birth of his little son Arthur.

"Florence, Jan., 1845.

"Other folks can cry for joy, my dearest John, besides the grave Ann. And my breakfast was made most delicious this morning, by a mixture of this species of salt water with my tea. Whatever else distance may lessen, it does not lessen anxiety. And did you know what multitudes of gloomy dreads and fears have been haunting me, you would guess *a little* what sort of welcome your letter received. Tom had it in his hand and was re-reading it, when our man Luigi entered the room. I wish you could have seen his terrified countenance. The tears, I know, were running down

my cheeks, and I know, also, that I was indulging in a broad grin;—so that I suspect Luigi thought I was seized with sudden phrensy! When I explained to him, however, the cause of my queer condition, he seemed to think it reasonable enough; and uttered the words ‘*Maschio? Bene!*’ as if (conceited he-thing!) he thought the ecstasy perfectly well accounted for.”

In the same year she sends a little note addressed to “Miss Frances Trollope Tilley, Carlton Hill,” telling her that she has sent “a night-cap and a shift for your doll,—which is all that I have had time to make.” So the grandmotherly fingers found time to use the needle as well as the pen. Her affection for her daughter’s children was very warm; as were, indeed, all her family affections. The domestic side of her nature was very intense.

Among the crowd of heterogeneous figures with whom she came into contact in Florence this season, there was one man who especially attracted Mrs. Trollope’s interest and admiration, although she never seems for a moment to have leaned towards the form of Christianity which he so fervently embraced. This was Frederick William Faber, the disciple of Newman in the early days of *Tractarianism*, and subsequently one of the

most distinguished and highly-prized converts to Roman Catholicism.

When Mrs. Trollope first made his acquaintance (March, 1846) he had only recently joined the Church of Rome, having been received into it at Northampton in the previous November. They met at the house of Mr. Sloane, the wealthy Catholic gentleman to whom the church of Santa Croce owes its façade, and who was a very prominent figure in Florence for many years.

The following extracts from one of Mrs. Trollope's letters describe vividly the impression Faber made on her:—

"In the way of *brilliance*, by far the most brilliant person with whom I have made acquaintance is Faber. He is, I think, the most eloquent person I ever heard talk. I dined with him at Mr. Sloane's last week, and on Thursday he dined here. On both occasions I sat next him, and have rarely listened with such *wonder*, and, I must confess, with such admiration to any one. I did not know, until he told me, that his education began at Mr. Gibson's near Penrith. Then he was at Harrow while Anthony was there, and then, as you know, at Oxford. He told me that Mr. Cunningham" [the Vicar of Harrow] "gave him his earliest religious thoughts,—but that he always had a sort of misgiving that he occasionally talked nonsense.

"The first sermon he heard at Oxford was from

Newman. He says the effect of it upon him was equally sudden and profound. All this, and a great deal more, in the same strain, was exceedingly interesting,—yet nothing could be less like what I should have expected from him. He is thirty-one years old, but looks considerably younger. He is fair, with light hair; and has a *lively good humour* that is very pleasing. But the charm and *power* of his countenance is in his mouth, which is not only peculiarly handsome, but has a variety of expression that is quite extraordinary. That he is perfectly in earnest, it is impossible to doubt:—the great sacrifices he has made, prove it sufficiently, and every word he speaks on the subject of his conversion, confirms the impression. Yet there is something of playfulness in his phrases now and then, that is rather startling. He talks, for instance, when speaking of the party he has left behind, of ‘their rush towards rubricks.’ But he is, in all moods, *brilliant* and agreeable. He talked to me freely about our dear Grand Duke’s want of Popish strictness; and said that the Pope had told him that he had more trouble with his Highness of Tuscany, who was Catholic, than with his Majesty of Belgium, who was Protestant! He spoke with very sanguine hope of the speedy conversion—or *reversion*—of Great Britain to the old faith; and said that he was returning to England, after the Holy Week, to establish a monastic house at Birmingham,—where there are already three for women. He invited me earnestly to visit them.”

It must, I think, be admitted that whatever may have been the “prejudices” of which Mrs. Trollope

was so readily accused by those who differed from her in opinion, they were never strong enough to destroy that "deep-seated habit of direct fellow-feeling with individual fellow-men," which George Eliot says is so indispensable to our morality.

CHAPTER IV.

“Water, water everywhere!”

COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*.

IN the summer of 1846, Mrs. Trollope made a long tour in the Tyrol, Bohemia, and Silesia, accompanied by her friend Lady G. N., Miss N., her son Tom, and her Italian servant Luigi.

The ultimate point to which their journey tended was Gräfenberg, the Silesian village which Preissnitz, the inventor and founder of the cold-water cure, had already made famous. But they were some weeks in reaching it, having visited many places of interest on the way.

Their experience of Bohemia was not such as to tempt one to follow in their track. Prague, of course, delighted them, and afforded excellent accommodation. But Prague is a cosmopolitan city. When the more “untrodden ways” were reached, the account of their Bohemian tour presents a record of filth and discomfort, with but very little of beauty or interest to compensate

for the endurance of them. On one occasion, their servant Luigi's Italian vivacity very nearly got the party into serious trouble. It was at a small place called Kapplitz, about five hours' journey from Budweis; and they found only very miserable and filthy quarters. In endeavouring to enforce his demand for something required by his master and mistress, Luigi, after the fashion of his country, used a great deal of energetic gesture. I know not precisely what it was he asked for; that is not set down in the chronicle. But, judging from his desperate eagerness, and the utter failure of the people to comply with his request, I should guess that it was some such exotic luxury as clean water and towels! At any rate, either genuinely alarmed by his vehement pantomime, or feigning to be so, to escape further importunity the Bohemian serving-maid declared that he was going to beat her, and rushed screaming through the house. The result, of course, was a general uproar, carried on in a Babel-like confusion of tongues; and T. A. Trollope had to march Luigi off, and find a bed for him out of the house. His "bed" was probably of the same primitive kind as fell to his lot more than once in those parts: *i.e.* a sufficient quantity of straw

was brought from some neighbouring barn, and artistically arranged on the floor with a pitchfork. But in this particular Luigi was doubtless better off than his masters, who found their couches repulsively dirty.

In the course of this tour, not, however, in Bohemia, but in a remote village of the Salzkammergut, T. A. Trollope was shaved by a "barber-surgeon," whose library consisted of works on pathology and *magic*! There is a queer sixteenth-century flavour about this.

The object of going to Gräfenberg was to enable two of the party—Lady G. N. and T. A. Trollope—to undergo the cold-water treatment. Dyspepsia was the ailment in one case, and rheumatism in the other. But from the account of their indefatigable walking, climbing, and sight-seeing on the way thither, it is clear that the system could derive no great lustre from the cure of such robust patients.

In those days Gräfenberg proper was a tiny, and somewhat miserable, village on the top of a hill. There stood the house and bathing establishment of Herr Preissnitz. These were on a large scale, and contained a great many patients. But there were also large numbers of patients who

could not be accommodated there ; and these had to be lodged in Freiwalden, a townlet at the foot of the hill whereon Gräfenberg is perched. There was but one inn in the place when Mrs. Trollope visited it ; but there were many lodgings to be had in the long and straggling street.

Our travellers pitched upon an apartment capable of accommodating their whole party, for which they were to pay thirty *gulden* a month ; and having made their bargain, they thought they had nothing more to do than to order their trunks to be carried from the inn where they had spent one night, and to take possession of their new quarters. Great, therefore, was their dismay on being told that before they could sleep in their lodgings, they must buy, or hire, beds, bolsters, pillows, blankets, and counterpanes ; and that before they could eat there, they must buy plates, dishes, cups, glasses, etc., not to mention the whole *batterie de cuisine* ! Mrs. Trollope gives a lively account of their next proceeding :—

“Certainly some of our distant friends would have felt inclined to laugh at us, could they have witnessed the scene which followed. There we all stood together in the little shop which professes to have everything that man in his domestic state requires ! But this boast

can only refer to the wants of man in the earlier stages of civilization. There we stood, however, endeavouring, one and all of us, to remember all the things that were absolutely necessary to existence ; and this went on till the whole counter was covered from end to end with crockery of all sorts, and a lot of coarse pottery by way of crocks, kettles, and *casseroles*. Fortunately for our purses this simple sort of fitting up cost wonderfully little. And when at length the work was done, and we got into our humble dwelling, we all seemed as proud of having a salt-cellar, a cream-jug, etc., as if those utensils had been of burnished gold !”

The routine of the cold-water cure—packing, douches, wet towels round the body, and copious draughts of the pure element—all these things are too well known nowadays to be recapitulated here.

Mrs. Trollope’s sense of humour was irresistibly tickled by the grotesque appearance of the morning promenaders of all nations, both sexes, and various ages, who, she says, “have the air of having escaped from their keepers.” One essential part of the cure was that vigorous and rapid exercise should be taken immediately after each cold-water application. The patients turned out in the queerest of costumes, and very little of it ! No stockings—some of the gentlemen wore no shoes either,—shirts open at the breast ; ladies

with light cotton dresses loosely made, muslin sun-bonnets, hair bundled up hastily under them, and, in lieu of a corset, about three yards of wet linen wound round the body!

Mrs. Trollope writes—

“In that charming, but almost forgotten, little volume entitled ‘The Miseries of Human Life,’ there is a description of the agony of zeal with which dancers who have just indulged in taking an ice, rush onward through the dance in the hope of preventing any danger from it, exclaiming as they go—‘Hands across, for the love of mercy! Down the middle, in the name of Heaven!’ Now, although the ladies and gentlemen of Gräfenberg and Freiwalden who have just taken their douche, or their plunge, or their wet sheet, do not thus exclaim, it is impossible not to read the same object, and the same anxiety, in their eyes and gestures; and even if the selfish fear of being knocked down did not cause one to step aside, I really hope that we should take care not to occasion the delay of a quarter of a second in their course, from mere humanity!”

But notwithstanding her acute perception of this comic side of it, Mrs. Trollope had a great deal of serious faith in the efficacy of Preissnitz’s system for many disorders. Of Preissnitz personally she had a very high opinion. She gives a graphic though brief description of him.

“His simplicity of manner is still that of a friendly,

kind-hearted peasant, but his brow, and the expression of his mouth, show intellect and resolution. I am assured that he still reads with difficulty, and that he cannot write at all. . . . The personal skill of Dr. Preissnitz is highly necessary in all critical cases to regulate the *degree* in which the different operations of the cure are to be administered; and the statements which reach us from all quarters, of the wonderful acuteness with which he discerns the peculiarities of constitution, or disease, are most extraordinary. The result of all I have seen and heard of Dr. Preissnitz and his practice, has been to inspire me with sincere respect and admiration for him."

The year before Mrs. Trollope was at Gräfenberg, the peasant-physician had received a visit from the Archduke Francis Charles, heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria. Those who witnessed the meeting declared it to have been extremely interesting. The Archduke's first words were, "There is but one Preissnitz;" and he cordially extended his hand. Preissnitz took it, not without emotion, but with a modest composure equally removed from presumption and shyness.

By the way, it is curious to find in Southey's *Omniana* (vol. i. p. 157), that "Amerigo Vespucci describes cold bathing as the remedy for fever, which was used by the American Indians." So that there had been more than one Preissnitz.

In 1846, when Mrs. Trollope was there, Preissnitz was the recipient of another imperial honour. The Emperor had commanded a medal to be struck in his honour, and sent the Governor of Silesia to Gräfenberg to present it to him in person. This ceremony took place in the Town Hall, High Mass was afterwards performed in the church, and in the evening a ball was given by the doctor to *all* his patients! It must have been a singular and motley scene; for the company comprised not only members of the most various social ranks, but representatives of a great many nations and provinces: Austrians, Bavarians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Prussians, Lombards, Sardinians, Romans, Tuscans, Spaniards, Poles, Russians, Turks, French, Americans, and—it is scarcely necessary to add—English!

Fortunately for the general harmony of so heterogeneous a collection, many of whom were crowded together in very close quarters, the cold-water cure was said to have a peculiarly beneficial effect on the temper; and it was remarked to Mrs. Trollope by a gentleman who had seen a great deal of the world, that he had never met with so many human beings collected together whose tempers seemed so uniformly even and amiable.

The two members of the party who had undergone the cure, professed themselves benefited by it. Especially they felt a lightness of spirits that was very agreeable.

While at Gräfenberg, Mrs. Trollope received several letters from Miss Theodosia Garrow, who afterwards became her daughter-in-law. The Garrows were at Leghorn, and Miss Garrow's letters contain a long list of disturbances and disasters with which Italy had been visited during this summer.

"Truth to say, the season has been an awful one: heat tremendous; one earthquake, and twenty-nine smaller shocks after it; a whirlwind; three water-spouts; a *sea-quake*; and thunder and lightning to admiration!—I ought to have added the appearance of the Prince de Joinville and the French fleet; but *it* did not come although he did. . . . I write just before taking flight for the City of Cities, which is really and truly to be our abode for this winter,—a circumstance of which I had no reasonable hope a month or so ago. You, who know what charms Florence has for me, can guess that I am not a little rejoiced at this change in our prospects. And I shall see you again before long, my kind friend! and though it were ridiculous to fancy that you, with so many ties and attractions all around you, can look forward to this as I do, yet I *know* you will be glad to see your poor puss again. . . . Few things could have given me so much pleasure as the receiving

your charming *infinitesimal* letter. Like other homœopathic doses, it has more potent virtue in it, than the multifarious scribbled sheets which testify rather to the patience of the reader than the wit of the writer. And so you would have said, if you had seen how heartily we all laughed at the image of your watery world, so vividly conjured up before us. We are told of (but not by) your son, that he is a walking advertisement of the powers of the Great Water Wizard. May it be so! and may we meet you both this winter!"

On leaving Freiwalden Mrs. Trollope and her party went to Vienna, but only slept there for a couple of nights *en route* to Trieste, whence they returned to Italy by Görtz, Pordenone, Padua, etc., having visited the celebrated quicksilver mines of Idria on their way. There are constant complaints, in the letters and diaries, not only of the slowness of the conveyances, but of their incredible unpunctuality. For example, they reached Laibach in a post-carriage at twelve p.m., the appointed time for their arrival being nine, and there having occurred no accident or obstacle of any kind to delay them. But this "record" was beaten in Italy, where the diligence from Bologna to Florence, due at the latter place at noon, arrived at *ten o'clock at night!*

Verily—*non faccio per vantarmi*, as the Roman

cardinal premised before remarking that it was a very fine day—I don't wish to boast, but the continent of Europe *has* improved in the matter of travelling punctuality since those days!

Early in November Mrs. Trollope was completely and comfortably settled in her new house in the *Via del Giglio*. She did not like it in all respects as well as Casa Berti; but it had one great attraction for her which the other lacked—namely, a flower-garden. Her apartment was on the ground floor, and had access to the garden and greenhouse. She was, all her life, a lover of flowers. Even during the first years of her marriage, in Keppel Street, she had endeavoured to make some little attempt at a garden in the brick-walled enclosure behind the house—less dingy and smoke-dyed, doubtless, eighty-five years ago than now, but still an unpromising field for horticulture. In this respect Florence was a residence after her own heart. She used to spend many pleasant mornings with Lady Normanby at her villa; strolling among the flowers, sitting with Lady Normanby—who was herself skilful in horticulture—to watch the gardeners at work, and generally bringing home some pet plant for her greenhouse.

During this winter season Fanny Elssler was dancing at the Pergola, drawing crowded houses and making *furor*. It was at this time that a saying of hers must have been uttered, which lingered many years as a legend in Florence, and was reported to the present writer nearly thirty years later. Fanny Elssler having made, as has been said, *furor*, was naturally the recipient of innumerable flowers. Wreaths, bouquets, garlands, baskets of all shapes and sizes brimming over with exquisite blossoms, were presented to her in enormous quantities. Some visitor calling on Mdlle. Elssler at her hotel one morning, found her *salon* brilliant and odorous with the colour and perfume of exquisite flowers; and although accustomed to see such displays, could not refrain from congratulating her on the lavishness and beauty of these floral tributes to her talent.

"Bah!" exclaimed the *danseuse*, shrugging her shoulders, "*Ce sont des herbages!*"

A snake in the grass is not considered desirable; but la Elssler would have welcomed the glitter of a bracelet or so among the leaves!

The ballet she performed in at Florence was "Esmeralda;" and Mrs. Trollope greatly admired not only her dancing, but her *acting*, which, she says,

"is exquisitely expressive, and shows real dramatic genius." On the occasion of Elssler's benefit "the stage was literally covered with flowers, which the whole *corps de ballet* assisted to carry away in several journeys."

Encore des herbages!

Early in April, ~~1874~~ Mrs. Trollope and her son left Florence for England, travelling this time by Genoa and the Riviera to Nice. Their route took them through Avignon and Valence, where they stayed a day or two. At Valence they just missed seeing Daniel O'Connell, who was on his way to the south. They were told that he had been obliged by illness to delay his journey some days at Lyons. This proved to be his last journey. His destination was Rome, but he only reached Genoa, where he died on the 15th of May.

From Lyons Mrs. Trollope embarked on the Saone, and went by steamboat to Chalons. The voyage was uninteresting in point of scenery, and the boat more crowded than was agreeable. The travellers reached Paris on the 26th of April, at about four o'clock a.m., went to bed, and were afoot and out-of-doors by eight the next, or rather the same morning!

During their four or five days' stay in Paris they

visited several old friends ; and on the 1st of May witnessed the gay doings, fireworks, etc., in the Tuileries Gardens for the *fête du Roi*. Whether there were prophets in Paris who understood and interpreted the shadows of coming events, I know not ; but certainly our English travellers did not then foresee that before the next May Day, Louis Philippe and his family would be fugitives and exiles.

Mrs. Trollope left Paris on the 2nd of May. On this occasion her son notes—

“We were placed, with our diligence, on the northern railroad, which conveyed us at a speed little exceeding twenty miles an hour, to Abbeville.”

Then the diligence was set down on its legs—I mean its wheels, once more ; and so reached Boulogne, whence the passage to Folkestone was made in two hours and three quarters.

CHAPTER V.

" The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones."
LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*.

AFTER a fortnight spent in London, Mrs. Trollope went to Penrith, where her son afterwards joined her.

They resumed old acquaintances and friendships, and received many hospitalities, notably from Sir George and Lady Musgrave at Edenhall, and from Dr. Nicholson at Penrith, so warmly mentioned in "What I Remember."

Mrs. Trollope's novel, "The Three Cousins," had then recently been published. It met with a great deal of favour, and was considered to contain several successful studies of character. It is amusing to find that the world insisted on recognizing, in the Bishop of Solway in this book, the then Bishop of Winchester. But the fact was that Mrs. Trollope had never seen Dr. Sumner and had no knowledge of him whatever! This

fashion of setting the cap of a fictitious creation forcibly on the head of a real personage, whether it fit or no, is one of the very commonest ills that authorship is heir to.

The Bishop's wife, Mrs. Morrison, is a very clever sketch. She was a "New Woman" in 1847. For there were "New Women" then, as surely as there will be "New Women" in 1947. Hope is at the bottom of all craving for innovation and delight in novelty, whether it be the hope of distinction for one's self, or of benefit to one's fellow-creatures. And since, as we are told, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," the line will stretch out to the crack o' doom.

In Mrs. Morrison's day, however, the methods of the New Woman were a little different from those of her successor at this end of the century. But there are some points in the following passages which—except that they are free from slang—have a very modern flavour. ✓

"Her mind, which was active to excess, and ever eager for fresh materials to work upon, became, to all intents and purposes, a spiritual knight-errant, roaming through the intellectual world in search of adventures.

"No new idea, however mistily caught sight of, or however distant from the ordinary ground on which human reason employs itself, ever failed of fixing her

attention, of rousing her faculties, and of calling forth all the energy of her spirit, in order to conquer, or be conquered by it. In these wrestlings with new notions she often displayed great acuteness, and oftener still a bold grasp of thought, which enabled her to feel that many things were possible which the recusant world neglected because they were new. . . . The application of steam to ships, was perhaps the first event of her life,—for she was then quite young—which set her firmly and for ever on the hobby on which she galloped with admirable courage and perseverance to the end of her life.

“Though a mere child at the time, she watched the struggle of gas, from almost its first twinkle to its present midnight splendour, with intense interest. Electricity, when its power was first practically displayed to her, produced an effect on her imagination which kept her awake all night. Her first journey on a railroad caused a paroxysm of rapture that exhaled itself in sketching a network of railways over the earth and under the sea,* by aid of which she expected to make a morning visit to a sister at Madras, and return to Europe in time to hear Grisi sing, somewhere or other, in the evening. Had she not been the wife of a Bishop, she would probably have followed the author of ‘The Vestiges’ to his last page, without ever exclaiming ‘*Halte là !*’ But as it was, she laid the volume (when she had finished it) quietly aside, saying that she ‘doubted its orthodoxy.’

“Mrs. Morrison loved and revered science in the

* The author here “doth attain
To something of prophetic strain.”

abstract, as much as Bacon himself could have done ; and would have been as truly scientific a lady as Mrs. Somerville,—could a wish have made her so. But, this being beyond her reach, she was fain to relieve the fulness of her heart by a species of worship which had certainly more resemblance to blind idolatry than enlightened devotion.

“For a short time she was strongly inclined to have faith in homœopathy ; but at last came to the conclusion that Preissnitz was the only physician who really knew how to set the human frame to rights when it went wrong.

“As to her belief in all the mysterious powers of animal magnetism, it is difficult to state to what length it went, because imagination was so mixed up with conviction, that it is impossible to say where one ended and the other began. Phrenology was another of the *avant couriers* of human knowledge which she had rushed forward to meet, with an eagerness that had put her, as it were, intellectually out of breath.

“Nor was it only newly discovered *light* that she thus ardently welcomed : for, to confess the whole truth, every idea that was new had wonderful attraction for her. The new idiom of Carlyle, the new colouring of Turner, the new preaching of Newman, the new *tintamarre* of music, etcætera, etcætera, etcætera, all excited an enthusiastic degree of interest in her mind. But when, recollecting that she was the wife of a Bishop, she felt the necessity of being reasonable in conduct, and, in some degree temperate in language, she always most conscientiously checked herself with some such phrases as, ‘ Nevertheless you know, it is only an experiment.—

But every experiment should have a fair chance given it ;—without this, you know, we should never get on at all !—Is it not true, dear Bishop ?’

“To which the dear Bishop invariably answered by a smile.”

Among the names mentioned in the letters and diaries of this year, there occurs for the first time that of Miss Lynn—known to the reading world for many years past as Mrs. Lynn Linton. She was then quite a young girl, and had recently published her novel of “Azeth the Egyptian.” The Trollopes were naturally much struck by the amount of reading on Egyptian antiquities manifested in it.

“It is,” says the diary, “by the daughter of the parson of Keswick, whom we saw at the Literary Fund dinner. There is in Azeth a vein of liberality of sentiment—almost amounting to free-thinking, which is very surprising in a country clergyman’s young daughter, home-bred in a very remote locality.”

A few weeks later Mrs. Trollope and her son met Miss Lynn at dinner in Mr. Milton’s house at Chelsea. T. A. Trollope records that he talked a good deal to her and liked her much. “I hope some day to see more of her :—*a very religious-minded unbeliever !*” I believe that Mrs. Lynn Linton would not repudiate that description

of herself. It embodies the idea expressed in "In Memoriam :"

" There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But Tennyson's noble poem was not yet written ; and the words quoted from the diary have never met other eyes than the writer's until now.

On leaving Penrith the Trollopes paid a short and very pleasant visit to their friends Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, at their residence called Mount Oswald, near Durham. Their host and hostess invited a large party of guests to meet them at dinner on the two evenings they spent there. Among these were the Dean of Durham, Dr. Waddington, Dr. Townshend (a "Golden Prebendary," as those of Durham were styled), and Mr. Fawcitt, the High Sheriff of the county.

The principal topic of conversation *everywhere*, just then, was the elections. Church matters and Free Trade appeared to predominate mostly in the opposition of parties. And Mrs. Trollope, in some of her correspondence written at this time, remarks that it is a curious sign of the times, how very large a share High Churchism and Low Churchism have in the differences which divide men into two parties.

After dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn, there was a brisk discussion between the Dean and Dr. Townshend, in which T. A. Trollope joined (no one else saying a word!), and which he has noted in his diary.

"The Dean is a liberal man, totally opposed to any restrictions on the perfect toleration to be extended to Roman Catholics as well as to all others. Dr. Townshend, although very evidently a learned, a clever, a genial-minded, and a kindly man, yet appears to nourish almost a sort of monomaniacal fear and abomination of the Roman Catholics! The tilting between them was amusing chiefly from the contrasted nature of the two men. The Dean is a tall, spare, gentlemanlike looking man; cool and self-possessed in manner, somewhat sarcastic, full of playfulness, fond of laughing, and appearing to enjoy exceedingly his opponent's warmth and illogical contradictions.

"Dr. Townshend, with far more earnestness, and putting far more of real feeling into the matter, is the exact opposite of the Dean in appearance and manner. He is a short, very stout, florid man, with a large face and round eyes; but with a most winning smile, and very expressive and pleasing play of the mouth. He is evidently as kindly and genial-hearted a man as ever breathed, but hot and violent. He puts his whole heart into the matter, and with a great, sonorous, pulpit voice, thunders out his maxims of High Churchism with an air that convinces you he would go to the stake for them. He became sometimes very violent, but ever came back to the most perfect good temper in a moment."

At any rate, he bore his opponent in the triangular discussion no malice: for the next day Mrs. Trollope and her son went to lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Townshend, who received them with the utmost cordiality, lamented their short stay in the neighbourhood, and hoped to see them there again. Mrs. Trollope was greatly delighted with Durham Cathedral, to which she made two excursions from Mount Oswald. And Dr. Townshend showed them the Chapter-room and library, which contained—doubtless contains—many curious and valuable manuscripts.

Dr. Townshend also conducted them to see the Deanery kitchen, which was that of the Convent. "It is a beautiful, large, and lofty octagonal room," says Mrs. Trollope, "with ample capabilities for cooking for a regiment—of aldermen."

On their way to London, Mrs. Trollope and her son stopped at York to see the Minster, and there fell in with Sir George and Lady Musgrave and their children, with whom they went round the church. T. A. Trollope afterwards accompanied Lady Musgrave and her daughters to the top of the tower; and he notes in his diary that they seemed to consider the undertaking as being on a par with the ascent of Mont Blanc! But no

doubt he was spoiled by the practice of his mother and her old cousin Fanny Bent, who took whatever exertion came in their way—from ascending the spire of Antwerp Cathedral, to an eight-mile walk over Haldon—pretty much as a matter of course.

A few days were spent in London for the transaction of necessary business, before starting again for the Continent. Part of this business was, as usual, with publishers. But part of it, also, was getting passports set in order.

This affair of passports was a constant trouble in travelling in those days. Amongst the various reasons which might be supposed to make the return to his native islands pleasant to the travelled Briton, surely not the smallest must have been the delightful immunity from passports, with all their attendant fees, fuss, and falsity. I do not remember, by the way, to have met with any recognition of this bit of English freedom, in any book of travels written by a foreigner. And yet it must have been one of the first circumstances to strike a stranger landing on our shores. Possibly the stranger did not altogether enjoy it at first! The system of minute surveillance and Governmental interference with every action of one's life, may, for aught I know, be like tight-lacing—very

irksome till one gets used to it, but leaving one very ill at ease when one gives it up.

On this particular journey the Trollopes were accompanied by Lady Sevestre and Miss Hall, who were returning to Florence ; and T. A. Trollope, who, of course, undertook the transaction of all such travelling arrangements for the ladies of the party, records that he had a special degree of "botheration" about the passport of Lady Sevestre ; but why this is so, does not appear.

Their voyage across the Channel was to be made this time from Ramsgate to Ostend. They had to sleep at Ramsgate ; and finding all the hotels "overflowing" (on the 15th of July), they were fain to get what accommodation they could in a private house—"where," it is written, "they fleeced us *pas mal*." They crossed the next morning, at eight o'clock, to Ostend, "in the *Princess Clementine*, a fine boat of two hundred horse power ;" and the passage occupied five hours and a half.

Of course the ten years that had elapsed since the Trollopes had resided in Belgium had made a considerable alteration in the aspect of Ostend. But it was at Bruges that the changes most struck them. They only halted there a short time on

their way to Louvain; but it was sufficient to show them that the sleepy old Flemish city had not wholly escaped the transformations which follow in the wake of the steam-horse. The railway station occupied the site of the old *Marché au Vendredi*, and the whole of the quarter was changed beyond recognition. They slept at Louvain that night; and Mrs. Trollope was up and out-of-doors by six o'clock the next morning, strolling about the town with her son, and viewing its two lions—the Hôtel de Ville and the church.

Mrs. Trollope, who had seen the cathedral of Cologne, was desirous that her son also should see it, knowing full well how greatly the noble building would gratify, what may be called without exaggeration, his passion for architectural beauty, and being willing, too, to gratify her own taste by beholding it once more.

Nor was she disappointed in the effect produced. T. A. Trollope's delight and admiration were boundless. Of the interior of the choir, he writes—

“The magnificent proportions, the miraculous lightness, the awful height, the lovely colouring,—enough for richness, and delight to the eye, without any approach to meretricious gaudiness,—the wonderful delicacy and

perfection of every detail of the workmanship,—all contribute to make it altogether matchless. For the first time in my life I gazed upon a building in which my fancy could not suggest an improvement. Oh that the entire conception of the noble-minded fellow who planned it all, could be carried out ! ”

He lived to see the magnificent Cathedral of Cologne completed—an achievement mainly due to the Emperor William of Germany. It was a noble work, and one of truly imperial grandeur.

The journey was pursued up the Rhine to Coblenz and Biberich, thence to Frankfort, and so to Homburg, where the gambling tables were in full operation, and the place was crowded with (more or less) *beau monde*. There was a great crowd every morning round the spring from which the particularly ill-tasting mineral waters were distributed. But possibly a great many of those “who came to *drink*, remained to *play* ; ” for the saloons that held the *rouge-et-noir* and roulette tables were thronged too.

On the way to Heidelberg, which was the next point they made for, the travellers were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Colley Grattan, who was also bound for Heidelberg with some American friends, a Mrs. C. and her daughter.

Mr. Grattan was on leave of absence from his consular post at Boston, U.S.

The party thus reinforced, went from Heidelberg to Baden-Baden, and spent some weeks there; Mrs. Trollope, as usual, walking and climbing among the valleys and hills of this picturesque neighbourhood. On many occasions she trusted to her own legs, while the other ladies—all of them very considerably her juniors—were conveyed by carriage, or on donkey-back, to the more distant points of view. She made acquaintance at this time with Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, and his wife. The latter was a daughter of the great tragic actress, Sarah Siddons. The Trollopes liked them both, and they were invited to join a picnic party to Eberstein, near Baden-Baden, got up by Mrs. Trollope.

In the midst of all the pleasant rambling, lounging, chatting, dancing, etc., which made up the visitors' daily life at this gay place, and which had been all very much enjoyed in delicious summer weather, there arrived on the morning of the 2nd of August a letter from England which, for two persons, cast a shade over all the brightness. Mr. Tilley wrote that the doctors had recommended—or, rather, had *ordered*—his wife to

pass two years in Italy, and that if she could find an escort she purposed going out to her mother in the autumn. This caused a sudden revolution in all their plans. It was determined that T. A. Trollope should return to England to bring his sister out, and that he should start within ten days from the time of receiving Mr. Tilley's letter.

After a lull of several years the terrible malady—consumption—was once more threatening to bereave Frances Trollope of a dearly loved child. Her anxiety about Cecilia was great, but yet not agonizing, for the medical verdict, so far, was not otherwise than hopeful. Still she was anxious enough to desire that no delay which could possibly be avoided, should retard her daughter's departure, and that Cecilia should escape the first chill breath of an English winter.

The party left Baden and travelled by Strasburg to Bâle. At the latter place Mrs. Trollope parted from her son, who was to proceed at once to England, while she, with Lady Sevestre and Miss Hall, went to Berne, and subsequently to Geneva.

During the day and a half which they all spent at Bâle together, the cathedral and museum were visited, and I find mention made of an old "book of strangers" at the museum, going back to the

year 1673, in which a great many English names figured at the earliest date. I wonder if this curious old record is still extant at Bâle.

The sea part of T. A. Trollope's voyage back to England was made by the same route as that taken in coming out, namely, by Ostend and Ramsgate. And in the post-office at Ramsgate he found a letter from his brother-in-law announcing that Cecilia was unequal to the land journey to Italy, and would therefore go to Leghorn by steamer from Southampton. Her brother's journey had thus been made in vain. He went on to London for the night, and retraced his steps the next day by the same route.

From Ostend he proceeded to Bruges, where he slept, and the next day walked out to look at his old home, the Château d'Hondt, and visited the graves of his father and brother in the Protestant cemetery. He went, too, to the *salut* at the cathedral, and says—

“I thought, as I sate in my old place near the west door listening to the music, of the superior power of *resisting change*, which ecclesiastical institutions have over every other. There was the railway outside whistling and rattling, but the church, its service, and its frequenters, seemed all to belong to a former epoch.”

At the beginning of September Mrs. Trollope and her son met at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, where also Colonel Trollope (afterwards General Sir Charles Trollope) and his wife had arrived. They were on their way to the Scientific Congress to be held in Venice, and T. A. Trollope purposed being there also. In his memoirs he has described this Congress—its surface-flow of scientific discussion, and its under-current of political agitation. For Europe was feeling the premonitory quiver of the feverish outbreak of revolution which shook the Continent in 1848. All this has been told in print; but I am tempted to give one quaint little travelling experience that befel T. A. Trollope on his homeward way to Florence from Venice, when the Congress was over.

His fellow-travellers in the interior of one of the diligences plying with persistent unpunctuality from Bologna across the Apennines into Tuscany, were two Russians, father and son, from the neighbourhood of Moscow. They were land-owners, and spoke of their serfs and their estates. Their manners had little of that cosmopolitan polish which is so seldom lacking in their countrymen and compeers of the present day, but they were—the father especially was—intelligent and

communicative. But the point which peculiarly and intensely interested T. A. Trollope, was their suggestion that he should make a journey with the overland caravan which leaves Moscow for China every year, saying that it would be by no means difficult to accomplish!

“They assured me it might be done with all possible safety, and not *too* great privation and fatigue. They told me that the society at Tobolsk, and even at Irkutsk, was very agreeable; that everybody spoke French, that they amused themselves much, and that a winter might be spent there very pleasantly!”

Even at the present date, when the ease and celerity of travel—(and the tone of a vast mass of travellers)—is compendiously expressed by the engaging compound word *globe-trotter*—even at this advanced epoch, I think a proposal, made to a stranger to join the overland caravan from Moscow to China, and spend a festive winter in Siberia, would be held to be a little out of the common way. One more unusual little incident happened on this same journey, by the way, but not in the part of it performed by diligence. In the train between Mestre and Vicenza, an Italian, in the same carriage with T. A. Trollope, was so overcome by nervous terror at travelling by railway

(his first experience of that mode of conveyance), that he lay down groaning and trembling on the floor of the carriage, and covered his face !

Mrs. Trollope had arrived in Florence about a week before her son reached it, on the 24th of September. On the last day of the month she went to Leghorn to meet her daughter Cecilia, and bring her to Florence. The invalid was looking very pale and ill, and was evidently very weak ; but the doctors, the mother was told, had declared that "Mrs. Tilley's lungs were not touched." To what extent Mrs. Trollope was reassured by these declarations, it is impossible to say. She had had only too bitter an experience of the fallaciousness of such judgments. In all probability her hopes and fears alternated with each other. By nature she was inclined to look on the bright and hopeful side of things always. And then, in the present case the invalid was certain to do all that in her lay to cheer those around her ; and especially her mother, whom she loved very tenderly. Cecilia had a very sweet and unselfish disposition ; and she was supported by a quiet strength of religious conviction which never flagged.

Thus her arrival in the Florentine household neither made it gloomy, nor essentially changed

the routine of life there. There was, certainly, none of the brilliant gaiety which had characterized the winter season of 1845-6. But this was not peculiar to the Casa Olivieri. The political tremors before alluded to, which thrilled through the whole continent of Europe, were very strongly felt in Italy, and a general uneasiness pervaded all men's minds. The excitement was hopeful in some cases, apprehensive in others; but none of those who interested themselves in the great current of events were calm.

Nevertheless, life went on, to all outward seeming, much as usual with the Trollopes, and with their neighbours. The play of *Giovanni da Procida* was being performed at the Cocomero Theatre, with Signora Adelaide Ristori in the part of Imelda. Mrs. Trollope admired her acting, but found the tragedy heavy. In truth its stage success, apart from its merits in the library, was chiefly owing to the state of public feeling. All the political allusions, and every sentiment that could be twisted into a political allusion, was received with enthusiasm. The play had previously been forbidden by the censorship—a fact more calculated to ensure its success when it *was* played, than almost any other that could be conceived.

The audience called for the *Inno Nazionale*—national hymn ; one of the many so styled during and since that time—and it was played amidst acclamations.

A day or two later, there was a “popular demonstration” in the Piazza Pitti on account of the union of Lucca with Tuscany, which Mrs. Trollope witnessed from the windows of some English friends. In Rome the current of popular agitation was, at the same time, running far more fast and furious than in Tuscany ; partly from the far stronger, more masculine, and, it must be added, more ferocious character of the population there ; and partly because the Romans had much galling oppression to complain of, which the Tuscans undoubtedly had not.

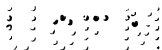
In the midst of all this public excitement and private anxiety, Mrs. Trollope was much gratified by the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of one for whom she had long conceived a high esteem. On the 12th of October, T. A. Trollope unexpectedly met in the street Dr. Jeune, Head of Pembroke College, Oxford, and subsequently Bishop of Peterborough. It will be remembered that Dr. Jeune was Head Master of King Edward’s Grammar School at Birmingham,

during the time that T. A. Trollope held an appointment there. I am indebted to the kindness of the Bishop's daughter, Mrs. Gifford, for permission to give the following extract from one of his letters to his wife written at this time.

"Florence, October, 1847.

"To-day I met Trollope in the street, looking very well. He was very enthusiastic about Italian destinies, and very busy about a newspaper which is to be published on Saturday. Under the present aspect of things, he thinks that a newspaper will be useful. I suppose he is to be the Editor."

This was *The Tuscan Athenæum*, a periodical to be published in Florence in the English language, and carried on on joint-stock principles—not only as regarded the capital, but to some extent as regarded the editing also. Of course it failed, after a very brief career. There are few departments of human effort—except the command of a ship—where government by vote, and a general intrusion of everybody's finger into the common pie, could be less admissible than in the management of a newspaper. Even the most liberal and democratic of politicians must be practically autocratic and absolute when seated in the editorial chair.



"He was evidently vexed at having to escort a party to Vallombrosa to-morrow, and wished me much to join it. However in the midst of his bustle he found time to take me to his mother. I was received most kindly. I am to dine there this evening, and she is to drive me to see a few things to-morrow. This will be agreeable, but what delights me most is her cordiality. She told me she was an old friend, though she had never seen me, and said, 'Tom would have fretted if you had left Florence without seeing him.' . . . Trollope lent me a beautiful copy of verses by Mr. Everett, to read there" [at the Church of Santa Croce].

Later on he writes—

"I dined with the Trollopes last night. I expected to find Mrs. Trollope epigrammatic,—I found her clever, intelligent, and domestic."

The last word, "domestic," shows that Dr. Jeune had read her character aright. She was essentially womanly, and although, from circumstances, she was in her day distinguished by a great deal of public notice, the really happy moments of her life were those passed in her home, amid home affections and home interests.

CHAPTER VI.

"I would rather any state of social life than naked and rude democracy ; because I have always found it more jealous of merit, more suspicious of wisdom, more proud of riding on great minds, more pleased at raising up little ones above them, more fond of loud talking, more impatient of calm reasoning, more unsteady, more ungrateful, and more ferocious ; above all, because it leads to despotism through fraudulence, intemperance, and corruption."—
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ABOUT the middle of October the homœopathic physician who attended Mrs. Tilley, surprised the family by pronouncing a strong opinion that the winter climate of Florence would be most unfavourable to her. Mrs. Trollope, with her usual energy, and her usual setting aside of all selfish considerations, where those she loved were concerned, resolved on going at once to Rome. It was arranged that Cecilia should go by sea from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, as being less fatiguing than the overland journey. And Mrs. Trollope persuaded Mr. Garrow to allow his daughter Theodosia to accompany her party to Rome as her guest. T. A. Trollope had already formed a

strong attachment to this lady; and her presence, of course, made a momentous difference for him in the Roman sojourn.

There was not only political disturbance in the air during this winter, but financial disasters, and, to crown all, the cholera. A friend of Mrs. Trollope's—English by parentage, Italian by education, and French by marriage and a protracted residence in Paris—wrote to her at this time letters which give a gloomy picture of the outlook in France. The most virulent abuse and scandal respecting almost every member of the French royal family were eagerly disseminated and greedily listened to.

"The King," writes Madame de M., "is said to be well in health, but is much bent by age, and *I* think by care. I overheard yesterday a conversation between two *blue blouses*, which might well alarm one for the future. Should the King die, or the harvest fail, or—in short, anything unexpected happen, I fear things would go badly here. These people are so apt and so ready to lay hold of every possible occasion to create a disturbance."

In the same letter Madame de M. mentions Mrs. Trollope's old friend General Pepe. The General had written his memoirs, which had been translated into English—or possibly even, written

originally in that language by the help of his English wife—and published by Mr. Richard Bentley.

“You have, of course, seen by the papers the great success of Pepe’s work in England. It has not yet appeared here. Indeed when it does, I shall be rather sorry; for poor Pepe will then say, ‘Othello’s occupation’s gone.’ He lives and acts but for that work and its object. The poor old General is breaking up, both in mind and body, and is rather a heavier companion even than in past times. I wish you would write an article about his book, and give a push to poor Italy! . . . I am so glad to know that your daughter is improving, and I do not altogether relinquish the hope that you and Tom will get here next winter.”

There had been a project of giving up the house in Florence and migrating to Paris. The unsettled state of the Continent had made Mrs. Trollope think that it might be wiser to remove herself and her belongings a little nearer to the British Channel.

Her first care now, however, was to give her daughter Cecilia the opportunity of passing a winter in the mild Roman climate, according to the doctor’s recommendation. She established herself, Mrs. Tilley, her son, and her guest, Miss Garrow, in an apartment in Rome in the Via

delle Quattro Fontane. The house now forms the angle of that street and the Via Nazionale, which latter did not exist at that date, nor for five and twenty years after it.

Cecilia appeared, at first, to derive benefit from the change ; and the rest of the party set about the sight-seeing, for which Rome affords such varied and unrivalled opportunities.

The sights of Rome in those days, included the gorgeous ceremonies—lay and ecclesiastic—in which the Pope appeared publicly as the central figure. Pius the Ninth, then in the second year of his pontificate, was the popular idol of the hour. Within three weeks of Mrs. Trollope's arrival in the Eternal City,—that is to say, on the 24th of November, 1847,—the inauguration of the new municipality of Rome took place, and on the 27th of December, a grand celebration of the name-day of the Pope, whose baptismal name, as most persons know, was Giovanni. The 27th of December is consecrated by the Church to St. John the Evangelist, St. John the Baptist being commemorated on the 24th of June.

Angelo Brunetti, the tavern-keeper and popular tribune (better known by his nickname of Ciceruacchio), was the prime mover in getting up a

procession to the capitol on this occasion ; when thirty-five tablets, bearing as many inscriptions, were to be borne aloft on standards, and exhibited to the eyes of Pius the Ninth by his adoring lieges. The inscriptions comprised the most heterogeneous petitions made to the Holy Father in his double character of Pontiff and Sovereign.

The Papal formula, "We cannot," has, at least, certain defined limits, and is based on certain comprehensible principles ; but the popular "We know not," is boundless enough to contain demands as impossible of satisfaction as that every man shall be six feet high, and every woman as beautiful as the Venus of Milo. Mrs. Trollope watched the events passing before her eyes, with mingled feelings. Her strongly conservative principles and sentiments made it sad for her to witness the sapping of all authority, which was going on around her. On the other hand, her benevolence and her common sense caused her to sympathize keenly with the victims of tyranny and oppression, who were very numerous throughout the States of the Church, the kingdom of Naples, and the Austrian-ruled provinces of Lombardy and Venetia. And then the consequences of autocratic misgovernment are immediate,

palpable, comprehensible by every one; while the consequences of democratic misgovernment require a wider view to perceive them thoroughly, being—unless in the case of rampant *sans-culotism*—more subtle, and disguised in a rosy mirage of hope. “If it were but possible to find the just medium between the two, for Italy!” said Mrs. Trollope.

One inmate of Mrs. Trollope’s household was extremely enthusiastic on the subject of Italian liberty and unity—this was her guest, Miss Garrow. And it cannot be doubted that her influence availed to increase T. A. Trollope’s enthusiasm in the same direction. Not that his sympathies were not already enlisted, to a great extent, in the cause which he afterwards powerfully supported by his pen. And he was among the earliest of Italy’s well-wishers to perceive that the political career on which Pius the Ninth had entered at the beginning of his papacy, must, by the nature of things, come to an untimely end. Meanwhile, Rome was a centre of daily varying, but ever-increasing public interest.

But a private interest of a very absorbing nature had arisen in Mrs. Trollope’s family. Her son and Theodosia Garrow became betrothed to each

other. The outlines of the story are given in a contemporary diary. On the 31st of December T. A. Trollope writes—

“Much has passed of supreme importance to me, since writing the last entry in this book. I told my mother that I wished to marry Theodosia. She was delighted with the prospect, and gladly promised to give my wife a home as long as she should live. We had then much discussion as to the next step to be taken. Our first notion was that I should go to Florence in the Spring, and sell our things there. After-thoughts, however, led us to the conclusion that it would be more prudent to remain, at least until the end of our lease, at Florence.”

Here again Miss Garrow's influence was, of course, exercised, and leaned strongly to the side of remaining in Italy. But there was a difficulty in their way, which it required some courage to face and some prudence to overcome. This obstacle was the inevitable opposition which Theodosia foresaw from her father, to the proposed marriage. It was not that he had any personal objection to the husband she had chosen. On the contrary, he professed the most friendly feelings for him, and the highest regard and admiration for his mother. His objection was founded on simple selfishness.

Mr. Garrow was a man of considerable education, of very quick, though shallow, intelligence, and of polished and agreeable manners. But he was intensely and unmitigatedly selfish, and displayed his selfishness with a naïf unconsciousness that he could be expected under any circumstances to postpone his wishes, his convenience, or even his fancies, to the desires of any other human being. Theodosia was his devoted companion. He was proud of her accomplishments, which cast a reflected brilliancy on him, and he enjoyed her society. It therefore appeared to him a monstrous hardship to be asked to renounce it.

The contrast between Mr. Garrow's behaviour and that of Mrs. Trollope, under these circumstances, was very striking. She, too, was to lose, not only a dear companion, but the staff on which she leaned for much of the active business of her life. It is true that it was proposed that the newly married couple should, for a time, at all events, share her home. But she knew the world too well not to be aware that when her son married, the relations between them must inevitably be modified.

Both Frances Trollope's sons have dwelt on the extraordinary power of sympathy with others, which enabled her, as Anthony says, to

"dance with other people's legs, eat and drink with other people's palates, and be proud with the lustre of other people's finery."

There is a tender tribute to this quality of selfless loving-kindness from her daughter also, which I will quote. It is in a letter from Mrs. Tilley, written to her mother in 1843. The incident she alludes to was an act of unkindness on the part of a relative of her own towards his son, who was in weak health. The father had refused to allow his son to accept an invitation to the country, in order that he might himself prolong his summer holiday. Cecilia writes—

"I felt this all the more strongly, because I had been used to conduct so very different. I could not help thinking of the numberless times that I had known you seize, or *make*, opportunities of giving any one of us a pleasure, at no matter what sacrifice to yourself,—the alacrity, and ingenuity with which you would smooth away any difficulty,—dear, dearest mother!"

T. A. Trollope's diary continues—

"We wrote to Garrow. Much opposition, and very harsh letters in reply. Days of distress and anxiety. Garrow fixed to come here on Thursday. Our anxiety at agony point. He came, awfully savage. Terrible scenes!"

This conduct, besides being utterly unreasonable, was all the more cruel, inasmuch as Mr. Garrow well knew how it would distress his daughter. Theodosia was devotedly attached to her father, and was, moreover, by nature timid, self-distrustful, and easily depressed.

However, by degrees the storm blew over. Mr. Garrow—in great part by means of Mrs. Trollope's tact, good sense, and single-minded desire for the happiness of her son and his betrothed—was mollified, and before he quitted Rome again had agreed to the marriage. It was settled that it should take place in the following March. Mr. Garrow took his daughter back to Florence.

T. A. Trollope followed them in about a fortnight; but before leaving Rome he dined with Mrs. Trollope's old acquaintance, Sir Frederick Adam, and writes that the dinner was a very interesting one. It must, indeed, have been so, for the guests included the late Duke of Sermoneta (whose name may be known to English readers as a friend of Sir Walter Scott), Marco Minghetti, and Massimo d'Azeglio.

"The tone of the political conversation," says the diary, "was as free, as bold, as unrestrained, and as liberal, as it could have been in Paris or London."

The courier in whose post-carriage T. A. Trollope travelled to Florence was expected to depart at five o'clock a.m., but did not set off until near six, there being, he said, "No fixed time for starting!" Also, when a packet of correspondence was handed to him at some halting-place on the way, the said courier exclaimed in an injured tone, "*Accidente a chi scrive!*" which may be (mildly) rendered, "Confound all folks who write letters!"

So that *he*, at least, was not infected with any of the innovating notions of the times.

On the 26th of January, 1848, Mrs. Trollope writes to her son:—

"Your pleasant packet dated the 22nd was delivered here at nine o'clock at night. I congratulate you heartily on the restoration of Mr. Garrow to health and spirits. This must greatly enhance dear Theo's happiness, and consequently yours also. . . . They say that the King of Naples is in a very unhandsome fix; but to get trustworthy information here, is impossible. I have had great numbers of new people calling on me. I wish they would keep away, for I *cannot*, at present, receive. Cecilia, I think, is pining for fresh air; but is still forbidden to stir out of doors. It is cold and raw. Tell my dearly beloved daughter Theo, that her dear letter cannot be answered to-day, because I am hurrying on to get as many pages done as possible

before the departure of Mr. M., who has promised to carry a packet for me."

This was a novel in three volumes, called "The Young Countess," of which the scene is laid in Austria. It is a story of a very romantic, and what would now be styled *sensational*, kind. But it is very good in its way. An extremely clever woman, who in her youth knew Frances Trollope, and whose family were among her lifelong friends, writes to me of her—

"She had more imagination than she could afford to display in her writings. What the public demanded, they received; but if she could have allowed herself more time, there was that within her that would have brought out lasting work. Some of the scenes in one of her earliest novels, 'The Abbess,' would make the fortune of a sensational story of to-day."

"The Young Countess" was published early in 1848 by Mr. Colburn; and no sooner was the manuscript out of her hands than she set to work on a novel in a totally different vein, called "Town and Country."

Had Mrs. Trollope thoroughly carried out what seems to have been the original intention of this story, it would, I think, have been one of the most interesting of her novels—interesting as a picture

of a state of things in rural England which had long passed away even fifty years ago. In an introductory chapter she says—

“Steam has so changed the face of the country from John o’ Groat’s house to the Land’s End, that few persons of the present day who are still basking on the sunny side of fifty either have, or can have, any accurate idea of what England was during the earlier part of the present century,—and nevertheless we have not yet reached the middle of it!

“Opinions may differ as to the comparative value of what has been lost, and what has been gained by this great change, but it can scarcely be doubted that accuracy of detail is to be counted among the losses; though if tediousness has gone with it, the sprightly new world around us will probably account the loss a gain. We may truly say that our written details, both of events and of character, bear about the same resemblance to those left us by our fathers, as the glances of landscape afforded to the passengers by an express railroad train do to the meditative, lingering contemplation of the traveller who, in days long since gone and forgotten, made one in

‘A Derby dilly carrying three insides.’”

It is somewhat curious to read the following passage, with its good-humoured irony, remembering that it was written half a century ago:—

“Where are our Whigs, and where are our Tories?
Where are our orthodox, and where are our heterodox?”

Where are our scholars, and where are our ignorant? To the last query, indeed, the answer is easy:—NOWHERE, must, of course, be now uttered in chorus as a reply to it by the whole world. But, excepting the immeasurable class comprising all persons possessed of universal information, there is none other that now endures long enough to furnish a type worth studying; for almost before 'tis seen, 'tis gone!"

Mrs. Trollope proceeds to say that it seems to her that

"those who have lived long enough to remember what the manners of the middle classes were in the more remote counties, before the invention of steam-boats and railroads had caused them to be jumbled all together, till every trace of rural freshness was rubbed off, might fix upon less interesting periods for the employment of a gossiping pen."

Few writers could have been better qualified to make such a record. But the story too early quits the rural scenes in Cornwall for London and Brighton and the Court of the Prince Regent, and loses its interest for the reader of to-day.

Some scenes and touches there are, which are evidently from the life—notably the sketch of Mr. Marshdale, of Five-Elms Farm. This personage, although the owner of a freehold estate which has been in the possession of his family without change or break above three hundred years, and

although he can boast "the venerable distinction of title-deeds which might have been fairly copied in good text-hand upon a quarter of a sheet of writing-paper," not only farms his own land, but very often drives his own plough.

His personal appearance is thus described :—

"His hair, which at an earlier period of life than usual, had begun to change from black to grey, had, now that he was near sixty, become as white, and almost as shining as silver. This silvery hair was kept cut straight and even, at the distance of an inch above his eyebrows, producing a striking contrast to the originally fair, but now sunburnt, and rubicund tint of his skin. His large, well-opened blue eyes had a blended expression of gentleness and intellect that was irresistibly prepossessing, and altogether Farmer Marshdale was an extremely handsome old man.

"He never, upon any occasion or under any circumstances, permitted a cravat to encumber his free-born yeomanly throat. His waistcoat, which varied not during the lapse of half a century, was of striped velveteen; the only variation produced by the seasons being that it was occasionally laid aside in harvest-time. His coat boasted the self-same constancy of form and texture as his waistcoat, being ever and always a 'round-about' of the fabric known by the name of pepper-and-salt."

Mr. Marshdale's sturdy persistence in calling himself "Farmer Marshdale" is co-existent with a

very accurate knowledge that his lineage is older and more honourable than that of many of his social superiors. But the only touch of pride he ever manifests is, that when speaking of his ancestral acres, he points out, with a sort of quiet *hauteur*, that "they have been a good while in the family, and are not very likely to change hands."

One cannot doubt, as one reads, that Mrs. Trollope had seen and known the living, breathing original of this portrait. In another style Mrs. Osterley, the lady of the Manor, bears the stamp of truth. Her arrogant assumption of superiority over all her neighbours—an assumption not resisted or disputed even by the vicar of the parish, who is a man of refinement and education—reminds one of Lady Catherine in Miss Austen's inimitable "Pride and Prejudice." There is also a capital sketch—the merest outline, in fact, but strong and distinct—of an elderly spinster residing in a provincial county town, who has refused all matrimonial offers, and insisted on keeping her three orphan nieces single also, because she would not accept an alliance which, although eligible enough in some respects, is quite beneath her notice, owing to the circumstance of "her mother's uncle having been Lord Chancellor of England."

In a letter to her son of the 10th of February, Mrs. Trollope says—

“If I had only some suitable paper, I should forthwith go on with my new novel. But here the paper is a *bajocco* [a halfpenny] a sheet, and most abominably bad. Will you, therefore, bring me three or four quires of the best you can get in Florence? Let it be large post.”

She has had “masses of joy-wishing letters” about Tom’s engagement, some addressed to her and some to him. His Uncle Milton has written—

“If, my dear Tom, you make half as good a husband as you have been a son, your wife may think herself a fortunate woman.”

Lady Sevestre and Miss Hall purposed spending a month or two in Rome, and applied to Mrs. Trollope to find an apartment for them. It is remarkable that, despite the unsettled condition of public affairs, and the alarming rumours circulated by the newspapers throughout Europe, Rome was at this time so crowded that no suitable lodgings were to be had. And even in the hotels it was difficult to find accommodation. Mrs. Trollope consented to let her friends share her apartments in the Via delle Quattro Fontane, which had one or two rooms more than she needed. The arrangement, however, involved her giving up her own

bedroom for a much smaller and less convenient one. In one of her letters she recommends Lady Sevestre to bring her own sheets with her, and also a couple of pillows, "the Roman pillows being like iron."

Already she began to feel the loss of her son's companionship. When he had been absent in Florence about three weeks, she writes—

"I have no news to tell you, my dear Tom, except that I am well, and Cecilia much the same as when you left her. I hope to be able to resume our drives to-day, which I am confident will do her good. The intense dullness of Rome to me is greatly beyond my powers of description. I *cannot* walk alone. It is vain to attempt it by way of recreation, for it is only pain. I think Cecilia's gentle, even, nay often cheerful state of spirits, is quite wonderful. She is an admirable creature! We can get no certain news from Naples, but revolution is busily at work there. . . . I am sick of the Swiss atrocities. The *reforms* which require the suppression of the Monks of St. Bernard (*cum* dogs!) and of the Sisters of Charity, are not at all to my taste."

If what she calls the Swiss atrocities on the part of the revolutionists disgusted Mrs. Trollope, a far deeper feeling must have been aroused by the letters from Paris of her friend Madame de M.

The rumours that were rife within Paris itself

during this troubled period were, no doubt, constantly exaggerated, and often entirely unfounded. Madame de M.'s monarchical sentiments, too, may possibly have made her credulous of accusations against the party of revolution. But in matters of which she was an eye-witness, she was entirely to be relied on; and the following extracts from her letters will, I think, at once approve themselves to the reader as true and genuine statements.

“Paris, March, 1848.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“How many, and what deplorable events between this and my last letter! The papers have informed you, of course, of some facts, but what no paper *dares* avow, is the universal consternation that reigns throughout Paris. From Monsieur le Duc, down to the porteur d'eau, every one is terror-stricken. . . . They talk of the heroes who have conquered their freedom against a hundred thousand men. But they forget to add, that the splendid army which was assembled here on last Wednesday, was not allowed to fire a shot. I have it from those who were at the Tuileries, and who implored the King,—and even more the Duke de Nemours, to be allowed to defend the constitution. The answer invariably was, '*Le roi ne veut pas répandre le sang français.*' . . . They have stolen a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs from Jacqueminot at the Tuileries,—and they talk of not

having pillaged! Even now, when things are calmer, you meet about the streets bands of several hundred workmen at a time, going to the Hôtel de Ville, or elsewhere to ask for *impossibilities*, which they will not, of course, obtain, and the refusal of which will eventually renew the horrors of these last days.

"No imagination can come up to what I saw even in my retired street, where I spent the day between two barricades. Men with naked arms up to the shoulder, all dabbled with blood, wearing the caps, bonnets, etc., of the poor Princesses. Women,—or rather *energumènes*—brandishing the blood-red flag of '93; shouting, 'Mort à Philippe!' Remnants of the throne carried upon naked swords or pikes. The poor Queen's pet cat writhing in death agony on the point of a spear held by a *bonnet rouge*. For they had, and some have still, *le bonnet Phrygien*!

"Over and above the horrors, the devastation, the turpitudes, of this odious revolution, I am heavy hearted for those I love. My best and dearest friends, who but last week were in the possession of rank, fortune, and position, have now lost all. With the exception of two families who possess immense landed property, and who consequently, for the moment, have still means of subsistence, all are ruined.

"The poor Tuileries is being converted into an almshouse for decayed workmen. I shall certainly ask M. de Lamartine for a snug berth within its walls! Symptoms of emigration are peeping forth since yesterday. . . . Every class of society has rallied round the Republic; for it is only by force of union of respectable men, no matter of what opinion, against the Communist

rabble (who are, alas! more powerful than was supposed), that there still remains a chance of salvation. All the *thinking* portion of the National Guard are patrolling night after night, and day after day, to defend us from the rabble whom they have been obliged to incorporate amongst themselves to keep them out of greater mischief. My insignificance has made me acquainted with more than most people know. There are many lurking ambitions ready to spring up,—especially amongst the *Communists*.

“God bless you, my dear friend. I am anxious to learn that all goes well with you. But much as I wish to know Tom’s wife, and to see you both, I must add, *stay away from Paris*.”

In a letter written a short time before this one, Madame de M. says—

“You must have seen by the papers what a trying ordeal we have passed through. Though I very much question whether any of their descriptions have given a just idea of the horrors of those four days and four nights. We are not at the end of it yet. . . . The mass of the working-men are all impressed with the idea that the mad schemes for their welfare preached at the Luxembourg by that ranting *Utopiste* Louis Blanc, could and would have been realized had the Republic not been *escamoté*,—juggled away;—and that their disappointment is not the effect of an *impossibility*, but of a false system of government. Therefore, they argue, if they could bring about *La République Rouge*, all would go well for them. You will admit, my dear

friend, such circumstances as these forebode more trial and bloodshed."

The reader will remember the odd story of hypnotism or, as they chose to call it, "spontaneous mesmerism," told in a letter of Mrs. Trollope's to her son. Here is a strange lurid glimpse of the principal actor in it—the German doctor—flitting across one of Madame de M.'s letters:—

"Do you recollect my antipathy to Dr. S., my dear Mrs. Trollope? It was one of those instinctive feelings which rarely, if ever, deceive. That odious, squint-eyed man turns out to be an arrant *Socialist*! President of one of their clubs, and the bosom friend of Barbès, Blanqui, and Company."

CHAPTER VII.

"Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake."

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*.

OF course all thought of migrating to Paris was abandoned by Mrs. Trollope on the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848. On the whole, she and her son deemed it best to remain in Florence, where, at any rate, the character of the population gave no cause to fear personal violence, or such atrocities as were performed by the Parisian *bonnets rouges*.

Anthony Trollope, writing in the spring of this year to his mother from Ireland, says—

"Everybody now magnifies the rows at a distance from him. You write of tranquillity in Tuscany, where we expected to hear of revolt, provisional governments, and military occupation. And I get letters from England, asking me whether I am not afraid to have my wife and children in this country, whereas all I hear or see of Irish rows is in the columns of the *Times* newspaper. . . . Here in Ireland the meaning of the word Communism—or even social revolution—

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She, with her son, Lady Sevestre, and Miss Hall, left Rome on the 28th of March, travelling with a *vetturino*, while Mrs. Tilley again took the sea route from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn. The party of land travellers fell in with a detachment of Roman volunteers on their way. The volunteers were *en route* for Lombardy, to assist the revolution there against Austria, and were halting for the night. T. A. Trollope writes of them—

“A more ragged regiment, a more ruffianly, indeed blackguardly, looking set of fellows I never saw. One would not relish ‘marching through Coventry’ or anywhere else with them. It is but little, I think, that they will effect towards the regeneration of Italy against the regiments of Austria.”

On the 3rd of April, 1848, Mrs. Trollope's eldest son was married to Theodosia Garrow, at the British Legation in Florence. The marriage was one with which his mother was entirely content. She had a warm regard for the bride, and, moreover, a feeling of compassionate protection towards her, such as one might have on seeing a child hardly used.

Although in one way—that is to say, in *his* way—her father's pet and idol, Theodosia's interests and happiness were ruthlessly sacrificed to Mr.

Garrow's, whenever they happened to conflict. And with her mother, a woman of coarse feeling and violent temper, she was no favourite at all. There is no doubt that had her bridegroom possessed less manful resolution, and her mother-in-law been less energetically unselfish in seeking to secure her son's happiness, Miss Garrow's engagement would have been broken off. She would have been broken-hearted, but she would not have had the strength and courage needful for fighting her own battle.

The newly married pair made a little honeymoon tour in Tuscany—to Prato Vecchio, Pistoja, Pescia, San Marcello, etc. While at the latter little hill-town, this note was entered in the diary:—

“We have formed a scheme for inducing my mother to come up here with us to spend the month of August.”

This is a significant indication of the degree to which “the mammy”—as she was affectionately called in her immediate home circle—had identified herself with all that was bright and pleasant in their lives. That her son's heart should, even in those first days of his marriage, turn warmly towards his mother, is not surprising. But that her newly made daughter-in-law should be equally

willing and eager to have her company, is a striking testimony to her lovable nature.

On the 18th of April, Mrs. Trollope writes to her son at Lucca :—

“Your letter was a great delight to me, my dear children. It is such a pleasure and comfort to know that you are happy !”

She herself had to bear an ever-increasing load of anxiety on behalf of her daughter Cecilia. The Roman climate had not done any of the good that had been hoped for, and, indeed, confidently predicted. Mrs. Tilley's weakness augmented ; and, although ever gentle, patient, and uncomplaining, it was evident that she had now little hope of her own recovery. And she yearned with a great longing to go back to her husband and children, while it was yet possible for her to do so. The separation had, of course, been a sore trial to both Mr. and Mrs. Tilley. But the husband had put her health before all other considerations, and had urged her to go to Italy in obedience to the doctor's advice. Now, however, the invalid was urgent to go home.

Her mother writes—

“I have been very, very anxious about my poor

Cecilia. Her weakness is excessive. And it often seems to me impossible that she should endure the fatigue of the voyage. But she will not listen to the idea of postponement. And Dr. C., who is attending her, assures me that it will be much better for her to go, than to be vexed by any delay. . . . I so long to see you both, that it is terrible to say 'don't come yet.' But I must say it,—unless you can make up your minds to go to an hotel. For I should have no bed to lie on at all, if I gave you up my own. My dear Cecilia goes on the 1st of May; and by the 3rd I think that everything will be ready for you. . . . I have the satisfaction of hearing to-day that the 'Monster Meeting' in London has been a failure, and that everything is quiet there. All sorts of terrifying surmises are flying about here. But I wait for your return to talk them over. I trust we may be able to stay here safely."

Before the end of April, Cecilia accompanied her mother to Pisa, where Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trollope then were. Her brother was greatly shocked at the change which even a few weeks had made in Cecilia. She was evidently weaker. She was able to drive out two or three times in the neighbourhood of Pisa, but even the shortest walk was beyond her powers. She finally sailed from Leghorn on the 3rd of May.

After her departure, Mrs. Trollope, with her son and daughter-in-law, returned to her house in Florence. Public affairs were beginning to look

very black all round. A German friend of the Trollopes, formerly Chamberlain to the Duke of Lucca, passed through Florence on his way to join the Duke at Marseilles ; and his prognostics of the issue of the war in Lombardy, whence he had just come, were that Austria must infallibly get the upper hand—but with what general results in the future he did not venture to foretell. Mrs. Trollope was of opinion that she and her family had better stay on in Florence ; at all events until more decided symptoms of danger appeared on the horizon, than any she was then able to descry. They were surrounded by rumours of an alarming kind. And there were constant discussions among the foreign residents as to whether it was necessary to run away or not. Many did run away, Lady Sevestre and Miss Hall among the number.

Sometimes Florence would be excited by the report of a great victory of the troops of Carlo Alberto and his miscellaneous volunteer allies, over the Austrians, and there would be beating of drums and waving of flags. But these moments of exultation were brief ; and the disappointment of learning that Austria was in fact getting the upper hand throughout the north of Italy, was proportionately painful.

On the 14th of June very sad tidings reached Mrs. Trollope from England of Cecilia's state. Sir James Clark had pronounced her case hopeless. And yet the end did not come for nearly a year later. Indeed, there arose one of those deceitful gleams of hope so common in consumptive cases. Mrs. Trollope's brother, Henry Milton, had from the first taken a perfectly hopeless view of his niece's case. And at first, after her return to England, Mr. Milton wrote to his sister in Florence, bidding her prepare to hear the worst at any moment. But his son, John Milton, presently sent more encouraging despatches. Cecilia's appearance, he declared, was wonderfully good. He did not despair of her regaining some measure of health; and in one letter he even says that his father's anticipations have become somewhat more hopeful.

In July Mrs. Trollope, with her son and daughter-in-law, set out on a tour in Switzerland. They travelled by Arona, Bellinzona, across the Bernardino Pass to Coire, Zurich, and Lucerne. With the latter place they were all three enchanted, and, favoured by beautiful and not too hot weather, passed three peaceful and pleasant weeks there—a restorative which Mrs. Trollope

much needed, for her nerves had been shaken and tried by the anxieties, public and domestic, of the winter.

They extended their tour to Berne, Thun, and Interlaken. In an excursion to Grindelwald, I find that Mrs. Trollope did a great deal of walking with perfect ease and pleasure.

During the whole of this summer Mrs. Trollope continued to receive frequent letters from Madame de M. in Paris, from which I give the following extracts. They show how depressed was public feeling in France—at least in the case of that very large part of the population who, as Anthony had said about similar classes in Ireland, “had something to lose and dreaded a row.” The position of Madame de M. was such as to give her access to several very various social strata; and her powers of observation were naturally keen, and developed by a wide experience of the world.

At the beginning of August, she writes—

“What is ominous to me, is that the army, indignant at the extreme kindness with which the insurgents are treated—for they are better fed, better attended to when ill, and have many indulgences that the troops are denied—begin to murmur loudly, and to say about the streets, ‘Why should we fight for order, while those who fight against it are better treated than we are?’ Our

poor friend L. is ruined *in toto*. His fine fortune has disappeared, and had he not purchased last year, a small estate on which he lives, eating his fowls and drinking his milk, he would not have daily bread. Not one of my friends has escaped unhurt; and all around me I hear nothing but lamentations and complaints.

"You would not know Paris. *The grass grows in the streets.* And they might make a tolerable crop of hay in the Place Vendôme. I need scarcely add that I have suffered my full share of the general evil. But I will spare you all details of the matter, not to cause you needless pain. And, indeed, in the midst of such general ruin and desolation, all individual misfortunes ought to hide their diminished heads."

Later, in the month of September, she says—

"After so many, and such eventful months, I cannot tell you how anxious I am, dearest Mrs. Trollope, for news of you all. What sad events have occurred since we last met! And how many, more gloomy still, may have passed over us before we again have one of our pleasant *causeries* under the chesnut trees in the Tuileries Gardens! . . . With all the hopefulness of my nature, there are moments when I despair of ever seeing brighter days in France. The anticipations of the moment are all in favour of a second edition of the 18 Brumaire, which is expected from day to day."

The *coup d'état* did come, as we know, but not so immediately.

"Whatever be the result of such an attempt made

under the mere shadow of a name, and by a man who is, they say, a *quasi* idiot" [an odd contemporary estimate of that very "dark" political horse Louis Napoleon!], "it *can* scarcely be a good one for France. The army, however, seem well disposed to cry, 'Vive l'Empereur!' And the National Guard to cry—anything *except* 'Vive l'Empereur!' or 'Vive la République!' So that we have a pretty prospect before us in any case. All seem to agree that we have not much chance of avoiding *La République Rouge*. And Socialism—that odious leprosy of our age—is daily gaining ground here. . . . One of the strangest features in this anomaly of a Republic without Republicans, is the odd way in which opinions widely different, are manifested side by side. It is by no means uncommon to see the statuette of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, with those of Henri de France, Cavaignac, Bonaparte, and Proudhon grouped around them! . . .

"I was the other day in the salon of Madame J. de N., when her son-in-law elect, an *agent de change* of immense wealth, low birth, and inferior education, began a most vociferously violent attack upon *la noblesse, les gens de lettres*, etc. ;—upon everything in short that was not monied like himself, winding up thus: '*Après tout, mesdames, il n'y a qu'une aristocratie—celle de l'argent.*' I, who had not said a word till now, turned round, and to the utter dismay of every one present, said very quietly, but with a strong stress on the pronoun, '*Vous avez parfaitement raison de parler ainsi, Monsieur.*'"

In September, Mrs. Trollope, being still in

Switzerland, became suddenly much disquieted at the general state of affairs in Italy, and begged her son to set off at once for Florence, to sell all their property there, and return to meet his wife and mother at Vevey, where they would all pass the winter. The resolution was taken rashly, and was equally rapidly repented ; for T. A. Trollope, who made the journey with his accustomed promptitude, had not been many hours in Florence before he received a letter from his mother telling him that she had changed her mind, and that she and Theodosia were following him to Florence.

This little incident illustrates a weakness—or, if that word seem too indulgent, a defect—in Frances Trollope's character which was manifested more or less strikingly on several occasions in her life ; she was constitutionally incapable of enduring suspense. Long-continued suspense so disturbed her as almost to destroy the balance of her mind. Few women were ever braver in facing a hardship or a difficulty which presented itself as a distinct fact before her ; but she was subject to absolute panic from a dim or imperfectly comprehended danger.

In one of her letters to her son, written twenty

years before the period we have now arrived at, she says—

“You know I can bear anything better than uncertainty. The apprehension of misfortune has often agitated me even to agony ; but when once the misfortune was there, I have not been cowardly.”

Some paragraph in a public print, some phrase in a private letter, may have set her imagination to work conjuring up terrors, and moving her instantly to free herself from all material ties that held her to Italy. But a little cool reflection showed her the folly of so hasty a resolution ; and she did not hesitate to follow her son back to the place she had so recently made up her mind to fly from !

It must be owned that this proceeding was trying to the person thus sent off across the Alps at a moment's notice, on what turned out to be merely a fool's errand. But her son bore it good humouredly. Certainly it was a very small sacrifice to make to the wishes of such a mother ; but very small sacrifices are often felt to be more irksome, if not more difficult, than great ones ; perhaps because they involve considerable annoyance, and earn but a small share of self-approval by way of compensation.

In Florence they all remained during the winter, which was made a sad one to them by the death of Theodosia Trollope's half-sister, Miss Harriet Fisher. This lady's amiable character has been affectionately recorded in "What I Remember." After her death, Mr. and Mrs. Garrow returned to their residence, The Braddons, Torquay.

Among other friends who were informed of Miss Fisher's death, was Walter Savage Landor, who was then in Bath. He was a great admirer of Theodosia, and on friendly terms with the whole family. No answer having been received from him, Theodosia wrote again, and elicited the following characteristic reply, which explains itself.

"Bath, April 21st, '49.

"Believe me, my very dear friend, that I wrote either to you or to Mr. Garrow the moment I received the sad intelligence of your loss. My letter, I hardly think could have been a short one upon such an occasion. It is a great satisfaction to find that you have not forgotten me. But what in the world can make you think it possible that you ever offended me? From the hour I had first the happiness of your acquaintance, to the present, my sentiments have never varied in regard to you,—only that there has always been a smaller or greater accession (but always *some* accession) of what

every man in proportion to his heart and intellect, must admire.

"The Grand Duke is said to have withdrawn to Verona (?). Julia called him always 'the poor Grand Duke.' Miss Boyton tells me that our Minister at Florence complains of his insincerity. In my opinion it is better that he should rule, than a parcel of scrambling demagogues. Among my scraps of verses on Italy, I remember 'Mars animos acuit durâ cote, pectora viribus roborat.' It is in vain to preach this to Policinelli.—No prospect is so pleasing to me as your return in five months. At that time I shall certainly be here again at No. 3, Rivers St. I can offer you and Mr. Trollope a comfortable bedroom, and a little boudoir for your drawing and other studies. In how many more things are you resolute to excell (*sic*)? With kind regards to Mr. Trollope.

"Yours affectionately,

"W. L."

CHAPTER VIII.

“The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves ; and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes,
And things that seem to perish.”

HENRY TAYLOR.

IN November, 1848, Mrs. Trollope despatched to England the manuscript of a novel. This was “The Lottery of Marriage,” subsequently published in 1849 by Mr. Colburn. It was very successful. Mr. Milton declared it was her best since “The Widow Barnaby.” Her publisher, at all events, was satisfied with its success.

She had been seriously considering the desirability of returning to make her permanent home in her native country. The project was eventually abandoned—one of the reasons for relinquishing it being that an English winter was found to bring back an affection of the throat and slight wheeziness in breathing, from which she had suffered after a severe attack of influenza.

In a letter written to her at the beginning of 1849, her brother, Henry Milton, expresses his regret that she should have been exposed to so much annoyance by reason of Mr. Colburn's delay in paying her a considerable sum of money due on the receipt of certain manuscripts. Mr. Milton assures his sister that the delay has not been on the part of his son John, to whom the manuscripts were consigned, and who had delivered them to the publisher. And he adds—

“Your much-wished-for return to England will, I trust, put an end to any similar annoyances in the future.”

The length of time occupied in the transit of a letter from London to Florence was, of course, much greater in those days, before railways had either pierced or scaled the Alps, than it is now. And the disturbed state of Europe rendered the transmission of all postal matter tedious and uncertain.

Mrs. Trollope's nephew, John Milton, writes to her a little later on the same subject :—

“Colburn has paid the money, which I have lodged in Herries' Bank. C. appears well pleased with his bargain ; and told me that he hoped my Aunt considered

herself bound to furnish him with another novel at the same price, before the end of this year."

In the spring, Mrs. Trollope received from England such alarming accounts of her daughter that she resolved on going to her at once. When Mrs. Trollope set forth, at the beginning of March, her son and his wife started for a prolonged ramble in the south and west of France. They left their furniture, and a great deal of other property, stored in an empty apartment hired for that purpose in Casa Frescobaldi.

"Public matters here," says the diary, written on the day before their departure, "have gone on from bad to worse; and we quit Florence when it is becoming almost too hot to hold Englishmen."

They all travelled together, viâ Genoa, the Riviera, and Nice, to Aix in Provence, where Mrs. Trollope parted from the others, and found her way to England alone.

On the 11th of March she writes to her son from Allen Place, Kensington, where the Tilleys were living.

"I arrived here last night, my dearest Tom, and had the unspeakable consolation of finding that my darling Cecilia had again rallied, and was able to converse with,

and welcome me, as if in perfect health. Yet I am still told there is *no* hope! This dreadful sentence is pronounced with a degree of certainty that precludes my daring to doubt it; but there are moments when it is difficult to believe. She seemed delighted to see me, and her joy at our meeting again was almost equal to my own. For myself, I am better than I had hoped to be. The long and solitary journey was a dismal trial to my strength of all kinds. Thank God it is over, and that I am not too late!"

Another anxiety, although not quite so poignant a one, was at this time weighing on Frances Trollope's spirit. Her brother had been very ill, was then better, and had been sent to Brighton to complete his recovery, but had by no means regained his usual health. And at the same time she was endeavouring to complete the second novel in accordance with her bargain with Mr. Colburn! She says—

"What to do about my book I know not. The difficulty of finding a quiet half-hour here to write, is incredibly great. Sometimes I feel in absolute despair on the subject. John Tilley is *very* kind, but he has no power to help it. Cecilia sleeps in the back drawing-room, and has the doors open day and night into the other, so I cannot work there. At night (the only quiet time), although I am sorely tired, I *would* try, had I fire. But this I cannot have, because the fire in my room is laid for the morning, which is the only moment I can

command. God bless you both, my dear children. Cecilia received your joint messages very sweetly."

It was a strange recurrence of a similar situation to that in Bruges, when Frances Trollope was nursing her dying son Henry and writing "Tremordyn Cliff." In the present case the literary labour was not a matter of such dire necessity; nor was her attendance on the invalid so harassing or incessant. But it must be remembered that more than fifteen years had passed since those days at Bruges, and that Mrs. Trollope was now in her seventieth year. She carried her age with astonishing vigour; but she was an old woman, and she suffered severely from the strain on mind and body.

Mr. Colburn called upon her in Kensington:—

"He was prodigiously civil; told me I was a little behind my time; and *twice* muttered that, although he made nothing by it, he should be willing to make another engagement on the same terms. I said that when I had completed the present engagement, I would call upon him and talk about it. But when will this be? To write more than a page at a time, is pretty nearly impossible. And even so, I scarcely know what I am writing."

Later, on the 2nd of April, she says—

"In general, John Tilley has taken good care that I

should not be disturbed at night. But last night he did not lie down at all ; and I only for an hour or two. As to my hours by day, they are far from being at my own disposal. Cecilia's state requires constant, unremitting watchfulness both day and night. Harriet and Anne divide this duty between them. But they are, of course, most thankful for such help as I can give by keeping watch, and so permitting them to have an interval of repose. . . . Her patience, her trusting confidence in the fate that awaits her, and her tender thoughtfulness for every one, are more beautiful and more touching than I can describe. She has often talked of you and your dear wife, and always with the greatest affection."

Enclosed in this letter to her son was the following note to Theodosia :—

"Since I despatched my last, my sweet daughter, my heart has reproached me more than once for not thanking you for your little letter ; my only consolation being that you hate reading letters. I feel pleasure and hope, in reading that you are able to sketch despite winter and cold weather. And truly I want some gilding over the future, to enable me to bear the heavy sorrows of the present. It is the saddest scene that ever mother watched. Her poor dear devoted husband never leaves her side when not forced away by official duty. It is piteous to watch him hanging over her. Little Fanny is getting better, I hope. The other poor unconscious little things seem well. The boy is enchanting."

Then on the 14th of April she writes—

"My not knowing how to direct to you, my dear children, has kept you for some days in ignorance of the termination of all our hopes and all our fears. Your dear sister breathed her last at midnight on Tuesday the 10th of April. It was as though she had fallen asleep. But for a day or two previous, she had suffered sadly. Sweet soul! She longed—but never with impatience—for the moment of her release.

"I have, as you well know, my dear Tom, suffered ere now, and very severely; but I almost think the last month has been the most suffering period of my existence. Tilley, poor fellow, has behaved admirably, but he cannot, with all his efforts, prevent my seeing what is passing within. Time, I doubt not, will do much for us both. But it is a tremendous shock that has fallen on us! . . . I did not wish, dearest Tom, to expatiate in my former letter, on the miseries of my journey. I reached this door without knowing whether she was alive or dead. No letter could I get in Paris, although John had addressed three there *Poste Restante*. I did not pause at Bourges; I did not pause in Paris long enough to see Judith" [Madame de M., whose letters from Paris have been quoted], "because the delay in each case would have cost me a whole day. I met with no accident, and I arrived safely. But I have not *yet* recovered from the gnawing anxiety as to what I should find on arriving; and it will be some time, I fear, ere the effect of that journey, and all that has followed it, will pass away. I cannot sleep as I used to do, and I am deplorably thin. But Tilley is everything that is kind and attentive; and, though I feel that I am almost too old for a *rally*, I will do the best I can to get over it.

The multitude of letters I have had to answer, is terribly fatiguing :—kind, affectionate, and full of sympathy as they have been, the reading and replying to them has been a sore trouble. I really think that every friend and every relation you ever heard of in your life, has written to me. . . . The dear children are too young to understand their loss ; and, greatly weaned by the long banishment from their mother's room, which her extreme weakness rendered necessary, they feel less than I expected they would. But I ought to rejoice at this.

“I do not like your account of Mrs. Garrow. How cruelly disappointed shall I be, if anything prevents your coming at the time proposed ! Tilley and I are to pay a visit of a few days at Offham” [the residence of the Partingtons. Mr. Partington had married a sister of Mrs. Trollope's husband], “and in July, we shall (D.V.) go together to Ireland for a month. As yet I have, of course, seen very few people ; but I have had notes and cards innumerable. I have been sadly frightened about my dear brother. He is still at Brighton. The account to-day is better.”

Shortly after her daughter's death, Mrs. Trollope was prostrated by a severe attack of bronchitis. The spring was very cold and backward, and she had for some years past been liable to a bronchial affection.

On the 9th of May, she had sufficiently recovered to leave London for a short time. She writes—

“The weather here is still severely cold ; but

nevertheless I am going to set off in an hour or two, to Brighton, to pass a week with the Garnetts. I feel that change of air and scene will be good for me; and I would willingly make my absence longer, were it not that I do not like to leave my dear good son-in-law alone.

"By degrees, I dare say, we shall emerge from the deep seclusion in which I have, of necessity, been living for the last nine or ten weeks. . . . Yes, dear Tom, I love to look forward *still*. And hitherto the habit of doing so has not often led to disappointment. *So* I agree to the Pau scheme, D.V."

This was a project for her spending some time with her son and daughter-in-law in Western France, making Pau their head-quarters.

By the 17th of May, Mrs. Trollope was able to give a better account of her health.

"I am greatly, *wonderfully* better, I think, and I attribute it entirely to my having passed a week with the Garnetts at Brighton; during which I took (under medical orders) three shampooing vapour baths."

I suppose we should now call them Turkish baths followed by massage; but the thing signified was, probably, much the same.

In another letter she says—

"I have, much to my own surprise, begun to eat again. The next thing, I suppose, will be growing fat!

At present I am greatly the reverse. My brother is, I trust, in a fair way towards recovery ; but he has been very dangerously ill."

Her granddaughter and namesake, little Fanny Tilley, was now showing disquieting symptoms of delicacy.

"The child is," Mrs. Trollope says, "very thin, very pale, but very pretty and engaging. She is now so much better than she has been, that I do not quite abandon all hope of saving her ; but I cannot conceal from myself that the chances are against us. God bless you both, my dear children ! How I long to see you !"

As time went on, it became manifest that she was recovering, to a great extent, from the prostration of spirit consequent on Cecilia's death. Now, as of yore, it was her intense sympathy with the happiness and welfare of those she loved which chiefly helped her to arise and shake off the weight of sorrow, instead of remaining bowed beneath it. Her letters at this time are full of interest in her son's travelling adventures and Theodosia's sketches. Indeed, no mother could speak with more pride and delight of a daughter's talents and accomplishments than she does of Theodosia's.

And there is no trace in her letters of any

effort to keep up an air of woe and depression. Many persons—without conscious falsehood—are reluctant after a great grief to resume a cheerful bearing in the eyes of their fellow-creatures. But Frances Trollope pretended nothing and dissembled nothing.

In the course of the summer she bids her son

“tell Theodosia, that I had virtue enough to give up hearing Jenny Lind, because the places cost two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence in the pit stalls! . . . There are few *very* good pictures in the Exhibition. Among these may be counted the capital portraits of Metternich, Guizot, and Lamartine. Metternich has it hollow, both for intelligence and beauty of feature. His portrait is a wonderful likeness by Phillips the younger. . . . Your Uncle is much better. They dine here to-day; but ‘by desire’ we are to have no soup,—which shows me that he is not quite as he used to be. God bless you both, my dear children, and bring you to me well and happy!”

The prohibition as to soup at dinner came from Mrs. Milton, who, in her anxiety about her husband’s health, was very anxious that he should scrupulously adhere to orders in the matter of diet. Subsequently, however, when the Miltons were again dining with Mrs. Trollope, the forbidden viand was placed on the table, with the result indicated in the following note:—

"MY VERY DEAREST FANNY,

"You have almost made a sad widow of Henry's wife. However, I forgive you. But oh, that murderous soup! I say not a single word here against Mrs. Monkhouse" [the cook] "because it is obvious that her case is one for the *very* Central Court!

"I admire your saying that I 'need not have talked.' Who can resist talking when *you* are there to answer him?

"My dear Fanny, on that never-to-be-spoken-of-without-a-groan evening, the better to disguise your designs, you gave me some very nice, very light-coloured, and very light-bodied white wine. Will you kindly tell me what it is called, of whom you bought it, and what is the price?

"A rather queer thing happened to me on Saturday night. By the order of our medical man, I took, three nights running, a small quantity of opium. On the third night, I was converted into a regular opium-eater, and carried up into the seventh heaven! I liked it vastly at first; but it appeared to me that *very soon, and long before the reaction and misery commenced*, the more exquisite sensations had subsided, and given place to a rather humdrum sort of tranquillity. Now if this be so, opium-eaters are still greater fools than I formerly supposed them to be.

"But this is a very long preface to a very trivial matter. I have all my life long been hammering in vain to turn Horace's two lines about the rustic and the river—'*Rusticus exspectat dum defluat,*' etc. And when on Sunday morning I was aroused to a state of misery and consciousness, I found that I had done it, *by accident*, during my trance!

"The subject, as you are aware, is by no means unusual among artists, and I should like vastly if my clever niece-in-law would make me a sketch of it. If it prove one-tenth part as clever as herself, I shall value it immensely. I will not say a single word to guide her taste in its treatment, except that it is by no means necessary that the clown should be the only figure in the picture. That *you* may have no unnecessary trouble, send her this horrible scrawl just as it is. It is a sick man's whim, and I am rather ashamed of it, but I should much like to have something from her hand.

"God bless you, my dear Fanny. We will not talk of your now rapidly approaching departure. It is too melancholy a subject. But it is *quite* right that you should go. And the sooner the better.

"Your affectionate brother,

"H. M."

Although he writes thus brightly and without a word of complaint, Mr. Milton's health was not satisfactory. His sister alludes to it very often in her letters written at this time, and says that her brother's precarious state is "a great grief to her."

Early in July Mrs. Trollope's friend, Lady Sevestre, came to stay with her for a short time in Mr. Tilley's house at Kensington. And there was a dinner-party, at which several Florence friends were assembled.

"The Monros dined here to meet Lady Sevestre. And we had Mrs. Pauncefote also ; so we were quite continental. . . . I had a charming long visit from Sir Frederick Adam the other day. He lunched with me, and was, as usual, full of agreeable talk. Everybody seems to feel that the Continent is sick of an ague, and is shaking in all its limbs. I wish you were both here ! . . . Madame Mohl, née Clark, is coming to dine here to-day. She has been till now in Paris, and is very amusing."

During this summer Madame de M. had been very ill, and all her correspondence was interrupted, On the 31st of July she writes to T. A. Trollope :—

"Your letter from Montpellier, my dear friend, arrived when I was even too ill to read it. I have only recently heard of your dear sister's death, and I am now most anxious to hear from Mrs. Trollope, for it must have been an awful trial to her. And, God knows, experience does not make *such* blows less painful !"

A few days later she addresses a long letter to Mrs. Trollope, from which the following passages are extracted :—

"These are not times, my dearest friend, when things go smoothly with *any* one in this tempest-shaken land ; and the general *malaise* has, of course, re-acted on me and my affairs. Therefore between the revolutionary stagnation of all kinds of business, and my long illness, I have had some hard, uphill work to get through. . . . As far as outward appearance goes, we are very quiet here at present. But we still stand on a volcano.

Every one seems to anticipate an outbreak ; but whether it is to come from *above* or from *below*, no one can foresee. The general belief is that we are on the point of having an Emperor proclaimed. And it is rumoured that an apartment prepared for the President within the fort of Vincennes, of which he is soon to take possession on the plea of being on the spot to superintend certain artillery movements, will be the place selected for the *coup d'état*. Others look forward to Henri V. The Reds and the Whites are now working hand in hand together against *what is*, although both with the intention of tearing each other to pieces afterwards. . . . The d'Orléans are, meanwhile, sincerely regretted ; and many are the pilgrims to St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Whatever may have been the political errors of the old King himself, there can be but one opinion respecting the brave and gallant Princes we all regret ; and who are men of more than ordinary character, brought up with, and for, the age we live in. Although we must, I fear, pass through many a trying ordeal before we get out of this Republican quagmire ; and though *I*, personally, anticipate all the phases of a Red Republic, a short-lived legitimist, and no less short-lived imperial, restoration before things settle, yet it is to the truly patriotic sons of Louis Philippe that we must look for peace. The Duchess of Orleans said with great emphasis to an acquaintance of mine who went over there some time back, ' Nous ne sommes point des émigrés mais des *proscrits*.' And the Queen chimed in warmly, adding, ' Nous sommes toujours Français, et nous prenons la part la plus vive à toutes les calamités de notre pays. Dites-le à tous nos compatriotes ; et

dites-leur surtout, que soir et matin *la Vieille* prie pour son bonheur."

On the 23rd of July, Mrs. Trollope, with her son-in-law Mr. Tilley, went to Ireland, where they were the guests of her son Anthony and his wife, at Mallow.

While Mrs. Trollope was in Ireland her eldest son and his wife arrived unexpectedly in England. They had purposed being there in the autumn, but had been suddenly summoned thither by the serious illness of Theodosia's mother, Mrs. Garrow. They proceeded to the Garrows' house, The Braddons, at Torquay, and remained there several months.

Mrs. Trollope was keenly disappointed at missing them. She writes on the 5th of August from Ireland to her son :—

"MY DEAREST TOM,

"That I should miss seeing you and my dear Theodosia when you pass through London, is *very* painful to me. I have been looking forward to your coming, with so much pleasure! Of poor Mrs. Garrow's state your mention is so vague that I know not whether she is drooping in consequence of her long journey, or from any malady. But whether she be in any danger or not, you have done what was right, my dear Tom, in bringing her daughter to her. If you find her so

ill as to render it wrong or painful for Theodosia to leave her, I think that you and I may meet without much trouble or expense to you. For instead of returning to Kensington with John Tilley, I am going to diverge from the London road at Birmingham, and go to my sister at Charmouth, viâ Bristol. She has been pressing me to come to her ever since I returned to England. I think I ought to do it. And this method of meeting her will save me many miles, besides the bore of having again to pack up and set off on a new expedition.

"I fear she expects me to stay much longer, but my purpose is to remain there for a week; and then, *if* you will meet me at Fanny Bent's, I will go on to Exeter for a few days. I shall hope to have a letter from you addressed to me to Anthony's care at Mallow, before I start thence for England, telling me whether you can meet me at Fanny Bent's about the 21st or 22nd. And let the letter tell me as exactly as you can, what poor Mrs. Garrow's state really is. You know that she has been rather apt to fancy herself worse than she really is; and this *may* be the case now. . . . Of course, let what will happen, you can as yet have formed no very assured plans for the future. But if you have any notions, let me share them. I don't quite think it right that you and I should of necessity be parted for ever. Do you? . . . We have greatly enjoyed our Irish travels; and one great source of our pleasure has been forming a scheme that should bring us here again with you and Theodosia. But *now* I feel as if everything were uncertain about you.

"Your own mother,

"F. TROLLOPE."

The following extracts from some letters of Walter Savage Landor's, written to Theodosia Trollope in the first year of her marriage, and the year following, are interesting as adding some characteristic traits to the portrait of this great English writer given in Forster's biography of him; and also as illustrating in a striking manner how completely Charles Dickens had grasped the inner nature of the man. The writer of the article upon Landor in the "Dictionary of National Biography," remarks that "Dickens drew a portrait of some at least of Landor's external peculiarities in his Boythorn in 'Bleak House.'"

This is a very inadequate statement. Of course Lawrence Boythorn was not a photographic likeness of Walter Savage Landor. But the "external peculiarities," however easily recognizable and easily delineated, were a very small and, artistically speaking, unimportant part of the portrait. There are many passages in the private letters of Mr. Landor now in my possession which might be interpolated into the conversation of Lawrence Boythorn without fear of any incongruity being detected. Although I have little doubt that these passages would be selected by critically disposed

persons, as showing the author's habitual exaggeration and disregard of probability.

The first letter is written from Warwick on the 12th of July, 1848, and begins without any more formal address as follows:—

“From no other quarter could a letter have given me so great a pleasure as I have this moment received in yours, my dear and most amiable friend. I believed that you had much happiness before you in your marriage, but certainty is better than belief. Your husband, I hear, possesses his mother's strong intellect, with great and solid acquirements. After a few months I hope he will permit and encourage you to relapse and repose in the deserted fields of poetry. My friend Milnes has published an edition of Keats. Do not let him be our best poet! . . . If you expect to be cooler in Switzerland than in Italy, I fear you will be mistaken. Eight miles from Florence you may enjoy a more temperate air than anywhere in England. Need I say the place is Pratolino?

“I have been writing an Imaginary Conversation between King Carlo Alberto and the Princess Belgiojoso on the affairs of Italy. It may perhaps have crossed the Alps, but of this I am uncertain. Here are two short poems—worse even than usual with me. An English ode to Lamartine published in the *Examiner*, is better. . . . I am here at Warwick on a visit to my sister, who has a noble house and garden. On the seventh of next month I go to visit a lovely friend in Cornwall for a few days only, and then I go to

Ilfracombe. Early in September I return to Bath, where I expect my son Walter,—unless the Austrians should invade Tuscany. In that case I trust he will think it his duty to march against them, and remain in the country until they are driven out.

“I was about to beg of you to present my compliments to Mr. Trollope,—*congratulations* is rather the better word. With every kind wish, believe me ever sincerely yours,

“W. S. LANDOR.”

The following letters belong to the subsequent year, 1849. But they may find a place here better than elsewhere.

“August, 1849.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your letter makes me young again. I walk among the trees with you as alertly as I did ten years ago. So lovely a place as yours” [The Braddons, Torquay] “is able to waft away all regret for sweet Italy. My days in that country had greatly more of cloud than of sunshine. But I would always bear a good deal of pain for a few moments of pleasure. . . . About a month ago I lost my brother Charles. He was the Rector of Colton, a family living in Staffordshire. Of all the men I have ever seen, he was the strongest, the handsomest, and the most spirited. There seemed to be life enough in him for twenty men, and for twenty more years.

“I hope Mrs. Garrow may overcome her present weakness, but little of permanent health or strength can be looked for at her advanced age.

"Anxieties of one kind or other are our inevitable lot in life,—often early, always late, and sometimes at both seasons. Last autumn I passed near Torquay, on my road to visit the Rose of Cornwall." [The "lovely friend" alluded to in the preceding letter.] "A crowd of thoughts is almost as perplexing as a crowd of people. A dream of thirteen years seemed to occupy but a moment's space—and I could hardly think I was an old man when I awoke."

The next is written from 3, Rivers Street, Bath, in October. It renews a previous invitation to Theodosia Trollope and her husband to visit him there, and goes on—

"It grieves me to hear of your uneasiness at Mrs. Garrow's state of health. Surely it is very much that she can take exercise at her advanced age! Besides that, she can eat and sleep as formerly. We who possess all our intellects, think it deplorable to lose them. For my part, I would much rather lose all mine, than endure any long bodily ailment. The one we feel more and more every day, the other less. Perhaps it is that I have always had a great deal of childishness in me, but certain it is, I never cared about a little more of it. Very possibly I may survive my senses. I shall not know it if I do. Rheumatism and dyspepsia are the great curses of old age—blindness and deafness too,—but these are less. So long as we have none of them, we are not badly off. . . .

"Miss Boyle dined with me a week ago, and we went in the morning to hear Sontag. She reminded me so

much of poor dear Lady Blessington, that my heart ached all the time."

Speaking of the expected death of Adelaide, the Queen Dowager (she died on the 2nd of the following December), by which a friend of his would lose her pension as Maid of Honour, he says—

"Her uncle, Lord C., who has thirty thousand a year, and spends less than three thousand, might allow her, surely, a week's income! Little does he know how happy it would make him. This is an ignorance the most universal and the most deplorable.

"Present my best compliments to Lady Sevestre and Miss Hall. I wish I had a right to offer them to Mrs. Trollope. To your husband I may.

"Believe me ever,

"Your affectionate old friend,

"W. S. LANDOR."

Another letter addressed to Bayonne, and written from Bath, has no date, but the postmark shows it to have been despatched from England on the 23rd of December, 1849.

"Your letter, my very dear friend, brought me all the festivities of Christmas two days before other people will enjoy them. It has relieved me from a very great anxiety about you. Travelling at this season of the year is a hard trial even for the healthy. So early as the seventh of November the thermometer here in Bath was

nine degrees below the freezing-point twenty minutes before seven in the morning. A man nearly eighty years old, and I believe always resident here, told me he never remembered such a degree at *any* time of that month.

"Alas! how heartily and painfully I wish it were possible for me to meet you in Florence. To see my children would hardly be a greater pleasure to me. Elasticity of spirit, and firm determination, more than philosophy, have enabled me to endure and overcome my intense and infinite vexations. Torquay soothed me. Your society and that of another very precious to me, were grand restoratives. I do not wonder that your father has given up a residence so full of paining recollections. I doubt if I shall ever have the courage to visit the place again. . . .

"Whether I shall go to London in the spring as I have usually done, is now uncertain. The loss of my dear old friend Lady Blessington, after enjoying her society for more than twenty years, indisposes me. Society so varied and so delightful as that of Gore House, is never to be found in the world again. I am sorry that Louis Napoleon, one of her constant guests, has caused liberty to retrograde for centuries. He might have saved Italy and Hungary; consequently the world. I have enjoyed many conversations with him. He gave me his admirable book on artillery, not quite completed. I returned it lately.

"If ever you have an idle hour, write to me. With kindest regards to Mr. Trollope, believe me ever your very affectionate friend,

"W. S. LANDOR."

CHAPTER IX.

"It was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;

* * * * *
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear."

THOMAS MOORE.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S visit to Ireland gave her great pleasure. She had the great comfort of perceiving that, as she writes in one of her letters from Mallow, "Anthony and his excellent little wife are as happy as possible." And, moreover, she was interested in what she saw around her.

Mrs. Anthony Trollope writes about this visit—

"We took her to Killarney, with which she was enchanted. Lord Kenmare's park especially delighted her. She walked through the gap of Dunlo as easily as if she had been twenty-nine instead of sixty-nine ! And was delighted with young Spellan, the bugler. In the evening we had old Spellan the piper introduced with his bagpipes into our sitting-room—at first to her dismay. But soon tears were rolling down her cheeks from the pathos of his music.

"One day we put her on one of Bianconi's cars running to Glengariff, after much protest on her part against the ramshackle looking machine. Presently, however, after a few jerks, and a dozen 'Niver fear, yer honour!' from Mick the driver, she almost persuaded herself that she would rather travel through Ireland in that way than any other!

"Glengariff was not a success. She was tired with her journey; the tea was rubbish; the food detestable; the bedrooms pokey; turf fires disagreeable, and so on. And now looking back on it all, I feel that she had grounds for complaint; and I should vote it—nasty. However the next day was better, when we drove through the Bantry demesne."

One day, during Mrs. Trollope's short visit to Mallow, she saw from her bedroom window an aged man breaking stones on the road. She pattered downstairs and bestowed a silver sixpence on the astonished old pauper. Her daughter-in-law says—

"Our old Irish groom, hearing of this, related the occurrence, after his fashion, to the honour and glory of the family. 'Sure, her honour gave the ould man a shilling every day for a month.' (She was not a week altogether in the town!) And very soon the sum grew into half-a-crown. He told the story until he himself, at any rate, believed it.

"When told of the delightful advance of her one sixpence to half-a-crown a day, she laughed, and said,

‘Ah, that shows on what slight threads hangs the report of our good deeds—and our evil ones!’”

During this visit to Mallow, a curious story, long current in the family, was alluded to in the presence of Mrs. Anthony Trollope. And there-upon her mother-in-law narrated the facts—for facts they were. I give them in Mrs. Anthony Trollope’s words :—

“Immediately after the publication of Mrs. Trollope’s brilliantly successful book on Vienna and the Austrians, she received a communication from a Russian Countess, to the following effect: Would Mrs. Trollope go to St. Petersburg, write a similar work to her Austrian one, about Russia, and allow Countess —— to put *her* name on the title-page? I was told the sum named as the bribe for this, but have forgotten it. I need scarcely say that it was refused.”

Of all forms of ambition, this certainly appears one of the strangest. But the experience, although naturally not common—since authors successful enough to invite a heavy bribe for the use of their names, are not enormously numerous—is not, I think, unique. I believe I have heard of one or two similar cases.

One other little story, involving some chronological confusion, I will venture to give from Mrs.

Anthony Trollope's reminiscences of her mother-in-law.

"Apropos of the 'Domestic Manners.' When I was in America in 1860, I was asked by an enquiring female if I had altered my opinion as to her country. It was some time before I understood the meaning of the question, as I had been too short a time in America to venture to form an opinion, and I had certainly never expressed any. But at length I discovered that the lady, having seen my name on my dressing-bag, had jumped to the conclusion that I was the authoress of the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.' I endeavoured to explain, but vainly. She quietly persisted: 'I guess you wrote that book.' Considering that it was written when I had reached the mature age of ten, this was a good joke!"

Before the termination of her summer visit to Ireland, Mrs. Trollope had arranged to meet her son Tom and his wife in Exeter, at the house of Fanny Bent.

On August 12th, writing from Dublin, she says—

"I write in great haste, and chiefly to tell you and your dear little wife, that F. B. has only two spare bedrooms. I am writing to Fanny by to-day's post, begging her to let the best room be prepared for you and Theodosia, and that she will put me into the smaller room formerly occupied by you. I shall hope to be in York Buildings" [where Miss Bent lived in Exeter] "in time for dinner on the 22nd. . . . The Queen's visit seems

to have gone off admirably." [The visit of Her Majesty and Prince Albert to Ireland in August, 1849.] "Your account of poor Mrs. Garrow gives me no very definite idea of her condition; but I trust she will be well enough on the 22nd, to let Theodosia accompany you. My kind love to your dear wife, and kind remembrances to her father and mother."

The hoped-for visit to Exeter had to be abandoned. Miss Fanny Bent was seized with sudden illness, to the great grief of her cousins—old and young—by whom she was very sincerely beloved. Mrs. Trollope went to Charmouth in Dorsetshire, where her sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Admiral Clyde, were living. She writes of the Admiral that, although he calls himself an invalid, she found him very little changed, and, barring a slight lameness, seeming to be very well. Her sister, Mary Clyde, she thought scarcely changed at all! Mrs. Trollope's love for her sister and brother, like all her domestic affections, was very warm and constant, and it was entirely reciprocated by them.

She returned to London, to Mr. Tilley's house, to find her little grandchild Fanny still living, but pining and fading hour by hour. And from Torquay came the tidings of Mrs. Garrow's hopeless condition, and of Theodosia's constant attendance

in the sick-room. It was a time, not of active misery and anguish indeed, such as she had recently gone through, but of great depression for Mrs. Trollope. Soon after her arrival in London she writes the following affectionate little note to her daughter-in-law :—

“ I do indeed believe, my sweet Theodosia, that you wish to see me. And most cordially do I wish to see you! But truly the *when* seems lamentably uncertain. It is evident that your poor mother's state is very precarious, and that of our poor little Fanny is not less so. Under these circumstances it seems idle to speculate on what we can, or cannot do.

“ I have, fortunately, made a new engagement with Colburn for two novels to be sent to him in the course of 1850. This will give me occupation during the dull season which is approaching, and which I had hoped would be so delightfully cheered by a visit from you—to London, if not actually to *me*.

“ We pleased ourselves mightily while with Anthony and his wife, in plotting and planning a visit to them and their lakes in company with you and Tom. . . . God bless you, my dear daughter! Had I my will, wish, and way, you should never be very far from me.”

Still there was the same old energetic power of work! The reading public, no doubt, has its own experiences of the labour necessary to read some novels—a labour infinitely mitigated, however, by

the power of the reading public to shut the book at any moment ;—but he who has never tried it, can scarcely understand the amount of industry required to produce six volumes of novel in a year, quite irrespective of the quality of the article.

And not only the same, or nearly the same, energy of industry remained to her as of yore, but the same buoyant power of looking forward. The *youthfulness* of her spirit at close upon seventy years of age, is something marvellous. Late in August she writes—

“John Tilley and I have been planning a month’s excursion to Venice in the spring of next year ; and we thought that you and Theo might make this one of your trips,—I paying whatever you might expend beyond twenty pounds. Perhaps if you could not go to Venice, and *could* go to Paris, we might change our plans and content ourselves with that, for the sake of enjoying your company. . . . My last MS., engaged for by you, was delivered to Colburn on the 22nd of July, and its first vol. is already half through the press. Its title is ‘The Old World and the New.’ ”

This is the story of some English emigrants of gentle birth, who go to settle in the western part of America, not far from Cincinnati. Doubtless many personal reminiscences, which for various reasons were not included in the “Domestic

Manners,' found a place in this story. But it cannot be ranked among her best.

The proposed change from Venice to Paris for their place of meeting, seems to have been accepted. Mrs. Garrow was still lying ill at Torquay, and her daughter was still assiduously attending on her, at the end of August. It is curious to find all the consideration for Theodosia's very delicate constitution, and all the suggestions for Theodosia's benefit, emanating from her mother-in-law, and not from either of her own parents.

"I cannot tell you," writes Mrs. Trollope to her son, "how much I lament the close confinement to which dear Theodosia is subject. It is quite enough to destroy her health. And the medical man in attendance on her mother, ought to state this to the old lady, and *order* Theodosia, professionally, to take exercise in the open air at least twice a day. I am quite sure that she has not strength to endure such a life as she is now leading, without permanent injury. . . . Mrs. Henry Trollope is now with us, as agreeable, and as nice-looking as ever. I really see no change in her!"

She had always been attached to her husband's sister Di, and, as has been stated, Henry Trollope was a faithful and helpful friend to her.

"London," she says, "looks such an absolute desert at present, that I am almost reconciled to your

not being here! I never saw a much more striking contrast than between London *now* and London as we left it, rather more than five weeks ago."

During this time a discovery was made which had an important bearing on the fortunes of T. A. Trollope and his wife. How it could have come to pass that the true state of the case was not known to the family previously, I am unable to explain; but the fact came to light that Theodosia was entitled to a very considerable sum of money on the death of her sister Harriet Fisher. It seems to have been supposed that, despite a will made by Harriet in her sister's favour, this sum was to lapse to Theodosia's half-brother Charles Fisher, under their mother's first marriage settlement. But this was not so. In Mr. Fisher's case the disappointment of the discovery was greatly lessened by his having become a Roman Catholic priest, and having thus renounced, of course, forming any family ties for himself in the future. Moreover he was—or had been, for he had squandered a great part of it—in possession of a not inconsiderable patrimony of his own.

The first tidings of this important matter were sent to Mrs. Trollope by her son before, as it should seem, he ventured to feel absolutely sure of

the state of the case. She was, naturally, agitated about it. On the 9th of September she writes—

“I am longing to hear from you again, my dearest Tom,—and yet I do not very well know what it is I expect you to tell me! But your late intelligence is both too important and too uncertain, to permit my being easy in spirit until I hear more. How I long to see you! And how vain does this longing threaten to be! After close upon forty years passed so very nearly together, the indefinite gulf that now divides us is very like being dead already, as relates to each other! But there seems to be no help for it.

“Heaven knows I would not have either one or both of you in London just now; for it would be like inviting you to a party of cholera patients. The newspapers are filled with details of dirty drains, spasmodic convulsions, and horrid murders. I *really* would rather not have you here for some weeks to come. But it would be very pleasant to have something like a meeting to look forward to;—but I see no glimmer of any such brightness. Do you?

“The worst of it is, that I see no chance of its being possible to have you *in* the house. We are closely packed. In all else,—that is in all respects except lodging,—I think you would be very comfortable. There is a quiet, pretty little pair of drawing-rooms where from nine o'clock to half-past six, you might write, read, draw, receive friends, and lounge in various charming arm-chairs, to your heart's content, and without interruption of any kind. But *à quoi bon* to tell you this?

“What does that strangely circumstanced Mr. Charles

Fisher say to what has been discovered? And Mrs. Garrow,—does she know all about it? And if so, how does she take it?—Not to be glad is, for me, absolutely impossible. I firmly believe that if dear Harriet had been aware of her power over this money, she would have used it as the law has probably done for her. Our dear Theo has been through life her faithful, loving, sympathising, true sister. And poor Harriet felt this, as I well know.

“God bless you both. I live in one part of God’s universe, and you in another. But I ought to be thankful that I am still permitted to telegraph across the two hundred miles which divide us, an occasional ‘How d’ye do?’”

This increase of means—for Theodosia’s right to the money was clearly established—led to discussions about the investment of certain sums. It is curious to find that all T. A. Trollope’s advisers, including his Uncle Milton, who was shrewd in business matters, strongly dissuaded him from placing a penny in railway shares—and this, chiefly on the ground that it was expected the Government would take over all railways in Great Britain—“even if a new tax be necessary to pay the loss on doing so.” (1) The great collapse and ruin of Mr. Hudson the Railway King, had caused widespread distrust of railways as a field for speculation.

Another bronchial attack seized on Mrs. Trollope in September ; and this time it was a very serious one. On the 17th she writes—

“Though not quite well yet, my dearest Tom, I think I am sufficiently better to tell you that there does not at present appear to be any probability that I am going to be worse. And last evening I was well enough to get up for an hour or two.”

Her son went to her at once on hearing of her illness ; and after his return to Torquay she writes to her daughter-in-law :—

“I love and bless you, dearly, dearly, for having spared my dear son to me for a precious week. His visit did me a world of good ;—except, indeed, that it made me wish for more ! But what I wished for was more *plus* Theo, not *sine* Theo ! Tell him that I am not quite well yet, though not very bad. My doctor visited me this morning ; but the most important thing he said to me was not about my *actual* condition. He paid me (as he had done before) many compliments on my constitution ; but accompanied them with the assurance that if I did not go south again in a year or two, I should—not die, but—be a very suffering old woman for the rest of my life.”

Mrs. Garrow's death took place before the end of September. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trollope remained at The Braddons for a time ; and it seems

that Mr. Garrow wished them to take up their abode there permanently. But his daughter's health did not permit of this arrangement. She was always fragile, and her long attendance in her mother's sick-room had greatly broken her down. Nothing, however, had been settled as to the future, when T. A. Trollope received the following letter from his mother.

"Brighton, October 3rd, 1849.

"MY DEAREST TOM,

"The date of this letter will probably suggest to you the reason of my unusually long silence. I have been again very unwell. And the attack left so much debility that I have come hither in the hope that sea air, and the vapour baths, might do me good. I certainly feel better here. But I now write, not so much for the purpose of telling you all this, as to make a request to you and Theodosia which I must say I think you *ought* to comply with.

"My health and spirits have been shaken by all the sorrow I have gone through. And I confess to you that I feel my separation from you to be almost too painful under my present circumstances. For very nearly forty years, my dear son, you and I have lived together in more perfect harmony than is often found, I believe, in any connection in life. And now, when I so very greatly need the comfort and support of your society, I am deprived of it. I should be very unwilling to put you and your dear wife to any serious inconvenience,

but I feel that your coming to me for a few weeks now, might be *very* beneficial to me.

"Having said this, I shall say no more. You and Theodosia must judge for yourselves. I will be honest enough to confess to you both, that London has at this time nothing to offer in the way of amusement. But you may cheer one who greatly needs cheering, and who is most affectionately

"Your mother,

"F. TROLLOPE."

Such an appeal was not likely to be neglected by her son. He and his wife went to London and stayed with her in Kensington for a week or two. And she acknowledges the announcement of their intention to do so with the most fervent gratitude; telling her son that the idea of seeing him is "a comfort greater than she can describe." And to her daughter-in-law she writes a separate note:—

"I thank you sincerely, my dearest Theodosia, for your readiness to come to me when I so sorely want you. It will indeed be a comfort to me, and I really hope much from the longed-for pleasure of having you both near me. The baths here have certainly done me good. But I am still a poor thing, and in need of such soothing kindness as I have ever received from you."

Anthony, writing to his brother from Mallow, says—

"I cannot pretend to condole with you on Mrs. Garrow's death, for it is impossible that it should be a subject of sorrow to you. But of course Theodosia must feel it. I am sorry to hear that she required such a prescription as that of Dr. Latham" [to leave England for the south of Europe]. "Where do you mean to go? It is well for you that some of the continental republican bubbles have burst. This time last year you would hardly have known where to pitch yourself. I suppose you can now go to Florence for the winter, if you so please. I hope at any rate that you will both be with us next summer. Ireland is sloppy—the south especially so—but it is as warm as it is sloppy. We have hardly any snow or frost, and generally no really cold weather till March."

After much discussion at Torquay, and much hesitation on Mr. Garrow's part as to his future plans, it was finally decided that The Braddons should be given up, the furniture sold, and that Mr. Garrow should accompany the Trollopes abroad for the winter, and subsequently make his permanent home with them in Florence.

Mrs. Trollope was also to form part of the household: the incomes of all the *partie carrée* joined together being sufficient to enable them to live in very good and comfortable style. While the negotiations were pending, Mrs. Trollope wrote one or two letters to her son, showing not

merely her usual good sense, but a very shrewd knowledge of his father-in-law's character. She writes—

“In speaking to him of the terms on which I should make one of your family, you ought to make him understand that my contribution includes *the entire household furniture*.

“I trust and fully believe that all will go smoothly now, and that no difficulties of any kind will arise to prevent Theodosia's making the prescribed transit to a milder climate as speedily as possible. If left too late, it would probably be useless to do it at all. Make Garrow feel this truth as I feel it, and you will have, I trust, no opposition from him.”

Subsequently she writes—

“Many thanks, dear son, for your early communication. It is very satisfactory. I reply with equal promptitude, because there are one or two points to which I desire to call your attention. The first is the *vital* importance of your adhering to your purpose of taking your wife southward *this* winter. Once make Mr. Garrow (whose bark I am of opinion is considerably worse than his bite) understand that this is your fixed purpose, and I am greatly mistaken if you do not find him disposed to avail himself of all your energy in getting through the needful business at a pace that will enable *him to go with you!* . . . Depend upon it, the more the thing is pushed on, the easier it will appear to you all. In these first days every one feels and knows

that things are out of joint ; and the putting them into shape again is quite as easily done in one form as another, if a firm master-hand be set to the work."

The joy with which Mrs. Trollope looked forward to living once more with her son, was greatly clouded during the weeks immediately preceding their departure for the Continent, by the condition of her brother's health. She went repeatedly to Chelsea to see him ; but on several occasions he was too ill to receive her. But a change for the better set in before she left England. And with a lightened heart she sailed with her son and daughter-in-law from Folkestone at the end of November.

CHAPTER X.

"O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?"

COWPER.

IN the beginning of the year 1850, Henry Milton died.

Anthony writes to his mother—

"Tipperary, January 29th, 1850.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"You will have been very much shocked to hear of your brother's death, for I am afraid the previous accounts which you have received had not made you expect it—at least not so suddenly. Till the last week I had no idea that he was in immediate danger. It appears that latterly he entirely wanted the spirit and hope which might have given him strength to rally. It seems that it was not the actual disease, but the consequent weakness which caused his death; and that for some time previous to it he was in a state almost of lethargy. His death will be a most severe blow to you and my aunt Mary; for he was a most affectionate, fond brother."

After Cecilia's death, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony

Trollope had taken charge of one of the motherless little children she left behind her. But Mr. Tilley was now about to marry again. His second wife was Miss Mary Anne Partington, Cecilia's cousin and dear friend. And she desired to have the little girl back at home when she married. Anthony writes—

“ *We are very sorry.* But we have no right to complain. Indeed, the incurring the chance of losing her at any moment after we had become fond of her, was the only drawback to the pleasure of taking her.”

He was at this time thinking of writing a hand-book to Ireland for Mr. Murray, and had been in correspondence with him on the subject. He says—

“ My uncle's death has put a stop to my hand-book for the present. I am, however, not inclined to give it over. I mean to go to London and see Murray. I shall be there and back within a week. I hope to go next Tuesday—*i.e.* this day week. Of course I shall be with Tilley. Tell Tom that I finished ‘*La Vendée*’ and sent it to Colburn.”

In his autobiography Anthony has told the story of that novel.

The perseverance with which he continued to write fiction in the teeth of discouragement—the

most trying kind of discouragement: entire lack of notice—might well inspirit other 'prentice hands in literature not to drop the pen because of one or two failures. But the perseverance must be accompanied by some inward consciousness of power.

The reading world has given no uncertain verdict as to the question whether Anthony Trollope could, or could not, write excellent novels. And doubtless without his remarkable power of persevering work, those novels would never have been written. But there was something necessary besides perseverance!

In one of the most amusing of his "Editor's Tales" he has given a graphic account of his sufferings as editor of a magazine, from the determined attempts of a certain Mrs. Brumby to force upon him her literary compositions. And of this dauntless female he writes—

"We may as well say at once, that though Mrs. Brumby might have made a very good prime minister, she could not write a paper for a magazine, or produce literary work that was worth paper and ink. We feel sure that we may declare without hesitation that no perseverance on her part, no labour however unswerving, no training however long, would have enabled her to do in a fitting manner even a review for the *Literary Curricule*. . . . She could not combine words so as to

make sentences, or sentences so as to make paragraphs. She did not know what style meant. We believe that, had she ever read, Johnson, Gibson, Archdeacon Coxe, Mr. Grote, and Macaulay would have been all the same to her. And yet this woman chose literature as her profession, and clung to it for awhile with a persistence which brought her nearer to the rewards of success, than many come who are at all points worthy to receive them."

Even his favourite prescription, which Anthony more than once encouragingly recommended to the present writer when dispirited or diffident about her literary work—even the bit of cobbler's wax on the seat of the writing-chair, would not have availed to elicit a "Framley Parsonage" or a "Chronicle of Barset" from Mrs. Brumby!

Mrs. Trollope had the pride and happiness of witnessing her younger son's success as an author, although he had not achieved the full height of his reputation while her mind was still able thoroughly to recognize and enjoy it.

But in 1850 her intellect was still as active, and her interest in public affairs as keen as ever. Her friend, Madame de M., continued to write to her from Paris the shifting opinions, hopes, and fears—especially fears—of the day. The following passages are extracted from her letters to Mrs. Trollope, from March to May, 1850.

"Let me thank you, dear friend, for your Marseilles letter, which did my heart good. Were it not for you, and a few—very few—more friends, I should get out of conceit with this life's hard pilgrimage. Really if things go on *racketting* so in this revolutionary hotbed, I shall seriously turn my thoughts to your part of the world. I trust your accounts of poor dear Theo may be better still than the last, and that I shall soon hear the bright Tuscan skies have quite set her up again."

Theodosia was still suffering from the effects of her close attendance at her mother's sick-bed. She, with her husband and mother-in-law, was in the south of France. They all proceeded to Pau together; but after a short stay there, T. A. Trollope and his wife went on to Florence, leaving his mother at Pau. This winter had been a very unusually cold one in the south of Europe; and Madame de M. goes on to say—

"I am anxious on Theo's account, for I hear sad accounts of the cold in the south of France. And I fear that, as in all usually warm climates, she will find few household protections against the cold. . . .

"We are in a regular panic just at present. The elections are red, red, red. Can you conceive anything like the folly of people who rave about their horror of socialism and yet abstain from voting? They will not vote for this or that moderate candidate because he does not *exactly* meet their views on all points; thus leaving

plein jeu to their opponents, who contrived, by a little ingenuity, to vote in several different districts !

"The moral of it all is that universal suffrage is a great piece of humbug in a country like this. The shop people who have voted for the red list will suffer ; for yesterday alone, more than three thousand passports were signed at the Prefecture. For my own part, I do not see that two or three scamps more or less on the benches of the Mountain can weigh greatly in the scale either one way or the other. But such is not the general opinion. And the funds fell three points as soon as the scarlet triumph became known !

"I do long for a little quiet, I must say. For it is not pleasant to feel one's head no firmer on one's shoulders than that of a china Mandarin in a tea-shop. . . .

"How fares it with Italy? I rarely see Pepe, who lives closeted with Georges Sand, who is helping him to write an appendix to his Memoirs ! But from what my Piedmontese letters tell me, I fear that those eternal destroyers the Socialists are at work there again. I hate the Austrians—as you know ! But of two evils choose the lesser. And were I the young King, I would certainly prefer the Austrian eagle to the Socialist axe. *Basta. Chi vivrà vedrà.* I cannot help thinking we shall see something strange yet, before we have done! . . .

"As usual we have been threatened with another phase of the revolutionary drama,—or farce, whichever it be,—on the occasion of the electoral reform. But fortunately we were *quittes pour la peur* ; and before the firm and decided attitude of the government, as well as the avowed determination of that spirited little fellow

Changarnier, the citizen rioters have thought discretion to be the better part of valour. Had they been bold enough to attempt any outbreak, they would have been crushed ; for no half measures would have been resorted to. In the account of a conversation between M. Thiers and one of my friends, given me by the latter, I heard such details as made me feel somewhat nervous lest we quiet folks might find ourselves in the situation of earthen vessels between the iron pots of the socialists and the brass pots of the government !”

This sense of the precariousness of the political situation, among all peaceable folks, doubtless contributed to support the state of things created by Louis Napoleon’s *coup d’état* in December, 1851. After being storm-tossed so long, even a very rock-bound shore must have been welcome.

Henry Milton having been trustee under his sister’s marriage settlement, his death necessitated the appointment of another trustee to replace him. Meanwhile John Milton wrote to his aunt at Pau, that he was unable to collect the rents of her property in London, his signature for the receipt of them not being valid. This caused her some anxiety, as she had been reckoning on this money for her current expenses.

It is noticeable throughout, at any rate, the latter half of her life, that she was easily

discouraged and made nervous about questions of money. She was apt to think they were likely to go ill rather than well. And this is, I believe, the only instance of pessimistic anticipations to be found in her character. But those who have followed the story of her life thus far, will not be surprised that the anguish she had suffered (for others more than for herself) from money troubles, should have left its trace. It is worth noting that those troubles never produced any tendency in her to be hard or grasping. They had made her apprehensive, but nothing could make her avaricious.

Mr. Tilley suggested that John Milton should be appointed trustee in place of his father, which, I believe, was ultimately done.

Before leaving England, Mrs. Trollope had promised her son-in-law, John Tilley, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anthony Trollope, to visit them both, the one in London and the other in Ireland, during the summer of 1850. But the plan was not carried out. Mr. Tilley and Anthony Trollope both wrote in the same sense on the subject, saying, namely, that since Mrs. Trollope had decided to make her permanent home in Florence with her son, and since they would all have to incur considerable expense, and devote

considerable attention to setting up their new establishment, it would be sheer folly for Mrs. Trollope to rush half across Europe and back again, merely for the purpose of making a flying visit ; and that she was held absolved from her promise in both cases. Anthony writes—

“God send that we may all meet in 1851, when I mean to put three or four works [literary, of course] into the Exhibition. . They will, at any rate, give me as much encouragement as Colburn does !”

About this time a clergyman's wife in Ireland had been committed for trial on the charge of murdering her husband under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The parties were both persons of good family, the wife being especially well-connected ; and the trial subsequently became a *cause célèbre*. There are many allusions to it in Anthony's letters ; but I merely mention the case now for the sake of pointing out with what quick observation Mrs. Trollope must have read the news of the day. She was the first to give Anthony any intelligence of this crime. He writes to her :—

“Strangely enough, until I got your letter, I had seen nothing of the case in the Dublin papers. I shall not

fail to send you all particulars of the trial,—if she is tried.”

T. A. Trollope and his wife had gone to Florence early in February, leaving Mrs. Trollope at Pau, as has been stated. They took an apartment temporarily, while they were looking out for the house which was to be their home, and the home of Tom's mother and of Theodosia's father, according to the arrangement agreed upon among them. It was not easy to find such a residence as would suit all the various requirements of the party ; and they all felt the necessity of doing nothing rashly in the matter.

Mrs. Trollope, meanwhile, during her sojourn at Pau, was at work on a novel of which the title and plot had been furnished by her eldest son. It was called “Petticoat Government,” and was published by Mr. Colburn in the course of this same year 1850.

Readers of Anthony Trollope's autobiography will remember that the plot of his novel “Doctor Thorne” was invented for him by his brother, and that it is the only case in which he ever accepted such assistance, or ever borrowed from sources outside his brain, any incidents for any of his works of fiction.

I believe the same statement might be made with respect to Frances Trollope and her novel "Petticoat Government."

The title suggests a hen-pecked husband and the triumph of the weaker sex over the stronger. But the petticoat government set forth in this story, is the government of a young orphan heiress and ward in Chancery, by her two old maiden aunts. The scenes in Westhampton (Exeter) among the clerical aristocracy of the Close, are many of them very good, and full of touches of reality. A certain Dr. Wroughtley—a portly, personable, dignified, but jovial Prebendary of the cathedral—is very well drawn. Miss Barbara Jenkyns, too (one of the guardian aunts residing in Westhampton), is amusing. Her rigid economy, conflicting with her desire to maintain a good position in Westhampton society; her arid life and empty mind, suddenly pervaded by the idea that Dr. Wroughtley, in some innocently spoken, friendly words, has intended to convey to her an offer of marriage; and the unconscious Doctor's pitying suspicion that his old friend's not very strong mind is giving way, and that unless treated with great care and calmness of manner she may end her days in a mad-house—all this is racily told. And there is a

great deal of spirit in the description of the girl-heroine herself.

Whatever the book may contain contrary to modern tastes; whatever defects a critical dissection may reveal in it, are by no means the result of senility of mind. Similar offences against the modern canons of novel-writing occur, and in greater number, in several of her earlier works. But novelists of incomparably higher genius than Frances Trollope, must submit to the inevitable decree, the common lot, and become old-fashioned. Fielding, Richardson, nay, even our beloved Sir Walter himself, fail to amuse the average reader of the present generation.

Tant pis for the average reader of the present generation? Very likely. At all events it matters little to those immortals who command a suffrage at once wider and weightier. There is in all works of genius, together with what is perishable, a large proportion of matter entirely independent of fashion old or new, and rooted firmly in human nature. And although the amount of intellectual appreciation in each generation be not very considerable, yet a century or so will accumulate a vast deal of admiration.

On the 27th of February, 1850, Mrs. Trollope writes from Pau to her daughter-in-law:—

“Your letter from Florence, my dearest Theodosia, dated 21st, has this hour reached me, and most thankful am I to receive it, though the account it gives of your journey is fearful. I had been most anxiously looking out for your promised letter from Nice; and as your last despatch (from Marseilles) was dated 13th, I really began to fear something disastrous. . . . If I could marvel at any postal vagaries, I should wonder a little that a letter which I sent from hence on the 10th, and a second which was despatched on the 13th, had not reached Florence on the 21st. But there is evidently something desperately difficult in the letter-carrying process between this part of France and Italy.

“I will not say anything so very stupidly superfluous as that I shall long to hear again. I fear my letters, when you do get them, will appear very cross and grumbling. And it is abominable of me to make them so, because the people here are excessively kind to me. I have dined out five times, and am going to another large dinner-party to-day. Evening parties, too, are frequent; and I have had very agreeable excursions both in driving and walking. But yet there is something indescribably desolate in the little solitary *home*. . . .

“I declare to you that it is very difficult for me to sit quietly and go on with my writing labours, for I am so much more inclined to meditate upon what you may be about at this very *now*. Is the house taken? Do you actually know where you are going to live? Well, if I live, I suppose I shall be there too ere very long; and

if I die, it matters not where I am! Not that I am thinking of, or anticipating that particular event. I believe I am in good health,—only savagely melancholy.”

On the 10th of March she writes—

“Your welcome letter, my dear children, received to-day, was a real blessing! . . . One great misery is that I cannot walk in the Park, without every soul I have been introduced to, seeming to think they must take pity on my solitude, and walk a little with me. This drives me away. An up-and-down promenade—unless the talk be *very* bright—is detestable. The mountains were fully, and most gloriously visible yesterday; and if you had been with me, I should have enjoyed it greatly. But I was ready to cry because I had no one to whom I could say how lovely I thought the view. I am ashamed of myself for complaining so bitterly of my own company. But it is my birthday, voyez-vous, and the *tristesse* is felt the more for that reason. But I will write no more now. I will finish my letter after the Prefects’ ball. Perhaps that will put me in a good humour with Pau! . . . March 13th. I am greatly ashamed of my preceding pages, but will send them *as a penance*. I am in much better condition now, and it *was* the Prefects’ ball that cured my ill-humour! You shall hear. Captain M’Claverty had called on me in the morning to ask if I would make one at a whist-table in the evening with himself, his niece Lady Louisa Carr, and Mr. McDonnell. I agreed to it. The proper introductions took place when we were all at the Prefecture, and we had a very pleasant rubber. But it was not this that put me into good humour, but what followed. We had just finished

our first game, when a lady came up, whose general look and style struck me as being very like Mrs. Hobhouse. She was joyously hailed by McDonnell and Lady Louisa, as Mrs. James Cuthbert. 'Introduce me to Mrs. Trollope,' said she. And the deed was done. 'And now,' said she, 'let me play.' A man who had taken Lady Louisa's place gave up his chair, and Mrs. James Cuthbert took it. And then she told me that she had greatly wished to know me because her sister, Mrs. Hobhouse, had talked so much about me. In short we speedily became good friends.

"You know, dear Tom, that I had always a *faiblesse* for Mrs. Hobhouse. This charming sister of hers, though less pretty, is more fascinating still. She came and sat two hours with me yesterday morning. And I passed the evening very pleasantly at their house. Not much of a party; but very good music, very good whist, very good tea, and very good talk. So that altogether I came home better. . . . The people are all very pitiful and kind to me. But nevertheless I *long* to 'follow after, with (or without) little Jack Nag'!"

A week later she says to her son—

"While preparing myself to receive the important news which I am now hoping every post will bring me, I must perforce talk to you a little, dearest Tom, about my own business,—which is yours too. I have a letter from John Milton, in which he tells me that he can receive no rents for me, because he can give no receipts. You have never told me whether you have received an answer from Robert Young to your question about a new trustee. Had it not fortunately happened that my poor

brother could not get all the shares he meant to buy for me, I should at this moment be without ready-money. As it is, I have about fifty pounds. But when this is gone, what is to become of me?

"I am writing at my book as rapidly as stultified spirits will let me. And *if* I live to finish it, and *if* it get safely to London, and *if* Colburn pays promptly, I shall have wherewithal to pay your money, and my board and other expenses for a year. But what is to become of my promised loan to you? If you still desire it, dearest Tom, it is absolutely needful that this trustee business should be settled as soon as possible. . . . Think of my having this species of anxiety as the subject of meditation in my solitary den! But I shall enjoy what I hope is to follow, all the more for my present discomfort. . . .

"I want Theodosia to find out Mrs. Browning, *ci-devant* Miss Barrett. She is very anti-Austrian, but *nevertheless* very charming! She is prepared for the acquaintance. She is a great invalid. They are lodging in the Piazza Pitti."

Mrs. Trollope seems to have been unaware that there had been any previous acquaintance between her daughter-in-law and Mrs. Browning, although it is stated in "What I Remember" that they had known each other slightly in Torquay. It was her friend, Miss Mitford, who had written to Mrs. Trollope about her dear Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mrs. Trollope winds up her letter thus: "God bless you both! I would consent to

eat garlic with Spanish oil sauce to be with you!"

Her friends Mr. and Mrs. Monro, who had been passing the winter at Pau, were about to set off on an excursion to Bagnères de Bigorre, and were urgent with her to accompany them.

"They have been *very* kind to me, and were it not for the book, I should at this moment be sunning myself behind their four post-horses:—for they set off this morning. But I felt that I should do no work there; and so here I am with my desk, instead of the post-horses, before me."

In the same letter she encloses a note to Theodosia.

"Though your houseless condition continues, my dear daughter, I nevertheless feel that your sweet letter breathes hope and cheerfulness, even in the midst of the tormenting anxiety which uncertainty must bring. Yet Tom speaks more hopefully than you do, as to getting *the* house desired. And as he is not of the bubble species, nor subject to be blown into the region of unattainable blessings, I venture to hope too! . . . Remember me kindly to your father. *Have you got a cat?* If not, you and Mr. Garrow will pine to death!"

Her son had suggested that she should hasten her arrival at Florence, without waiting for the new house to be positively taken. But she replies—

"I have changed my hôtel, and am now in so much better a condition than when I wrote last, that I do not mean to listen to your dear kind proposal to burthen you with my tiresome person, till you are a little more settled. I am close to dear Mrs. Monro; her maid is ever ready to help me; and I am no longer the miserable lonely wretch I was. Now,—being no longer in a humour to hang myself!—I am drawing near the end of my present labour. . . . You must tell me, as soon as the house question is settled, what your plans are for the summer. I fear you will be so busy that you will feel yourselves obliged to remain in Florence until it becomes too hot to hold you! If you have any notion of something more agreeable than San Marcello (I think they call it), where people sit on the hill-side because it is more comfortable than their lodgings, and munch black bread because they can get nothing else,—if you have any scheme pleasanter than this, I should like to join you. . . . God bless you, my very dear son. How I long for you in my walks!"

Since the date of this letter, villas have sprung up near San Marcello and on the heights above it; and very possibly these residences may contain most of the comforts of civilization. But it must be owned that the preference of the hillside to the interior of any lodging likely to be found amongst the untrodden ways of Italy, is one which English persons may still be expected to manifest.

At length the great question of the house in Florence was decided. T. A. Trollope bought a house in the large new square then called the Piazza Maria Antonia, after the Grand Duchess, but since baptized Piazza dell' Indipendenza. Only a small part of the house was finished, and he added to it and completed it after his own designs. There, in the Villino Trollope, as it was called, according to Italian custom, Frances Trollope passed the last years of her life. And there, too, her well-beloved daughter-in-law died. A marble tablet commemorating the latter was placed on the house by the municipality of Florence, on account of her writings in the cause of Italian unity and independence. And there the tablet will remain as long as the building shall stand ; for thus the law ordains. The house has, I believe, been turned into a *pension* for travelling visitors.

No record of Frances Trollope remains in the foreign dwelling where she died, but her memory is still enshrined in some English hearts that loved her. Such is the only remembrance she would have coveted for herself.

CHAPTER XI.

“ . . . earth, sky,
Hill, vale, tree, flower—Italia’s rare,
O’errunning beauty crowds the eye.”

ROBERT BROWNING, *Asolando*.

THE arrangement—and, indeed, in great part, the building—of the house in the Piazza Maria Antonia at Florence went on actively under T. A. Trollope’s superintendence during the spring and summer of 1850.

His mother’s interest in it was unflagging. She mentally followed every stage of its progress, and many of her letters are filled with questions about it, and suggestions as to the arrangement of her own room. In truth it might be said of her at all times, as Browning’s gipsy says of the duchess, that she could be “glad, angry, but *in-different*—no!”

Delays and irregularities in the delivery of her correspondence from Italy recurred constantly, and they were peculiarly trying to her. On the 11th of April she writes to Theodosia—

"I do not wish you to know, dearest, how much the arrival of your wedding-day letter" [written on the 4th] "delighted me, because you could not do so without knowing also, how much I had suffered from the want of it. The only excuse for my impatience is that *I am alone*:—a condition so very uncongenial to my nature, as to render me not only very miserable, but most savagely cross! And so full of moral angles that everything seems to hit against me, jar me, and shake me! . . . The letter you allude to, never reached me. I am, therefore, still as ignorant as ever as to the size of your mansion, number of rooms, arrangement, and the like: all of which would furnish food of a very agreeable kind to my solitary meditations. As far as I understand the plan of *my* room, I like it vastly. Nothing could more nearly fulfil the idea of what I wished for. But why does Tom tell me to buy nothing for it until I am with you? I never yet saw anything in Florence capable of making a good, or even pretty curtain. And as for carpets——!!! . . . I am very anxious about my Kensington grandchildren. They have all had the measles, and now they all have whooping-cough. Cecil is the worst; but little Arthur is *dreadfully* reduced, Tilley says."

A few days later she learned the sad intelligence of the death of one grandchild, and the hopeless condition of another. Her sympathy with their bereaved father was very keen. She writes—

"Ere this you will have heard of the fearful desolation of poor Tilley. You may guess, both of you, dear

children, the state of mind in which I have lived during the last ten days, during nearly the whole of which time I have been confined to my bed by an attack of that most painful malady, the *mumps*."

The disease appears to have been epidemic in Pau at this time. Mrs. Trollope's friend, Mrs. Monro, was laid up with it.

"But," writes the former, "she is young enough to bear it better than I have done, though Pau has very evidently disagreed with her also. . . . Dr. T. has proved both a kind and a skilful physician. I believe he has thought me *very* ill. He says that this place has *decidedly* disagreed with me, and reduced my strength so lamentably that—although his most earnest prescription is that I should leave it as soon as possible—he does not encourage me just yet to encounter a long journey."

At the end of April she says—

"I intend, if the almost ceaseless rains permit, to go with the Monros to Eaux Bonnes, after which I shall obey your dear welcome summons without losing an hour, as soon as Dr. T. tells me that I may go. I am miserably thin; and you must not be startled if you find me looking miserably ill. I have suffered, in mind and body, too much to recover from very easily at my age. But your delightful letter of this morning (dated 18th) seems to have breathed new life into me. I little thought when I asked you to describe your house in order that I might have some amusing thoughts to occupy me, how *very* beneficial such thoughts would be.

I am greatly delighted with the plan of your house ; and value as highly as you can, there being no other inhabitants in it. The suite of reception rooms when completed will, if skilfully managed, be very effective. And you both know me well enough to believe that it would be very difficult to call me to a consultation into which I should enter with so much zeal, and so much enjoyment, as the consultation about fitting them up. . . . I rejoice heartily at your decision about going to the Baths of Lucca in the summer. I *could* not have set forth on another long journey ; and had you stuck to the Recoaro scheme, I should have stuck to the Pyrenees. But as it is, I shall hold myself in readiness to set off for Marseilles as soon as Dr. T. shall tell me that he thinks I may do so with prudence. But I have no hope that this can be *quite yet*. I have not hitherto tried to do much more than stand upright for a few minutes at a time—and this is quite enough to make me very glad to sit down again. The weather is most melancholy. It is like a fretful child that smiles for a moment, and weeps for an hour."

On the sixth of May she writes to her son about ways and means :—

"John Milton exerted himself very kindly during the days immediately preceding his marriage, in order to get the money from Colburn, and succeeded in doing so. Your money was paid into Coutts's according to my directions. He sent me a third letter of credit which I thought would be amply sufficient to supply all my wants till I got to Florence. But my expenses have very greatly exceeded my calculations.

"I am still under the hands of the dentist. I have been suffering so much from my teeth, that the replacing those I was obliged to lose was perforce delayed, because the whole face was too much swelled and inflamed to be touched. I am told that I am in the hands of a very clever man, and I believe it:—but would I were well out of his hands, his bill paid, and I *en route* for Florence! I think you will be rather shocked to hear that my physician, dentist, and druggist, will have cost me about forty-five pounds sterling before I have done with them! This has quite thrown me out.

"I flatter myself, I hope not too fondly, that I shall be able to set out upon my journey to Florence about the 25th of this month. I am greatly better, but by no means very strong as yet. I am taking bark wine, and sundry other restoratives, all of which seem to produce a good effect. . . . If your calculations as to the expense of my journey, and the information you give me about the furniture, as well as the important point to buy or not to buy at Marseilles—if this information *on the whole* leads me to think that I may venture to set out without awaiting further remittances from London, I shall certainly hope to set off for Florence by the 25th."

Before that day arrived, however, she got a letter from her son which delighted her affectionate heart, and to which she sends the following warmly grateful reply:—

"Pau, 11th May, 1850.

"I must indeed have been very ill, my dearest Tom, if the letter which I received from you this morning could

not make me feel tolerably well, as well as very happy. God bless you and your sweet wife too, for your affectionate thought of me. But I have improved wonderfully during the last week ; and though very thin, I am beginning to eat, and to walk too, much better than I could have hoped for when I wrote my last letter but one. The *last* letter I despatched will, I think, reach you on Monday 13th. In that I tell you that I hope to be *en route* on the 25th. And I feel now, dearest son, even more than I did then, that I am likely to be in very fair condition to undertake the journey. Nor do I fear taking it alone.

"I am too covetous of agreeable sensations to injure in any degree the pleasure I anticipate from our meeting by having on my conscience the heavy remorse I should feel for having dragged you hither to fetch me !

"But your being willing to do it, is a sort of dram better than all Dr. T.'s restoratives in the way of recruiting strength and spirits. . . . God grant us a speedy and happy meeting, my dearest Tom !

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"F. T."

There is one more little note before she reaches Florence. It is dated from Montpellier on the 26th May.

"Be not alarmed, my dear young ones, but I am coming down upon you by a forced march, and shall probably reach Florence much before you expect me. In the first place, I performed my long-projected mountain trip, with very sudden celerity. And that

being achieved, I set off from Pau immediately. My journey (in a diligence coupé) has been very safe, and, thanks to George Sand, as agreeable as a solitary journey could be.

"I left Pau on Thursday, and hope (D.V.) to be on board a vessel to-morrow night going direct from Marseilles to Leghorn. As to the idea of your meeting me there—it is *bosh*! Keep your money to prettify your house, dear son! Winds and waves not being famed for the certainty of their action, I will not pretend to tell you when I shall arrive in Florence; but I am greatly in hopes that it will be at some hour on the 30th. Let me find some green tea, and I will ask for no other repast."

She arrived duly, and remained in Florence during the first part of the summer, interesting herself very pleasantly in the progress of the Villino Trollope, and in the composition of a new novel which appeared in the following year under the title of "Second Love."

In May Anthony writes from Ireland to his mother :—

"I am very glad you are suited with a house. I hope we may live to see it! At any rate I hope nothing will prevent our all meeting under the shadow of some huge, newly invented machine in the Exhibition of 1851. I mean to exhibit four 3 vol. novels—all failures!—which I look on as a great proof of industry at any rate. I want you and Tom to make out six lists each containing

thirteen names, modern or ancient (Biblical characters excluded), of the following persons :—

“ 1. Great men ;—*i.e.* men who have moved the world, not literary or scientific merely. 2. Great women. 3. Men of genius. 4. Great Captains. 5. Great Rebels. 6. Statesmen. Ask Theodosia to make a list also. I have got different people to do so, and then I see how they all tally together.”

There have been, of late years, several epidemics of the “ list ” mania. The public has been invited to name the ten, or score, or hundred best books. And I believe some popular journals opened competitions for lists of the “ best ” names in various other categories. Whatever interest the thing might have when carried on among a restricted circle of cultured persons, kept within moderate limits, and stopping short of general boredom, must, I should think, be swamped by the adoption of these wholesale methods. In truth your poor hobby-horse must not be let to put his nose outside his own private paddock, if you would not have him ridden to death in the press of imitative hobby-horses that will infallibly gather round him, should he once be caught sight of on the public highway.

The reader may be amused by the following extracts from Anthony Trollope’s letter on the

subject. His mother, it seems, had not filled in her list, and the letter is addressed to his brother—

“DEAR TOM,

“I send the lists with the number of votes, including yours and Theodosia’s. You pay a poor compliment to women, by having recourse to fiction to fill a female list. You have no man of genius for the first four thousand years, and only one man who influenced the world; only one rebel, and one great woman. Theodosia is equally fond of the moderns. She admits no great man or statesman before Christ, and only Eschylus as a man of genius. I believe Metternich is the only living man mentioned in the lists as I send them,—yes; Wellington. Tell Theodosia I cannot allow Cathelineau to be called a rebel, as he took up arms for his king. We certainly should have had Masaniello, John of Procida, and Huss. Only seven names have been *unanimously* voted: Shakespeare, Mahomet, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Richelieu, Pitt, and Wolsey;—all of them moderns. And yet I should be inclined to say that Cæsar was the greatest man who ever lived. So much for the lists.

“I don’t think there is any obstacle to our coming to Florence in the summer—say May or June—of 1852. And there is nothing on earth we should like better.”

Early in July Mrs. Trollope left Florence for the Baths of Lucca. Her son and daughter-in-law still remained in Florence, and she became uneasy as to the effect which the heat would have upon

them. She was persuaded, too, that their proximity to the Arno at this season, was dangerous to health. And there can be little doubt that she was quite right.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trollope were occupying an apartment in the Borg' Ognissanti at this time. Theodosia did not suffer much discomfort from the heat; and she had, moreover, an inertness of body, and disinclination to move, which was the result of her weak constitution. Of intellectual activity few persons have had more. And she could perseveringly follow any study she had undertaken, in the teeth of difficulties, with a mental strength surprising in so fragile a creature.

Mr. Garrow had felt the heat of Florence to be very oppressive, and had accompanied Mrs. Trollope to the Baths of Lucca. Her first letter thence announced that the change of air had already benefited her. She writes—

“You will both of you, my dear children, be well pleased to hear that I already feel the benefit of the difference between the climate of the Ognissanti, and that of the Baths. My chief malady now is the longing to have you with me. Ease this as speedily as possible, I beseech you. It is no idle impatience for the enjoyment of your society which makes me thus anxious for

your arrival, but a very deep conviction that the air in which you are living is not wholesome.

"The heat is trying; but it is not that I fear so much as the impure exhalations from the ten inches of filthy water which conceal from your eyes—though not from your lungs and your blood,—the abominations of the foul stream over which you daily hang to imbibe *fresh air*! Mr. Garrow says that he was told when you took the lodgings, that you *must* not remain in them beyond the first of June.

"Why not go at once to your own house? My two rooms would suffice, and all the finishing might be left till you were gone. But better far than this, would be your coming here if it be possible.

"I was very near not coming here myself! For we were stopped at the Gate as we were leaving Florence; and the man positively said that he could not let me pass, as my passport had no *visé* since the 2nd of June, and I had no *carta di soggiorno*.* Mr. Garrow, however, partly quizzed, and partly bullied him out of his resolve,—and here I am. But, as I should not like to have the same adventure again, I enclose my passport that it may be viséd, and then changed at the police for a *carta*.

"This place is most lovely; and if I can contrive to get a few needful comforts about me, I think I shall enjoy it greatly. . . . We have very nice rooms here, and a north, double-bedded apartment awaits your commands. Nothing, I think, can be more beautiful in its way, than the view from our drawing-room. . . . Remember me kindly to Lizzy. You will kill her if you keep her much longer in Florence!"

* A police permission for a foreigner to abide in Florence, which had to be renewed—and paid for—at certain intervals of time.

Lizzy was a very faithful and attached servant whom the Garrows had brought with them from England. Mrs. Trollope scarcely ever sends a letter to her daughter-in-law without a kind message for Lizzy.

Mr. Lever, the Irish novelist, and his family were at the Baths of Lucca this summer, and their society added greatly to the pleasure of Mrs. Trollope's stay there. It is superfluous to say that Charles Lever was one of the brightest and wittiest companions possible. And his brightness and wit could certainly have met with no more appreciative auditor than Frances Trollope.

Her previsions as to the unhealthiness of Borg' Ognissanti with the thermometer at 90°, were speedily verified. Theodosia Trollope became—if not ill, yet—ailing. And she had no strength to spare. Her mother-in-law's advice had been taken as to the removal into the two rooms, which alone were completed in the new house. But even so, Theodosia was still languishing.

Mrs. Trollope writes to her—

"I shall be very anxious for your next despatch, my dearest Theo. What can I say? There is so much *pro* and *con*! I think it very important that you should not be relaxed by remaining in the town. If you really and

seriously 'hate' this lovely place so much as to make you strongly dislike coming here, I would strongly recommend your removing *somewhere* into the country.—Though I know not where you can go where the sun rises so late, and sets so early. Not even at midday have I as yet felt it too warm. . . . People complain that this place is dull, but I do not find it so. The people I know, are all very kind to me ; and I have not spent a single evening alone. . . . Thus far I have fenced off Queen Zoe very well ;—and I do not mean to give up this wholesome exercise !”

“Queen Zoe” was a certain Mrs. Stisted, of whom, and of her husband Colonel Stisted, an account is given in the second volume of “What I Remember.” She was a very eccentric old lady who had long resided at the Bagni di Lucca, and been nicknamed—or had herself assumed the title—Queen of the Baths. She would, if permitted, have overwhelmed Mrs. Trollope with pompous, though well-meant attentions. And the exercise of “fencing her off,” whether wholesome or not, was doubtless pretty brisk !

The preceding note contained enclosed the few lines following :—

“I must repeat to you, my dearest Tom, what I have just written to your wife, and the best way of doing this, is by referring you to my note to her. I must impress on you, if I can, the great importance of her not being

exposed to the relaxing effect of heat. I think it very possible that her health may be injured by her remaining in Florence, even though as she tells me 'her hands and feet are comparatively cold'! Nothing can be more delightful than the present temperature of this place; and the good luck of meeting several friends who have their carriages here, has enabled me to enjoy it very greatly."

Her solicitations prevailed, and her daughter-in-law consented to join her at the Baths of Lucca. She writes as gratefully about this decision as though it had been taken at a great sacrifice to do her some personal benefit.

"Pagnini's Hotel, Bagni di Lucca,
"August, 1850.

"Thanks a thousand for your letter, dearest Theo. My heart dances at the idea of your prompt arrival. And if you *do* come promptly, you will be in time for the ball which the Levers mean to give. This place seems to me lovelier than ever. I walk, and walk, and walk, and long to have you on a donkey on one side of me, and Tom on his legs on the other. . . . I send Tony's letter. It will amuse Tom, but let him bring it to me again.

"The Levers are in this house, and are very kind to me. I like them all. The rooms here are charming:—first floor, cool, and with a green hill-side to look out upon. My sister-in-law Milton has written at last, and sends kind love to you both. So does my ever dear John Tilley. . . . I want you to ask poor busy Tom (to

whom I will not write for sheer pity) whether it would be any convenience to him to have his 1st of August money paid before he leaves Florence. And if so, tell me *how*. I shall not like to enclose a check (that is, *money*) in this land of doubt and dread; but think the better plan would be for you to find it here, instead of bringing other money with you."

Two days later she writes to her son—

"Yesterday was hot even here; so I presume it was not cold even in Casa Trollope! Have the kindness, in addition to the four dozen whist papers which I ordered, to bring me four packs of whist cards, two blue, and two red. This contribution is the only way I have of sharing the nightly cost of Lever's pleasant whist table. Nothing can be more agreeable. . . . The R.s have arrived in great force, and altogether there are a good many people here. I wish Madame L. were among them, for dear Theo's sake. It is a very nice acquaintance for her, and I rejoice greatly that it seems to be going on *crescendo*. This place is divine. Nevertheless my heart is obstinately with you in Casa Trollope.

"Tell Theo to bring wraps, and Lizzy too. And do not *you* trust to 'silk attire,' for it will not do at night here. *Do* come as soon as you can. Even if you have to go up again a week or two hence, you will be all the better for the change. . . . The R.s all seem inspired. What will you and Theo be? I only hope she (Theo) will not take to walking about all night long to look at the moon! But it is *very* tempting. Were it not for my whist, I think I should do so myself!"

Madame de M. writes to her from Paris on the 7th of August :—

“I have heard *of* you, more than once, dear friend, through different people coming from Florence ; and a great deal about the *exquisite tastefulness* of your new abode there. Pray when you write, tell me something about it.

“During the three months that I have been extended on a sick bed, I have had ample time for reading all our political papers, and chewing the cud of their contents. The result is that I am farther than ever from any conclusion as to what the next year will bring forth for us here. The predominating characteristics of all parties and all classes—saving *les gamins*—are intense political apathy, a thirst for pleasure and luxury which was never before equalled, I think, and an indifference to everything else.”

It has often been made a reproach to the second French empire, that it *aroused* this unequalled taste for pleasure and luxury ; but this letter—among many other contemporary indications—would tend to show that it was rather a question of supply and demand.

The letter proceeds—

“Whatever ’51 may do in the way of political changes, I doubt its occasioning anything like fighting. On that score I feel pretty easy.”

On the 14th of August, Madame de M. writes—

"I congratulate you, dear friend, on Tom's house-buying. For although roaming about the world may be pleasant enough when one is in the wandering mood, it is no small comfort to feel that one has a nest of one's own wherein to roost."

About the same time, Anthony Trollope was expressing a similar sentiment in a letter to his brother :—

"To be sure there are certain very palpable delights in being *expeditus* ;—in living in other people's houses, being served by other people's servants, eating other men's roast and boiled, and having one's *gendarmerie* paid for by other men's taxes! But still there is a comfort, a solidity, a *nescio quid decori*, in one's own arm-chair by one's own fireside, which after all I should not wish to want."

Taken literally, and spoken of Tuscan domiciles in general, the "arm-chair by one's own fireside" cannot be reckoned among home comforts. But in the Villino Trollope there were broad, open hearths, with antique iron dogs that supported beechen logs of generous dimensions. And Frances Trollope had the pleasure not only of being abundantly protected against the biting cold of a Florentine winter, but of seeing that bonnie, blithe blink of her own fireside that is so dear to Britons.

In this same letter of the 14th of August, Madame de M. says—

“Every one is gone from Paris, and everything seems at a stand-still. The President” [Louis Napoleon] “is gone off to the departments to warm by his presence—and his purse—the zeal of his adherents. And I begin to think that, absurd as such a thing appeared but a few months back, there are chances that an Empire might be the means of transition from a republican form of government after all !

“The ‘Prince’ runs into debt right and left, and employs all his money in *largesses* to the lower orders. Some plumbers who were mending the leads at the Tuileries a few days back, and whose labour did not amount to the value of thirty francs, had a hundred given them, *pour boire*, by the Prince himself, who went and conversed with them. Since in France the blouses alone ever *act* in these matters, I do not see, at this rate, why he should not attain his aim ; and we live in times when everything is possible. . . . We have had the most fearful storms here of late ; and such torrential rain, that the water in some streets rose to four or five feet. You never saw such an extraordinary scene as they presented : carts of fruit and vegetables swimming along and scattering their contents on the water, to the infinite delight of all the *gamin* tribe, who pilfered away to their heart’s content ; more than one fiacre lifted off its wheels and floating about. Ladies looking like drowned rats, perched on the counters of the shops ; real bonâ fide rats driven from their quarters by this invasion of the flood ; and more than one strong man

carried off his legs by the rush of water, presented an ensemble never known within the memory of man. . . .

"I see by the papers that another of poor Cecilia's children is gone! What a dreadful fatality seems to hang over that family! And how do you, dear friend, stand these repeated shocks? Tell me all about yourself, and about dear Tom and Theo. You know that everything which concerns any of you, interests me, so pray let me hear from you soon. God bless you all, dearest friends!"

The autumn and winter of 1850 were very pleasantly passed in the new house, and Mrs. Trollope's health being quite re-established after the illness she had suffered at Pau, she was able thoroughly to enjoy her home-life under the roof of the son whom she so dearly loved.

CHAPTER XII.

“ . . . at last they see
 A goodly building, bravely garnishèd ;
 The house of mightie prince it seemed to be ;
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through people's feet which thither travaileð.”
 SPENCER, *Fairie Queene*, Canto IV.

THE project of visiting England during the Great Exhibition of 1851, which had been entertained by the inmates of Villino Trollope, was relinquished. The reasons for this are not explicitly stated in any of the family correspondence ; but probably the expenses incident to their installation in the new house had something to do with it. Theodosia, as has been said, was never much inclined for locomotion, so that she was not likely to desire to make the journey. Had she desired it, a strong effort would doubtless have been made to gratify her wish.

Anthony was greatly disappointed at not seeing his mother and brother. He writes to Tom in March :—

"I grieve to find that you and Theodosia do not intend coming to London next summer. Your stay in Italy will, I presume, occasion my mother's. And there is our pleasant party broken up! I cannot tell you how I grieve at this. . . . *We* intend going to see the *furriners* in June. I think it will be great fun seeing such a crowd. As for the Exhibition itself, I would not give a straw for it,—except the building itself, and my wife's piece of work which is in it. I suppose you have nearly completed your decorations and improvements. I hope I shall live to see them. I have just finished an article on Charles Merivale's 'Rome,' and sent it to the Dublin University Mag. But I doubt their printing it. It is too late, and they don't know me."

The review, however, was inserted; for in a subsequent letter he says—

"My article on Charles Merivale's 'Rome' is in the May No. of the Dublin University Magazine:—a periodical which, I presume, has not a large sale in Florence! Charles Merivale sent me word that it was the best review of the work which had appeared. Certainly it is by no means the most laudatory. I wrote it for the purpose of differing from him on a certain point."

A letter to his mother contains a judgment of a great literary contemporary, which was probably more unusual when written than it has since become. Anthony writes—

"I have read,—nay, I have bought !—Carlyle's 'Latter Day Pamphlets;' and look on my eight shillings as very much thrown away. To me it appears that the grain of sense is so smothered up in a sack of the sheerest trash, that the former is valueless. He does not himself know what he wants. He has one idea,—a hatred of spoken and acted falsehood; and on that he harps through the whole eight pamphlets. I look on him as a man who was always in danger of going mad in literature, and who has now done so. I used to swear by some of his earlier works. But to my taste his writings have lost their pith and humour, while they have become stranger, and more uncouth, than ever."

On the 7th of May he writes from Limerick—

"It is May by the calendar, but February by one's feelings as affected by rain, winds, and cold air. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing like it. . . . I regret more and more every day that Tom is not to see the Exhibition. I am sure it is a thing a man ought to see. John Tilley is enthusiastic, and knew all about it before it was opened; corresponds with all the Secretaries and Commissioners, and has regularly made a study of it! I think he is right. It is a great thing to get a new pleasure. . . . Will there be no such thing as a cheap trip from Florence by which a man could come to London and go back within a fortnight or so? Touching the 'Papal Aggression,' my opinion is that nothing at all should have been done. I would have let the whole thing sink by its own weight. . . . We set up *very much* the idea of going to Italy in the summer of 1852. I hope we may live to do it. At present we

are all agog about going to London. Rose is looking up her silk dresses, and I am meditating a new hat !”

It must have been soon after the date of this letter that Anthony Trollope’s official work took him to England, where he made arrangements for extending the rural delivery of letters. He records in his autobiography that during the two years which his work occupied, he visited nearly

“every nook in Devonshire, Cornwall, Somersetshire, the greater part of Dorsetshire, the Channel Islands, part of Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcester-shire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and the six southern Welsh counties.”

His hint to his brother as to the possibility of a *rush* to London was acted upon later in the summer. It would, indeed, have been difficult for T. A. Trollope to resist the suggestion of making a journey, under almost any circumstances.

In the course of this summer, Mrs. Trollope had an alarming illness, which seems to have been English cholera. She was greatly prostrated by it; but her extraordinary power of rallying enabled her to get over it with unexpected rapidity. Anthony wrote to his brother in considerable anxiety, saying that he had been much frightened

by Tom's account of their mother. But the anxiety was of short duration.

John Milton, Mrs. Trollope's nephew, transacted a great deal of business for her in London, in the way of receiving rents, and so forth. And to his care were consigned the manuscripts she sent from Italy. In July he writes to his cousin Tom—

“I need not tell you how glad I was to receive such a nice, kind letter as I got from your dear mother, my very dear aunt. Pray thank her very much from me for the information she gave me about the W.s, which was just what I wanted. Tell her, also, that I received in safety the MS. of her novel, vol. 2, pages 101 to 152. But I had the heavy tax of £1 os. 3d. to pay for it! Why *did* poor Sheil die?” [Mrs. Trollope had had the privilege of sending packets to England in the bag of the Legation at Florence. Mr. Sheil, our Minister to Tuscany, had recently died.] “Now please explain to my aunt as follows:

“I go from home to France, from the 5th of August, to *about* the 10th of September. If her entire MS. is ready for delivery to the publisher before that date, *well*; if not, the remainder had better be sent to John Tilley, to whom I will deliver up the portion I have. . . . Fanny Bent has been staying with my mother, and is wonderfully well. Except during the recurrence of her sad fits, she has very good health. Anthony was very pleased to find my Aunt Clyde well when he visited her. Give our very kindest love to my dear aunt. Take

good, very good, care of her. Don't let her have any more such attacks. And, as Ingoldsby says—

“ ‘ Keep her from plums,
And from fruit in the season, and sucking her thumbs.’

(Supposed to allude to the *ink* thereon !”)

The novel of which the manuscript is here mentioned, was entitled “Uncle Walter.” But two other novels of hers, written in 1850, were published by Mr. Colburn during this year 1851, called respectively “Second Love” and “Mrs. Mathews.”

The former contains sketches of the scenery of Killarney, and in the neighbourhood of Pau in the Pyrenees, both of which she had recently seen for the first time. I think the susceptibility to new impressions, and the power of describing them which she still manifested, is unusual at her age, although in our declining years the distant past is often very clear in the sunset light of memory.

It is not pretended that Mrs. Trollope's writings were now equal to her earlier ones. The hand had grown weary, and the conceptions of the mind had not their old force and spirit. But although there are tedious pages in these books written in 1850, there are also good ones.

The story of "Mrs. Mathews" is excellently conceived, and the character of Mrs. Mathews herself decidedly original. When the story begins, she is an old maid of nearly fifty years of age, who has by long, persevering, and intelligent study, become a really learned woman ; and who conceals from the world the occupation of her solitary hours as carefully as though, instead of quaffing the "Pierian Spring," she were addicted to dram-drinking.

There is, too, something very quaint and withal thoroughly natural in the character of the father, to please whom she consents to become Mrs. Mathews. Mr. King, who adores his daughter, has allowed her for many years to govern his household and himself with an absolute sway, very much to his comfort and prosperity. But when he grows very aged, and looks forward to the close of his life as not far distant, he is tormented by the thought of leaving Mary to manage her considerable property alone. Women, he is persuaded, should never have laid upon them the heavy responsibility of undivided power over the cheque-book and the cash-box. He, therefore, by his fervent entreaties, and by his evidently poignant anxiety as to her future, induces her to marry an

extremely silly old gentleman, whose weakness and vanity very nearly bring about a terrible catastrophe and the ruin of the family. There are certain touches in the portrait of Mrs. Mathews, which, I am persuaded, are copied from the life.

T. A. Trollope, it has been stated, accepted his brother's suggestion of a trip to England. He came alone, leaving his wife and mother at the Baths of Lucca, in September. The whole trip, including both journeys, did not extend over more than a fortnight. His brother was by this time at Exeter; and Tom went thither for a couple of days. Anthony had written—

“If you cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet shall go to you, but I should greatly prefer your coming here, as I have such very heavy work on hand. You would, moreover, see Rose and Harry, who are with me. I should much like you to see little Harry.”

The uncle and nephew at once made friends, and during all the rest of T. A. Trollope's life, a very warm affection subsisted between them. No doubt, too, he visited the great glass house in Hyde Park, where the Exhibition was still open.

Very odd and various anticipations as to the result of it seem to have been entertained—or, at

any rate, professed—in the early days of the said Great Exhibition.

One gentleman, writing to Mrs. Trollope in May, says—

“London is, as you may imagine, crowded. But we have not yet had a revolution, as was expected, nor even an incendiary conflagration. On the whole, I think the Exhibition gives great satisfaction. There is, no doubt, a wonderful collection of manufactured articles of the very highest class; and the stimulus it has given, cannot but produce good, although the croakers will not allow it.”

A very characteristic letter was received by Mrs. Trollope in July, from her old friend Madame Mohl, *née* Clark. It is written in the queerest, little cramped hand, is full of erasures, and almost empty of punctuation. I supply a few commas, full stops, and capital letters, simply by way of landmarks for the reader's guidance. Beyond that I have attempted no emendations in Madame Mohl's original text.

“Vichy, 30 July, 1851.

“DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

“I was in London in June, and after much enquiring for you found out that you were at Florence. I hope I shall not find out that you came through Paris when I was there and did not come to see me. If you

did, the only action that can soften me will be to tell me something about yourself which I was hoping to hear in London where I spent 5 weeks. Or rather in England, for I was in various places. I found all England Crystal Palace mad—barring which they were well and prosperous. (!) I was in Italy last year in September, but not farther than the lake Maggiore where I spent 5 delightful weeks at a friend's who had a house on the lake. This friend, la Marchesa Arconati, had lived five years at Florence, and I saw at her house a young man M. Bonghi a Neapolitan who told me Mrs. Trollope was at Florence, but I fancied it must be your daughter-in-law and I could make out nothing certain about the matter."

The "young man M. Bonghi" was no other than the illustrious statesman and man of letters, whose name, Ruggero Bonghi, is known to all cultured Europeans, and with whom I have the honour of being very well acquainted. Since among the good gifts which the gods have bestowed on him, is included a very strong and accurate memory, it is probable that he would be able to recall his visit to the Marchesa Arconati, and his meeting with Madame Mohl, beside the Lago Maggiore.

"The only accurate intelligence I could get was in London from Miss Skerrett, who told me some melancholy events about Mrs. Tilley's, children, for which I

sincerely sympathise with you. I came back to Paris in June, and here on the 13th July, sent by the Dr. Not for myself but for Mr. Mohl who was very ill last year, and came here both last summer and this, tho' he is very well now. But it is agreed on all hands that people should come here 2 years running. Besides which I came to meet Mme. Arconati who has been a friend for 24 years, and as long absences are bad for the plant called friendship, we see each other as often as we can. I am sorry for your sake that she no longer lives at Florence; she is a very delightful Person. I am afraid she will seldom in future cross the Alps to see me, and as I am the most energetic of the two it is probable I shall go to her next year, and if it is convenient may perhaps take a little turn into Tuscany, and hope you will be there, unless indeed you should come to Paris which would be better still.

"I hear a great deal about the Politicks in Italy and take much interest in them since I was at Pallanza (on the Lago Maggiore) last year, but such subjects are not for the pen. We Englishers are so easy that we can find heart enough to be interested in other peoples' affairs, which is not the case with French, Germans, and Italians. In Paris every one being accustomed to sit on a volcano, they have grown to take it very coolly, only saying let us be merry for tomorrow we die. But no one builds, no one sets about anything important. The ladies buy handsome clothes and caper about more than I ever saw them. Still Paris is not so pleasant as it used to be. But that may be so to me, because I have lost Mme. Récamier, whose house was, as it is generally said, *le dernier des salons* (of conversation).

"If you want to read the prettiest things in the world about old France, pray read the Monday articles in the *Constitutionnel* by M. Sainte Beuve. They are portraits and biographies of various people just as the whim takes him. The best are the ladies of the day of Louis 14th, 15th, 16th, Mme. Geoffrin du Deffand, Madlle. de Scudery, etc. They are done with the most delicate and finished touch you can imagine, and not fit for a newspaper reader who requires a large coarse brush. However the public have found out their value.

"If you are so very kind as to answer me, please to direct Rue du Bac No. 120 Paris, where I hope to be in ten days, and shall scarcely be absent till next Spring, unless I can persuade M. Mohl to go to London for a week or ten days in October. He is rather tied by the leg, the Imprimerie Royale having begun again to print his Persian poem, he don't chuse to make long absences lest, if he interrupt it, they should begin another 3 years cessation as they did after our absurd revolution in 1848. In Paris a few good books are printing for a wonder. M. de Barante's history of the Convention, very good indeed. Read it if you can get it. Joseph le Maistre's letters which I have not read but shall, with great interest. M. Mohl begs his tender remembrances.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Trollope,

"Yours most truly,

"MARY MOHL."

There is a great deal of shrewdness and truth, I think, in the observation that "we Englishers are so easy that we can find heart enough to be

interested in other peoples' affairs." Folks whose own houses are burning, or in danger of catching fire, cannot afford to expend much benevolent attention on the state of their neighbours' chimneys. The praise of Sainte Beuve's "delicacy" and "finish" of style strikes one as being somehow extraordinary, in the midst of Madame Mohl's utterly unformed sentences! But she evidently was capable of appreciating other people's sentences.

Sainte Beuve, it may be remembered, had a very exalted opinion of M. Mohl—his erudition, his intellect, and his character. And in "What I Remember," T. A. Trollope mentions that he was greatly drawn towards the learned orientalist, and liked him better than any of the distinguished men with whom he had the opportunity of talking in Madame Récamier's salon.

The accounts given of the social state of Paris by two such very different chroniclers as Mary Mohl and Mrs. Trollope's correspondent, Madame de M., confirm, and in a way complete, each other. As a pendant to Madame Mohl's ladies who buy handsome clothes, and "caper about" more than she had ever known them to caper before, take the following extract from a letter of Madame de M.'s, written in the following August :—

"The fêtes of the 15th proved a great failure; and the ball given to the Dames de la Halle, has given them great offence, and little pleasure. They went to enormous expense, I am told, for their toilettes; several among them having had dresses woven for them at Lyons. And nearly all paid large sums for the hire of diamonds and jewelry, the value of which they had to deposit in the hands of the contracting *bijoutier*.

"In the plentitude of their delight at this great opportunity of playing the fine lady, these worthy dames had settled among themselves, that as soon as the Prince President should make his appearance, they would surround him, and each in succession imprint two smacking kisses upon the cheeks of le Chef de l'État. But, poor fellow, he had not the pluck to face this tender manifestation of affection, and his absence has given Mesdames les Poissardes great offence. And although his own adherents spread the rumour that his non-attendance was the result of a discovered gunpowder plot which was to blow him up on his arrival, the real truth has become le secret de la comédie—ni plus ni moins."

A little later, when the tide of travellers that had flowed to London during the Exhibition had begun to turn back towards the Continent, Madame de M. writes—

"Paris is at once dull, and crowded. There is not a single soul one knows or cares for, left in it, but it is thronged with strangers of every hue and nation;—from les blonds enfants de la perfide Albion, to the sooty

niggers of the southern States. Russians and Americans predominate. . . . I am not much pleased at this invasion of foreigners.—The aspect of the Boulevards towards six o'clock, is most curious. You see whole shoals literally besieging the restaurants. And it is no exaggeration to say that one batch has to stay in the street, until the others have had their *feed*. You hear every language spoken in most Babel-like confusion, and the language you hear least, is native French.

“Politically speaking things are not looking up. A great many arrests have been made of late, and a vast conspiracy on behalf of *la Sociale* discovered. . . . At this moment I strongly suspect these rumoured conspiracies to be of police fabrication, to induce these poor crest-fallen Gauls to throw themselves headforemost into the open arms of Louis Napoleon for protection. . . . My interest is all turned towards poor Italy;—the more so that with all the faults and all the blunders of the Italians, I cannot but feel that their cause is too just a one not to triumph in the end.”

Then in little more than two months came the second of December, and for a time “Order reigned in”—Paris.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ With a low and playful murmur
Glides the stream along its bed.
Yon old willow bending o'er it
Softly stoops her hoary head.

Thus Old Age, inclining fondly
O'er an infant's face serene,
Sees the past reflected in it ;
Hopes and pleasures that have been.”

From the German.

THE expected visit to Italy of Mrs. Trollope's son Anthony and his wife, was postponed from 1852 to the following year, Anthony's official occupations in the south-west of England making it necessary—or, at any rate, desirable—that he should not take a protracted leave of absence until all the rural postmen in that part of the world had been set to rights.

He had announced the change of plan to his brother, and a week or two later—in March, 1852—writes—

“ I am delighted not to find myself scolded for having changed our purposed plans. I trust, when 1853 does

come, I may find myself repaid for my patience by the *greenth* of your lawn. A twelvemonth does not seem so long to wait now as it did ten years ago. It ought to seem longer, for as one has fewer months to come one should make more of them. But somehow, the months and years so jostle one another, that I seem to be living away at a perpetual gallop. I wish I could make the pace a little slower. . . . Whom should I meet in Exeter the other day but our old acquaintance S. J. I brought her to dine with us. She is not in the least changed. She still tells wonderful romances about herself and all the rest of the family; says ill-natured things about other people; laughs, talks, and eats, and makes herself sufficiently agreeable for a short time. I was glad to see her for the sake of old times. . . . She, S. J., has written three books; and if Mama were only in England, she, S. J., would get her, Mama, to *have them published for her*, as she, S. J., sadly wants to make some money! Perhaps you had better not tell Mama. It would make her so bitterly lament not being in England! I do hope to take six weeks next year,—about May, as you suggest,—and trust that nothing may again prevent our getting to Italy.”

Mrs. Trollope had completed her novel called “Uncle Walter”—the first volume of which was the hundredth volume of her published works—in the early part of this year. It was published in the autumn by Mr. Colburn. There is a great deal of forcible writing in this book, and more keenness

of satire than in most of her works. Of a certain fine lady it is said that—

“To irreproachably elegant manners, a tolerable knowledge of the small world in which she moved (calling it, and believing it, the great world), and a fair share of common sense, Lady Augusta added that deep-seated vulgarity of mind which is the inevitable product of a life spent in looking up to that on which we ought to look down.”

Another—an elderly spinster, who having been jilted in early life, takes to lecturing her friends on their sins, and to “running about after popular preachers, and all the other amusements of *dilet-tante* religion,”—is described as “a blighted plant. All her life had been a mistake. Nature had certainly intended her to suckle fools, and to have nothing whatever to chronicle.”

The following passage on cant, certainly reveals no feebleness of thought or expression :—

“It is quite a vulgar error to suppose that the principal or most valuable effect of cant is to deceive others. This is very far from being the case. Those born and bred under its influence, not only speak, but think cant ; and it is quite certain that they must do so in order to speak it well.”

And apropos of legislative Sabbatarianism, she writes—

"It was the first Sunday of genial, bright May weather which the lagging Spring of 184— had yet produced ; and thousands were thronging forth from their close, crowded homes, and dim alleys, to solace their toilsome lives with such pale pleasures as the law permits ; or to indulge in those dearer stolen delights which the wisdom of our law-makers have rendered immoral, by pronouncing them illegal."

The greater part of the summer of 1852 Mrs. Trollope spent at the Baths of Lucca. She delighted in the beauty of the place, its climate suited her, and she enjoyed her stay there, in spite of the considerable anxiety she felt about her daughter-in-law's health.

Mrs. T. A. Trollope was *enceinte*, and appeared to be more delicate and suffering than was normally incident to her condition. Moreover, she was not consoled for her ill health by the prospect of maternity. She, who, when her baby was born, became the most adoring of mothers, did not at this period look forward to its arrival with joy. Her great physical weakness doubtless depressed her spirit.

To my apprehension there is no period of her life in which the moral nature of Frances Trollope shone more brightly than during this time, when she was advising, sympathising with, and

encouraging her son's wife, and cheering her son with the hope that after the birth of their child, Theodosia's health would be permanently strengthened. Her loving mother-nature seemed to spread its wings over them both.

Not for an instant does she shelter herself in the apathy of old age, folding its hands and resting from active effort. She writes constantly to her daughter-in-law, omitting no detail or suggestion that may be of value. She never manifests the least impatience with poor Theodosia's complaints and low spirits. She never lectures her; she never worries her. She is always kind, always tender. The fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind, is far less rare than the power of sympathising with weaknesses we do not share.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trollope had remained in Florence; and Mrs. Trollope writes to them both very frequently—in itself no inconsiderable effort in the midst of an Italian summer, and at the age of seventy-two. To her son she says—

“I should like a *daily* bulletin of poor dear Theo, though I know it would be silly to ask for it or to give it. But tell me how she is, as often as you reasonably can. I went yesterday with a pleasant party to the Ponte Nero. We drove to the *Fabrique* and thence proceeded

on donkeys. It is a lovely ride. . . . I hope you get Theo to walk. Remember that the constant direction under such circumstances is 'take care of the general health, in exactly the same way as usual.' The only difference being that this health is still more important and precious than heretofore."

In another letter, addressed to Theodosia, she says—

"Did I think I could do you any good, I would offer to return to you *at once*. But this I know full well cannot be hoped for from anything but time. And moreover, if you decide on your mountain excursion you would not want me with you. I need not repeat the injunction 'take care of yourself in all ways.' You will hear that on every side; and your own common sense will make you feel the importance of attending to it. Remember if you do go from home, it must only be to quarters where you can be comfortable."

Theodosia did not take the mountain excursion spoken of, but her husband—in great part at his mother's instigation—did. Mrs. Trollope praises and pets her daughter-in-law for having consented to part with him; and says that he needed the change of air, which was doubtless true.

She speaks of one or two storms that have burst over the valley, but adds—

"On the whole, however, the place is, in my opinion,

everything that a summer residence ought to be. The temperature is most delicious ; and at night, rather *below* cool. This is my fourth visit to this place ; but it is this year in such perfection of foliage and of atmosphere, that I am as much in raptures with it as if I were looking at its exquisite beauty for the first time.

“ With all the variety of scenery that I have visited during my long and wandering life, I doubt if I have seen any spot enclosing so many bits of loveliness in so small a compass. One sign of my growing old, however, is that I find myself much oftener mounted on a donkey than heretofore.”

Most people would not consider it indicative of the weakness of old age, to take long rides on donkey-back up and down the steep hill paths around the Bagni di Lucca !

“ There are not,” she continues, “ a very large number of visitors at present, and people complain that there are no parties. But this will not very greatly distress me. By great good luck Madame St. G. and her sister are very near me,—in the house on the bridge. I spend my evenings there very pleasantly, and doubt much if I shall care to ‘ go a-visiting ’ anywhere else. The Luards, Graveses, Plowdens, Stisteds, and many others are all very kind and civil, but I shall not desert my ladies on the bridge ! Mr. Ridgeway is quite *aux petits soins* and wishes me to make use of his carriage every afternoon ! ”

In a letter to her son, dated the 3rd of August, she says—

"We had a very pleasant day at Gallicano yesterday, and on Saturday enjoyed the full moon at Barga. I certainly do long *terribly* for you sometimes. And if Theo improves a little, poor dear, I would gladly frank you down per diligence, for a couple of days or so. . . . I think of you both *very* often. And did I not know to a very perfect certainty that my presence would do neither of you any sort of good, I should think myself a monster for enjoying myself here. I really have taken the question whether to go or stay, very often into consideration. But I always feel that if I walked in to the Villino saying, 'I have come to take care of Theo', I should only be laughed at even by Bran!" [Bran was a favourite dog of T. A. Trollope's.] "Of whist I have abundance. Madame St. G. loves it as well as I do. And as she rarely, or indeed never, goes out in the evening, it is a great resource to her. Her sister continues to be a prime favourite with me: so that their near neighbourhood is very agreeable."

Her son did manage to pay her a flying visit. On the receipt of a letter from him saying that he will do so as soon as the improvement in Theodosia's strength, which has shown itself, shall be confirmed, Mrs. Trollope writes expressing the greatest joy at the prospect of seeing him.

"Need I tell you that your letter delights me, dearest Tom? I trust that the weather will be good (it rained yesterday) and that we shall enjoy our short reunion. Mind you let me know the time of your arrival a day

before :—not only that I may have a bed made ready for you, but that I may not be off among the mountains, or playing whist with Madame St. G. I am looking forward most impatiently to your promised apparition. You *must* give me two whole days. On one of these I mean to drive you to breakfast at Barga *tête-à-tête*. The early hour is the only one in which the wonderful panorama can be seen to perfection. Does carriage exercise agree with Theo? If so, *pray* let the little sum of mine in your hands, be expended in that way for her. Captain H. is here, and has beset me fearfully! The first morning after I arrived, he sent up his card in this wise :

‘MRS. TROLLOPE.

Captain H., Ponte a Seraglio.

[Turn over.]

On the reverse is written (the underlining is mine) ‘Eleven *of us* are just going to a pic-nic at Borgo. I have a place for you if you will go.’

“Guess my feelings! ‘Eleven *of us*’ !!!”

After her son’s return to Florence, she begins her next letter—

“Welcome home again, dearest Tom! The sight of you will do our poor Theo good. Yet I greatly rejoice that you have taken the scamper, and have no doubt whatever that you are the better for it. I am so marvellously well here, that I think it would be a sin not to stay as long as I can. We have had a good deal of rain last night, and the country is looking gloriously beautiful.”

She remained at the Baths until well on into September, when all the other guests were departing.

"I postponed writing solely because I was waiting to name the day of my return. This is still uncertain, on account of a very large detachment of children who are going next week, but on what day is not fixed. I wished to start on Friday 10th, but if I take my place in the coupé for that day, I feel convinced that the B.s will do the same, and that I shall have a child on each knee during the journey! As soon as I know their day, I will fix mine. . . . I hope your returned heat will not last. But we should be glad of a little of it here. The feeling of summer warmth has completely left us. . . . I have this moment learnt by application at the office that to-morrow is the last day on which the diligence runs. I shall thus have to take a carriage to Pisa on Friday in time to get the train which leaves Pisa a quarter before twelve (I *think*). This mode of going will cost a few pauls more than going by Lucca. But I shall escape some trouble by it. The worst of it is, I have forgotten all the necessary manœuvres that are to be performed at Pisa, and before reaching Pisa, in order to catch the right train for Florence! Will you have the great kindness, my son, to write down for me, as in days of yore, the *what*, *where*, and *when* of the whole proceeding? Forgive all this, and remember that if you had not always taken so much care of me, I should by this time be able to take care of myself!"

On the 28th of September Mrs. Trollope, having

by that time returned to Florence, received a long letter from her son Anthony, dated from Haverfordwest. He writes—

“We have heard a rumour (some one told John Tilley in Kensington Gardens!) that Theodosia is about to make Tom a father. If so, why has not Tom told us what we should have been so glad to learn from him? If it be true, I heartily wish Theodosia well through her trouble. . . . I have been expecting, dearest mother, to hear either from you or Tom these two months. I hope you have not both forgotten me!

“We are now living, or staying for a while rather, in South Wales. Rose and the bairns are at a place on the sea-side called Llanstephen, where there is plenty of air and bathing. We shall stay in Carmarthen during November, and then go to Gloucester for the winter. Harry and Freddy are quite well, and are very nice boys:—very different in disposition, but neither with anything that I could wish altered. . . . We are all here getting dreadfully sick of the Duke of Wellington.” [The Duke was just dead.] “He is administered at all hours, and in every shape. The papers have no other subject, and people write, speak, and think, of nothing else. Oh, that he was well buried, and there an end! I have heard fifty anecdotes of him in the last five days,—all equally applicable to any one else.

“I had a couple of civil letters from Sir John Trollope recently, about using his interest for me at the G.P.O. And I believe he has done what he could do. But I ought not to want any private interest. The more I see

the way in which the post-office work is done, the more aggrieved I feel at not receiving the promotion I have a right to expect. However, this does not really annoy me. I can't fancy any one being much happier than I am,—or having less in the world to complain of. It often strikes me how wonderfully well I have fallen on my feet. . . . My kindest love to Tom and Theodosia. I will write to him soon; and I hope he will do the same to me."

Meanwhile a letter from his brother had crossed the above, and also one from Mrs. Trollope to her daughter-in-law Rose. And Anthony writes a long epistle to his brother, full of fun and jesting, but evidently very much pleased to hear the confirmation of the news so mysteriously communicated to Mr. Tilley in Kensington Gardens!

"Haverfordwest, Oct. 5th, 1852.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"Though I wrote to my mother only last week, I must send a line to acknowledge your letter. . . . I am glad you are to have a child. One wants some one to exercise unlimited authority over, as one gets old and cross. If one blows up one's servants too much, they turn round, give warning, and repay one with interest. One's wife may be too much for one, and is not always a safe recipient for one's wrath. But one's children can be blown up to any amount without damage,—at any rate, for a considerable number of

years. The pleasures of paternity have been considerably abridged, since the good old Roman privilege of slaying their offspring at pleasure, has been taken from fathers. But the delights of flagellation, though less keen, are more enduring. One can kill but once ; but one may flog daily, and always quote Scripture to prove that it is a duty. And then the gratification of disinheriting a disobedient son, and sending him adrift, with the determination that no calf shall be killed on his return !

"A daughter, I fear, does not offer so much innocent enjoyment. But some fathers do manage to torment their daughters with a great degree of very evident and enviable satisfaction. I have none, and therefore have not turned my attention to that branch of the subject.

"You don't at all say when you expect to see your child, but from Mama's letter to Rose I presume it will be early in the Spring. I shall be very anxious to hear that Theo and her baby are well and out of danger. Alas, alas, the Duke of Wellington is dead, or of course you would have had him for a godfather.

"Joking apart, I am heartily glad to hear the news, and assure you that, to my thinking, nothing that could happen to you would be so likely to add to your happiness as this.—(You know all about the fox who lost his tail !)."

In March, 1853, a little daughter was born in the Villino Trollope, to the great joy of all its inmates.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Trollope at length paid

their much-hoped-for visit to Florence in April, 1853. "The Mammy" was at this time well, cheerful, and extraordinarily vigorous. Mrs. Anthony Trollope writes to me about this period:—

"The next time I saw my dear old mother-in-law was in Florence. She took me about everywhere, and explained everything to me. And she made me happy by a present of an Italian silk dress. She also gave me a Roman mosaic brooch, which had been a present to her from Princess Metternich during her stay in Vienna. It is a perfect gem.

"At this time she used to have her weekly evening receptions, attended by some of the pleasantest of the English residents in Florence; and she always had her own special whist-table. I thought her the most charming old lady who ever existed. There was nothing conventional about her, and yet she was perfectly free from the vice of affectation; and was worlds asunder from the 'New Woman' and the 'Emancipated Female' School. I do not think she had a mean thought in her composition.

"She was lavishly generous as regards money; full of impulse; not free from prejudice—but more often in *favour* of people than otherwise,—but once in her good books, she was certain to be true to you. She could say a sarcastic word, but never an ill-natured one."

It was a great joy to Frances Trollope to see her dearly loved youngest son and his wife, for

whom she had a warm affection. The arrival of her little grandchild, Beatrice—called, in Tuscan fashion, Bice—had also cheered and brightened the family at the Villino—partly by the sense of peril past, and greatly by the hopes for the future entwined with the baby life. Altogether the year 1853 was a sunny time for Mrs. Trollope, and she was still as well able as ever to enjoy the sunshine.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The tartness of his face, sours ripe grapes."

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*.

IN the course of 1850, Mrs. Trollope's novel called "The Young Heiress" had been published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, successors to Henry Colburn. It is a very romantic story, the scene of which is chiefly in Cornwall, with a plot of considerable interest. It reminds one, in this respect, of some of the novels of that very skilful teller of a story, Mrs. Henry Wood. But it is rendered tedious by the length at which the characters are described and the long speeches they make, too obviously with the sole purpose of describing themselves. I think there is scarcely any of Mrs. Trollope's books so devoid of humour; but there is plenty of invention and incident.

"The Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman" appeared in 1854, and is pitched in an altogether different key. In it there are several sketches of figures once well known in London society,

notably a certain fashionable portrait-painter named Richards.

Mr. Richards's success is due a little to his dashing portraits, still more to his caricatures, and most of all to his humorous improvisations. One of the characters of the novel says of him—

“Mr. Richards has a knack of rhyming extemporaneously, and of delivering the said rhymes—for I can scarcely call it singing them—to nearly any popular tune that he can get some lady or other to play for him. This certainly is no very original *jeu d'esprit*, inasmuch as it was done in days of yore, our seniors tell us, much better than it is likely to be done again; yet, nevertheless, this rhyming facility is often found wonderfully useful in helping on a dull evening; enough so, believe me, to obtain him a great many more dinner invitations in a week, than there are days. And there is certainly some talent shown in the manner in which he rhymes off his ridicule upon the absent and his compliments to the persons present.”

Some of his fashionable notoriety is said to arise from “the fear of being caricatured one's self, and the pleasure of seeing one's friends caricatured.” And his success as a portrait-painter is attributed to

“a happy knack of frequently catching the general look and character of a face, even when he failed to

give a correct likeness of the features ; and this knack which, *even to himself, always seemed to be accidental*,* brought more sitters to his estrade, than either his strong light and shade, or his vivid colouring."

The character of the heroine, Charlotte Morris, is very distinctly conceived and forcibly carried out. There is in her a considerable leaven of Becky Sharp-ism ; that is to say, in the nature of her ends and aims, and the single-minded energy and unscrupulousness with which she pursues them ; albeit she is absolutely devoid of the wit, brilliancy, and airy charm, of that matchless creation. Nevertheless Charlotte *is*, in her way, a clever woman, as the title-page describes her to be. Like the immortal Becky herself, however, she is not quite clever enough to compass all her purposes. Indeed, such characters as Becky Sharp and—*longo intervallo*—Charlotte Morris, share with the criminal classes the enormous disadvantage of swimming against the main stream of society, the world being, on the whole, based upon honesty and reality.

Miss Morris's acuteness is not sufficient to prevent her from marrying a thorough-paced scoundrel and gambler, who, although, by the prudence of

* The italics are mine.—F. E. T.

her father in arranging the marriage settlements, unable to squander her fortune, very nearly succeeds in extorting her signature to cheques to a large amount, by threatening her with brutal violence and imprisoning her in her own house. The scene between the husband and wife, where the former endeavours to terrify her, and she, with obstinate courage, refuses to sign what he desires, is really powerfully done. The Clever Woman ends her career—again with a sort of adumbration of Becky—as a patroness of popular preachers, and an object of tender attentions from two rival curates.

In the summer of 1854, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trollope took the Villa Caprini, on one of the hills above Florence, for their *villeggiatura*. Mrs. Trollope accompanied them thither, and remained there for a while ; but later in the season she went on a visit to some friends at their country house in the Val d'Arno. She writes thence to her son. Her letter begins with sundry inquiries as to a "precious card-box, which you, dear Tom, had made for me last year," and which she fears she has left behind her at the Villa Caprini. In the most minute, as well as the most important, matters, she appealed confidently to her son

for assistance and attention. The letter then proceeds—

“This place is very beautiful, my friends very kind, myself very well, and the weather very delightful. . . . Among other pastimes here, I have found our old acquaintance Lady B.’s last novel; and as I have no news to send, I will transcribe a passage from it for your edification and delight. If you find the language somewhat *strong*, you must not attribute any of its pungency to me, who transcribe faithfully even to the notes of exclamation.

“The subject is a love-scene between a Spanish gentleman and a Moorish lady, the latter being the beloved wife of the friend and benefactor of the former. It is the Spanish gentleman who relates the scene.

“‘Neroli!’ cried I, ‘only tell me that you love me, and I’ll ask no more!’ The low faint ‘yes’ scarce trembled on her lips ere it was kissed, or rather torn, off by mine. Heaven and hell, life and death, time and eternity were in that kiss! Bewildered, terrified, she broke from me. No matter! I had climbed to Heaven, I had caught the sacred spark, and with it kindled mine own soul! and from that hour I bravely flung my offal vitals to the vulture Fate!’

“I know not what *you* may think of it, but in my humble opinion, this last sentence is the beau ideal of sublimity! Pray indulge your wife by the perusal of this passage. Mr. Garrow, too, might perhaps appreciate and enjoy it. . . . I look forward to a Sunday and Monday ramble with you here, with great delight. We

have a nice old castle seven hundred years old, besides sundry other 'gauds' such as you love.

"M. de S. begs me to say that if his son Louis should come down to you any evening before you leave the Villa Caprini, he wishes much that he should call on Mrs. Landor. Do not forget my card-box ! My best of loves to Theo and our babe."

When the great heats began, Mrs. Trollope migrated to her favourite Baths of Lucca. Her son and his wife returned to their Villino in Florence, and the former was so unwell as to disquiet his mother. She writes to him at the end of August :—

"Your account of yourself, my dearest Tom, makes me very uneasy. Your rheumatism is evidently *climatic*, and Florence at this season is poison to you.

"Dear Theodosia is so deeply incrustated with the notion that the heat of Florence in the month of August, is as genial to an active Englishman as the breezes of the mountains which surround it, that I will not bother her, or myself, by endeavouring to convince her of the contrary. But I think that if she could see, as I have done, how *flabby babies* become firm by one week's residence here, she might catch, though reluctantly, a glimpse of the truth. Give her my most truly affectionate love, and tell her that nothing but my long experience of what your constitution requires, could induce me to combat her intense aversion to move, or be moved.

"That your child should inherit this your peculiar need of bracing air, is certainly not improbable. But on this point I will not dwell, because Theo might fairly answer 'perhaps she inherits my *anti-locomobility*!' So I will quit theory, and try to drive you into something practical, and practicable.

"Do you think it would be possible to persuade her to come here *bag and baggage*? There is still one very nice lodging to be had, and this I will take at my own expense, if you will consent to occupy it. In what way can I spend my money better? The keeping house here is not expensive. And Filippo and his family might sleep in your house at Florence to guard it.

"Or should you like San Marcello better? In that case I would join you there, and what your journey hither would have cost me, shall pay your journey *there* to take lodgings for us. I should like either of these plans equally,—for the *object* of both is the same. But I think the San Marcello plan would suit *you* best. If we could contrive to meet *en route*, I would pay half the *vetturino*, and in either case the lodgings would be paid by me. God bless you all three!

"Ever your own loving mother,

"F. TROLLOPE."

Heart and head are clearly, so far, in excellent working order! And yet the time is drawing near when that bright intelligence became clouded. As to her affections, they died only with her life.

In May, 1855, Mrs. Trollope with her son Tom

met Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Trollope at Venice. The latter writes—

“In Venice Mrs. Trollope had not much scope for her pedestrian powers. But the stairs she climbed, and the walks she took on the sands of the Lido, were wonderful. She was then seventy-five years old.”

But her nervous system can no longer have been what it was. Mrs. Anthony Trollope says—

“One day returning from Murano, a thunderstorm burst upon us. The waters became rough, and there was a nasty swell which caused our gondola to rock about more than was pleasant. Her nerves gave way, and she fairly broke down with terror. But in the evening she was quite ready to enjoy the Austrian band in the Piazza San Marco, the coffee, and the ices.”

The party all proceeded to England together, travelling partly by vetturino and partly by diligence, to Pieve di Cadore and the Ampezzo Pass. At Brunneck Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Anthony Trollope were put into the diligence, the men of the party leaving them to make some *détour* in the mountains, and intending to rejoin them at Innsbruck.

Mrs. Anthony Trollope writes me a pretty little anecdote of this journey. At the top of the

Brenner Pass the coach stopped for luncheon. Unfortunately it was one of the great fasts of the Church, so strictly observed in Catholic Tyrol. It may be that the strictness of the fast was enhanced by the fact that the greater part of the available food had been eaten up! But at any rate, there was placed before the English ladies one very small trout, and a small plate, for each, of the *meagrest* meagre soup; and this was all that was served to them!

They had been travelling since six o'clock in the morning, and were nearly famished. By way of adding insult to injury, they noticed that a fellow-traveller seated at their table had a dish of smoking cutlets placed before him! This was too hard; and the ladies made a strong protest,—but to no effect.

All at once the “favoured guest” divided the cutlets into two equal portions, put one portion on a plate, and coming across the room, placed the savoury food before Mrs. Trollope, and said, in excellent English, “Madam, I am an Austrian soldier on sick leave; and as such I am exempted from fasting on my journey. You are my mother; pray share my portion! You are old, and fatigued with travelling.” Then turning to her

daughter-in-law, with a smile and a bow, he said, "You are young and look strong. I shall order you some coffee."

Mrs. Anthony Trollope adds, "Had it been correct, I should like to have kissed that Austrian gentleman!" My own opinion is, that it would have been entirely correct, although, doubtless, rather disconcerting!

The stay at Innsbruck was much enjoyed by the whole party. The old wooden bridge was then in existence, as well as the ferry across the Inn. Mrs. Trollope took the greatest delight in crossing the river backwards and forwards by both bridge and ferry, for the sake of enjoying the lovely views up and down the Inn. Innsbruck was not new to her; but she was very happy to revisit it. Despite all the new liberalism, and the rational sympathy which she felt for the cause of Italian freedom, Frances Trollope always retained a grateful and pleasant memory of her stay in Austria; and the black-and-yellow flag symbolized to her a great many things which she both liked and respected. This sentiment, at least, was not due to the influence of those around her! For in Italy at this time—except on the part of the thorough-going partisans of the old

régime, who were neither numerous nor influential—the hatred of Austria was intense and bitter.

Mrs. Trollope spent some time in London during the season of 1854. And it was at this period that she first saw Mr. Hume—or Home—the Medium, and became a constant attendant at his *séances*.

Mrs. Anthony Trollope is strongly inclined to attribute the break-up in her mother-in-law's faculties and general health, which soon afterwards manifested itself, to the prejudicial effects of the excitement she underwent at these *séances*. Mrs. Anthony Trollope writes to me—

“It appears very strange that a woman with so much strong common sense, should have placed faith in these absurdities. But her imagination and romance got the upper hand. The effect of these visits told upon her spirits. In the autumn of this year, she fell into bad health. This was her last visit to England.”

Certain it is that Frances Trollope had a large share of imagination and romance—even at seventy-five years old. To what extent Mr. Hume—or Home—and his “spirits” were responsible for the failure of her mental vigour must, I think, remain an unsolved problem.

That her nerves were already somewhat weakened is shown by the little incident in the gondola

at Venice. But very possibly the so-called spiritualistic *séances* contributed still further to unstring them. She undoubtedly was seized with an intense interest in the subject; and she attended many of Hume's sittings while she was in London, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Rymer at Ealing.

It was at this time that Charles Dickens wrote, in reply to an invitation from her to witness Hume's wonders, the letter printed in the collection of his correspondence, edited by Miss Dickens and Miss Hogarth. T. A. Trollope lent them the original letter, which is now in my possession.

Dickens never wavered in his absolute incredulity as to the genuineness of all the manifestations produced by the Mediums; having, as he says in this letter, "not the least belief in the awful unseen world being available for evening parties at so much per night."

It must, I think, have been during this, her last visit to England, that the writer of the following letter to Mrs. Anthony Trollope had the glimpse of her which she here describes. The writer is the daughter of Mrs. Trollope's old and loved friend, Mrs. Harnage, *née* Drury.

"I will try to put on paper as well as I can, the vivid

remembrance of your mother-in-law, which has lived in my memory more years than I care to count.

"As you know, I was a tiny child when I was sent to a school which I was allowed, as a great favour, to attend as a day scholar. We were then living two miles north of Hyde Park, and my home and school were opposite to each other. Well do I remember the day when I was unexpectedly called out of my class, and told to go home immediately, as some one was calling there who wished to see me.

"Of course I was curious as to whom I was going to see; and when I was sent into the dining-, instead of the drawing-room, I had no idea who the little old lady was, who sate at one end of the table drinking tea. I *think* I heard something like this, 'Come and speak to Mrs. Trollope,' but I am *quite sure* that the old lady in the black bonnet rose up, drew me lovingly to her, and as she embraced me, said, 'You darling child!'

"I was only allowed to stay at home a short time, and was then despatched back to lessons. But I was there quite long enough to fall in love with Mrs. Trollope. Children are seldom taken in; they seem to know intuitively whether the affection shown them be genuine or not. I felt certain that this most delightful and affectionate stranger liked me. Her loving greeting and farewell made so deep an impression, that my little glimpse of the then famous novelist has never in the least faded from my memory. Of course I was then too young to understand the reason for the warmth of her manner. Child-like I took it to be entirely on my own account. But in after years, when I heard about the friendship which had so long existed, I realized that it

was for the sake of another she had wished to see me, and when she saw, received me so kindly. And for that very reason I love her memory the more.

"After that, the name of Trollope fell on a responsive ear, and no sooner did I realize that my charming old lady wrote books, and that the books were stories, than I begged and entreated to be allowed to read some.

"I never saw Mrs. Trollope again. But from that day in my very early life to the present, the mention of her and hers, has to me always been associated with kindness, geniality, and intellect."

In a letter addressed by Mrs. Trollope to this lady's mother, is the following characteristic sentence (it was written in 1839):—

"Would that you could at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, or any other lawful holiday time, convince your husband of the extreme utility of paying a visit to Paris! Give him my kind love, and tell him that if he should find me living on a frog a day, I would give him and his wife half of it."

Another member of the same family, and one whose name is honourably known in the Republic of Letters, Miss Anna H. Drury, has been good enough to allow me to use the following pages from her pen. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Anthony Trollope, she says—

"M. thinks you would like a small contribution of reminiscences towards the Memoir of my kind old friend.

I have jotted down what I think will show how kind she could be to early *teens*, full of crude notions, but sufficiently in earnest to be worth advising.

"I have heard my dear Aunt speak of her remarkable gift of reading aloud. Of this I know nothing; but her talk was simply delightful in those days when I was able to hear it.

"I first saw Mrs. Trollope when she visited Brussels, before writing her '*Belgium and Western Germany*.' Her friend M. Hervieu, who illustrated some of her works, took a likeness in water-colours of my grandfather, the Rev. Mark Drury. And she came to see him in Brussels, and no doubt talked over old Harrow days. But I was too young to have any personal knowledge of her then.

"This began some years later when I was living in London. She had a house there for a time,* and I spent two days with her, of which I principally recollect an unlimited allowance of books by day, and, as I shared her room, a most delightful talk at night until one next morning! I was young enough then to think a night's rest of no consequence, in comparison with such a treat; but as she was full of work by day, it was different for her! And she said afterwards, that it must not be repeated.

"I remember some of the things she said; but chiefly her kind indulgence in listening to my youthful aspirations and plans for possible stories, and the good practical advice which she gave me from her own experience.

* This must have been at York Street, Portman Square, where she installed herself in 1839.

"It has always seemed to me that those who only knew her through her novels, did not half know her ability. To do that, it was needful to listen to her conversation.

"Of her kindness I had subsequent proofs; but much less of her society than I desired, as she was ordered to live abroad. Her fluency in writing must have been remarkable.

"I was present when Rogers the poet met her at luncheon. It was at the pleasant house of a mutual friend, and I was of the party. This was the only time I ever saw Mr. Rogers, then an old man with a pallid face that looked like wax. She sate next him at table; and presently he turned to her and observed, 'They told me Mrs. Trollope was to be here. She has written a great deal of rubbish, hasn't she?' 'Well,' she immediately replied, 'she has made it answer!'

"It was too good a story to keep to herself, and she told it to us in the drawing-room with great glee. But Mr. Rogers was so annoyed when he found what he had done, that he very soon took his departure."

From this story I think one may draw the conclusion that Mr. Rogers on this occasion was either very particularly ill-mannered, or very obtuse. Indeed were I, like George Eliot's previously quoted Pummel, to be asked my opinion, "it 'ud be different," for I should pronounce him to have been both!

He is invited to luncheon expressly to meet

Mrs. Trollope ; he is placed at table next to a lady whom he does not know by sight, and whose name, apparently, he has failed to catch ; and the first remark he makes to his neighbour is that "Mrs. Trollope has written a great deal of rubbish !" If he did not know to whom he was speaking, he manifested a deplorable lack of breeding and tact, by venturing such a remark to a stranger under the circumstances ; if he did know her, he was coarsely and clownishly rude. His age and infirmities were, no doubt, accepted as an excuse for his gratuitous bad temper. But he certainly had earned a reputation for ill-nature long before such an excuse could be offered.

I very strongly suspect that Mr. Rogers's "annoyance" and early departure were caused, not so much by the discovery of his blunder (if blunder it were), as by the easy aplomb of Mrs. Trollope's good-humoured reply. Had he been able to put her out of countenance, his "annoyance" might have been less.

Whether Mr. Rogers had ever been formally introduced to Mrs. Trollope or not, before the occasion just referred to, I cannot say. Miss Drury appears to be persuaded that that was their first meeting. But at any rate Mrs. Trollope had seen

him. It was, indeed, very unlikely that during the seasons of her early literary success, when she was meeting, as she says in one of her letters, "all the wits and wonders" in town, she should *not* have met Mr. Samuel Rogers.

There is a little sketch of him and of Sydney Smith, in her novel, "The Blue Belles of England."

The heroine of the novel, a young girl making her *début* in London society, is in the drawing-room of one of the "Blue Belles,"—a lady who receives some of the most famous literary personages of the day,—and is looking with great interest at all the assembled lions. A friend older than herself is answering her eager inquiries, and giving a running commentary on the company.

"'That very fat, and that very thin, gentleman who have got possession of the ottoman in the corner,' said Constance, 'I remarked them the moment I came into the room, and they have been sitting there ever since. How immoderately they laugh! I quite envy them. . . . Do you know them? Are they celebrities?'

"'Most decidedly,' replied Miss Hartley. 'Suppose that, in order to answer you without danger—for there may be idle ears at liberty to listen even to such chit-chat as ours,—suppose, Constance, that I assume the style of a grave Theocritus and name the merry pair by some safe classical *sobriquet*, which may be interpreted hereafter for your private advantage. Clericus, our fat

friend, is probably, I should think, the wittiest individual extant. He seems to live in an atmosphere of sparks. Nothing approaches him, of however iron or flinty a nature, that does not instantly produce scintillation. . . . And that attribute of perfect ease,—the quiet, lambent fun that plays about his features; the half-closed eye, and the delightful inward chuckle that really seems tickling his heart, without getting so far as his sleeve, all show that it is not for display, but for enjoyment, that he lets loose his spirits in search of the ridiculous.’

“ ‘Who, then, is the other?’ asked Constance.

“ ‘His classical name,’ replied Miss Hartley, ‘shall be Contrarius; for he is made up of faculties and qualities seemingly at war with each other, but which in him are found so intimately blended together, that after you have described him one way, you are obliged to begin again, and paint him pretty nearly the reverse, in order to correct the false impression you have given.’

“ ‘But how do you mean, Penelope?’ said Constance. ‘Is he both bad and good?’

“ ‘Oh, that were nothing, my dear child; for may it not be said of most of us? But that diminutive form appears to be the earthly habitation of two perfectly distinct spirits. Contrarius is wise and weak, generous and little-minded. His soul appears to be graceful and refined, his imaginings beautiful, his aspirations pure. Yet will he condescend to be pitiful and spiteful; and for the sake of giving utterance to a pointed word or a stinging jest, render himself more notorious for his ill words than his good deeds.’ ”

There is nothing in the novel to identify

Contrarius with Samuel Rogers, beyond the psychological truth of the portrait. He is alluded to neither as Banker nor Poet ; nor does he reappear in the course of the story. But I do not trust to my own sagacity for recognizing the likeness ; for in her own copy of the "Blue Belles" Frances Trollope has written the names of the original of several of these sketches on the margin. Among others, there is a very enthusiastic tribute of admiration for Joanna Bailey, under the name of Jane Beauchamp. I scarcely think that the reader is likely to include among the "rubbish" written by Frances Trollope, her little sketch of Contrarius.

CHAPTER XV.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Why, so can I, or so can any man!"

SHAKESPEARE, *First Part of King Henry IV.*

MRS. TROLLOPE returned with her eldest son to Italy in the autumn of 1855; and in the month of October, in the same year, Daniel Hume and Mr. Rymer both went to Florence.

The former was a guest in T. A. Trollope's house for a month; and during this time there were sittings with the Medium at the Villino nearly every evening. Among those present, on various occasions, I find enumerated the names of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Powers the sculptor, Paolo Emiliani-Guidici, a well-known Italian man of Letters, and Charles Lever, besides many others less known to fame.

There is in my possession a report of these *séances* written down day by day by T. A. Trollope, and the record is curious. There were plenty of

physical phenomena ; but as to the metaphysical, they are generally vague, and, even when distinct, absolutely worthless as purporting' to come from—I will not say higher intelligences, but—intelligences equal to those of the beings who were stated to be present. It is curious to note the unmistakable uneasiness of the “spirits” under T. A. Trollope’s questioning. Indeed, they very seldom endured it for more than a few minutes at a time. His cross-examination was conducted with the most perfect candour, and without any intention of laying a trap ; but it was evidently as unpleasant to them as holy water is said to be to Auld Nickie Ben.

The moving of heavy tables, the twirling round of heavy lamps in the sight of all the company, the violent rocking backwards and forwards of a large American rocking-chair with a man or woman seated in it, the tying of mysterious knots in handkerchiefs without visible agency,—all these things did happen, by the common consent of all the persons present. But as to the communion of disembodied minds, with minds still acting through the medium of material bodies, the persuasion daily grew that there was no truth in it. The summing up of the case, as the result of the

sittings in the Villino and elsewhere, as written down by T. A. Trollope in the contemporary report I have mentioned, is as follows :—

“A variety of circumstances have led me, as well as nearly, if not quite, all the other persons here who have taken interest in these phenomena, to the decided opinion : first, that Mr. Home is not in the ordinary affairs of life an honourable, or true man ; and secondly that, to a greater or less degree, he is in the habit of adding to, or assisting, the manifestations. When once such a suspicion has been received, it is, of course, extremely difficult to draw any line, even approximatively satisfactory, between the true and the false. But I, as well as those who have seen the most of him, are convinced that the majority of the material phenomena are genuine.”

One curious incident I may relate in connection with the spirit-rapping subject. I give it, only slightly abridged, from T. A. Trollope's notes taken at the time.

“Florence, Dec. 18th, 1855.

“I was asked by the Countess H. and her sister to try an experiment of table-turning at their house, and went there between two and three o'clock. After a short delay, the table, a small round one, began to move, and tip up, and sundry vague and unsatisfactory answers were given.

"Mr. S.* and his two children then came in and placed themselves at the table. After some spelling out of words with no very clear significance, the letters B, i, n, d, a, were obtained by the table lifting one leg when the letter wanted was called.

"S. said, 'Here is a name we all know?'

"I said, 'I do not. Who is it?'

"He replied, 'Binda, the American Consul at Leghorn, a friend of mine. But he is alive.'

"We then asked, 'Are you Binda?'

"'Yes.'

"'The American Consul at Leghorn?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are you dead?'

"'Yes.'

"'How many days is it since you died?'

"'Two.'

"'On what day of the month did you die?'

"'On the sixteenth.'

"'At what hour?'

"'Half-past five.'

"'How many days were you ill?'

"'Three.'

"'Did you suffer much?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are you happy now?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did the English Consul at Leghorn write to tell me [S.] of your death?'

"'Yes.'

* Mr. S. was British Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke, at this time.

“ ‘When will the letter arrive?’

“ ‘At half-past nine.’

“ Various other questions were answered with unmistakable distinctness. S. got no such letter that night.

“ December 19th, 1855.

“ I called on S. this morning. He told me that he had had a sitting at a small round table like the other, with his children ; that the same Binda had presented himself repeating all the same story, and saying that the news would come at half-past two. Both the hours thus named, are hours of delivery of letters by rail from Leghorn. S. said, ‘Let us sit down now and see if it will be repeated.’ I sate down with S. and his son. We had a repetition of the same replies to the same questions. Also S. was told to go to Leghorn on the 20th, and see Binda’s second daughter, whose name was spelt out, and to say to her a word spelt out thus :— ‘*Youlyz*,’ which the spirit, against the authority of the dictionary, maintained to be German.”

All these particulars, and one or two more unimportant ones, were repeated at one more *séance*, and then authentic intelligence, which had been asked for from Leghorn, was received. “The whole story,” writes T. A. Trollope, “is false. Mr. Binda is alive and well at Leghorn.”

In my judgment, the narrative is very instructive, and might be entitled after Wordsworth’s poem,

"An Anecdote for Fathers: showing how the practice of lying may be taught." And I trust that the juvenile members of the S. family were speedily removed from all contact with similar experiments.

With respect to Mrs. Trollope, I do not find it stated that she was peculiarly agitated by Hume's *séances*, even although the spirits of her father, her mother, and several of her children, were frequently said to be present. But some persons showed much more weakness. One Italian gentleman very nearly fainted on receiving a *soi-disant* communication from his deceased father; and another became violently—almost hysterically—excited, and fervently abjured the materialistic doctrines he had hitherto held. (He resumed them, however, after a couple of days!) But there is no record of any such ungovernable emotion on the part of Frances Trollope, although truth compels me to say that she was—at all events at first—a believer in the reality of Hume's mediumship.

Her mind, though certainly not what it had once been, still showed no trace of imbecility.

A novel by her, entitled "Gertrude; or, Family Pride," of which the scene is laid in Germany, was published this year by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

The plot of it turns on the attachment which arises between the only daughter of a German of high rank and his secretary, a young man of peasant origin, but handsome, amiable, intellectual,—in short, everything that a hero ought to have been, in the days when it was still the fashion to represent heroes and heroines as attractive rather than repulsive.

Of course, at the end of the third volume, all comes right, and the lovers are married and live happy ever after. But equally of course, they have to undergo many vicissitudes during the preceding two volumes and three quarters. The troubles arise chiefly from the family pride of the heroine's father, Baron von Schwanenberg, whose pedigree is unspeakably illustrious.

A few words at the end of the book, show that its author was still able to look upon the world around her with seeing eyes.

"We are all perfectly aware," writes Mrs. Trollope, "that prosperous commerce, and successful industry, will often cause so near an approach between the toe of the commoner and the heel of the noble, as to run some risk of galling a kibe;* and this is a fact still more

* "The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe."—*Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 1.

patent in our days, than it was when the keenest of all observers first made the remark.

"But true as the remark was then, and more true as it is daily becoming by the eager onward movement of successful industry, there is another cause at work also, which I believe is likely to become infinitely more effective in lessening the distances by which society is divided, than anything which acquired wealth can produce. Social distance may, indeed, be lessened with very little chance of its producing any feeling of equality as the result! . . . The system of enlarged *education* which is gaining ground among us, will do more towards lessening the inequalities of rank, than all the heralds will be able to withstand."

Two extracts from the letters of Walter Savage Landor may find a place here. They are the last of his which I shall present to the reader. The first is addressed to Mrs. T. A. Trollope from Bath. It is undated by Landor, but the postmark shows it to have been written in 1855. I give the following passage for its quintessential *Boythornism* :—

"I am as much better as I can ever hope to be. Had it not been for the whooping cough, I might have died by mere decay. But a cough of any kind at my age, is quite incurable. I can never more visit or be visited, for I am forced to spit,—and *I would far rather be hanged, than be seen to perpetrate that.*"* If the whooping cough is not to be taken from the finger's ends, pray

* The italics are mine.—F. E. T.

give your little girl one on my part, and believe me ever most cordially,

"Yours,

"W. S. LANDOR."

The next communication is written on a scrap of paper enclosed in a black-edged envelope. It belongs to a period three years later, when he had returned to Florence from England. His intense love of flowers is well known ; and he frequently accepted seeds and cuttings from the garden of Villino Trollope. Theodosia Trollope's father, Mr. Garrow, had recently died :—

"DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

"I write to drive a hard bargain with you. Here are two couplets which I have written on the burial of your good father. For these, I have the confidence to ask two pods of sweet pea.

"Ever yours,

"W. S. LANDOR.

"Many has been the pleasant day
We spent together at Torquay ;
Now genial, hospitable Garrow
Thy door is closed, thy house is narrow.

"(Anticipated answer to the enclosed.

"And have you, then, the face for these
To ask two pods of my sweet peas?")

In the summer of 1856, Mrs. Trollope went to Leghorn instead of to her favourite Baths of Lucca.

I am not aware why the change was made. Possibly the sea air was prescribed for her health. And then, too, she had friends there whose society was pleasant to her. Nevertheless she did not contemplate a prolonged absence from her Florentine home.

Her little granddaughter Bice was now a lively, pretty, prattling little damsel of three years old. And already her singular musical gift had manifested itself, and her voice might truly be called extraordinary, for a child of her age. It was, indeed, far stronger—not relatively, but actually—in early childhood than when she grew older. There remained always the sympathetic quality which gave her singing so special a charm ; but as a tiny child, it had a power and resonance absolutely startling as coming from so delicate-looking a creature. Mrs. Trollope had all her life intensely loved music, and little Bice's singing was a great delight to her.

She writes from Leghorn on the 30th of July—

“I had a safe and pleasant journey, my dear children ; the air, as it seemed to me, becoming very perceptibly cooler as the distance from Florence increased. No sea-view can be more perfect than that which I command from my windows as well as from those of the Countess.

It is, as Miss Franco truly says, like being on board ship, without the horrors of being at sea ! I had a deliciously cool walk yesterday evening upon the parade in front of my house, with Miss Franco and Madame de S. The latter told me she thought it very likely that her husband was paying you a visit just at that time. Mr. E. called upon me within an hour after I arrived. His rooms are in the same house. And after our walk, in which he joined us, we adjourned to the tea and card tables. . . . I long to get a few lines from you ! I wish I could be sure that you slept as comfortably as I did last night.

"And the little idol ; how fares it with her ? . . . I have already given notice, despite all the kind opposition I have met, that I leave this place for Florence at half-past ten on Monday morning next. *Avis au lecteur !* God bless you, dear ones !

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"FRANCES TROLLOPE."

She *very* rarely signs her full name thus in intimate letters ; but she does so again in the next.

Two days later she writes again ; this time to her daughter-in-law.

"Thank you heartily, dearest Theodosia, for your affectionate little letter ! The sea is lovely, and the air more fresh and light than at the Villa Caprini. But the reflection is too bright to be good for the eyes. My dear good friends here wish me to remain at Leghorn. But I shall (D.V.) be with you at dinner on Monday.

"Not Naples itself can be more beautiful as a sea-view than what I behold from my windows. But the *total* absence of shade destroys the whole region as a scene of enjoyment. The promenade at night, however, is glorious. . . .

"There appears to be a great deal of very active private speculation going on for the accommodation of lodgers ; and the Government is going to lay out a very large sum in improving the harbour ; but the said Government has so mined the commerce of the place by its commercial treaties, that it will be all lost labour.

"People are paying unheard-of prices for lodgings and for bathing. . . . I should think this must be about the most cheating place on earth !"

To say the truth, Leghorn does not enjoy the best possible reputation among Italian cities. There may be differences of opinion as to its being the most cheating place on earth ; but I should think there could be none—outside the boundary of its own *octroi* railings—as to its population being the most rough and fierce of any city in Tuscany.

"One of its peculiarities is that if you engage a carriage at a certain price, you are *sure* that it will not come for you if any other customer has been found who will pay a paul more for it. This has happened both to the Countess St. G. and to Madame de S. repeatedly, and I mention it to prevent Tom's fancying I am dead in case I do not appear by the half-past one train on Monday.

I will manage as well as I can ; but as I only employ a servant to give the order, I cannot feel certain of being successful.

"I think there would be something superfluous in my asking you to kiss our darling,—eh? But you may present my compliments to her, and thank her for her *letter* ! Thank Madame G. also, for remembering me. But her writing and big blue blots, defied all my efforts. I *could* not read her note.

"Remember me kindly to the rest of your party—not forgetting my son Tom !

"Yours, dearest Theo, ever affectionately,
"FRANCES TROLLOPE."

This, the last letter in her handwriting which I possess, is very clearly and firmly written ; more clearly, indeed, than some earlier ones, for the demands made on a tired right hand by so much work for the press, as she had been in the habit of performing, plays sad havoc with beauty of caligraphy.

In 1857 Anthony Trollope and his wife again visited Italy. Mrs. Anthony Trollope says that she found her mother-in-law much changed and broken, not caring for her afternoon drive, and indifferent even to her rubber of whist. She still, however, was alive to what concerned those she loved.

Anthony mentions, in his autobiography, that

his mother had then "given up her pen." He says—

"It was the first year in which she had not written, and she expressed to me her delight that her labours should be at an end, and that mine should be beginning in the same field."

Her last novel, "Paris and London," had been published in 1856; and it is remarkable that in this novel she gives what is evidently a clear and accurate account of one of the spiritualistic *séances* at which she herself had assisted. Many of the details are absolutely the same as those recorded by her son in the manuscript I have already quoted, but some are different. All, however, are such as are more or less familiar to those who have attended the performances of so-called mediums. Hume is described under the name of Mr. Wilson, a young American, but not described with such unmistakable traits as to make the description in any degree offensive, or such as he could justly complain of. One remark she makes in the person of her fictitious heroine, which shows that her emotion during the sittings had by no means availed to hoodwink her habitual shrewdness of observation as to manifestations of

character—whether or not it confused her perception of physical facts! She expressly mentions that while several of the company were deeply awed and moved to tears by the communications they received, the Medium alone appeared perfectly cool and indifferent.

As to the upshot of the matter with respect to its result on her own convictions, it seems to have been in her case the same as in her son's—namely, a state of nicely balanced *doubt* as to the metaphysical, and of complete belief in the physical phenomena.

Her eldest son's work, "The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici," had been published at the end of the preceding year (1856), and the following letter from Charles Lever was folded and placed by her in a small packet of her own private papers and memoranda. She was not apt to preserve epistolary correspondence. But this letter about her son's success she did keep, although she had destroyed or lost hundreds of flattering tributes to her own.

"Casa Capponi, Feb. 25th, 1857.

"MY DEAR TROLLOPE,

"I thank you heartily for your handsome present, and your kind note. I am so little accustomed

to hear the flattering thing said of my poor efforts, that I assure you I read *your* praise with sincere pride.

"This very morning brought me a letter from Chapman, who for the first time in all my experience of him, writes cheerily about book matters. He says: 'My books are doing admirably; Carlyle, and Trollope's Medici are great successes.' I am thus enabled to give you a Roland for your Oliver in what you say of Cro' Martin;—with this difference, that being laudatus by a publisher, is the greatest of all praise.

"I have already read more than half of Catherine, which has all the interest of a romance. Your reflections on Romanism are the justest, because the broadest and widest, I have ever met; and there is not a remark in them which is not applicable to the very crises we live in. It does not the less require great boldness to make them, as well as to depict in their true colours characters whose pretentious gifts have obtained for them hitherto a more flattering estimation. I feel assured that Catherine will place your name very highly, and I heartily congratulate you on a real success.

"Believe me, very faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES LEVER."

A note from Robert Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Earl of Lytton, may be inserted here (it was written in this year) for the sake of an admirably graphic word about the vividness of Carlyle's historic style. The italics I am responsible for. Robert Lytton, who afterwards became very intimate with T. A. Trollope, was at this time still

on "Dear Sir" terms with him. The note is without date.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am most obliged by your thoughtful kindness about 'Sartor Resartus.' . . .

"Many thanks for the Book. I have not read the 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' Only the 'French Revolution' and the 'Cromwell;'—but enough to wish for more. Carlyle writes *History as the Wandering Jew might have done,—like an eye-witness.* He lets one know just what sort of a day it was when the People stormed the Bastille, and how Mirabeau looked when he walked through the ruins of it, and they flung him flowers.

"Ever, my dear Sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"R. B. LYTTON."

In the autumn of 1858 Anthony Trollope went to the West Indies on Post-office business, and besides the official work which he did in an altogether excellent manner, the result of that visit was his book in one volume entitled "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." I have always thought this one of the best books of travels I ever read, in the clearness and vividness of the information given, and the simplicity of the manner in which it is conveyed. And the world has been

of my opinion, for the book was very highly successful.

In the first chapter of "The West Indies, etc.," the author says that he is beginning to write his book on board a brig trading between Kingston in Jamaica and Cien Fuegos on the southern coast of Cuba, and adds: "It is now the 25th January, 1859." On the day but one following, he writes in a private letter :—

"Brig *Linwood*, January 27, 1859.

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I must write you a line to tell you how I am going on in my travels, tho' my present position is not very favourable for doing so.

"I finished my business in Jamaica last Monday, and then, by way of making a short cut across to Cuba, I got into this wretched sailing vessel. But we have been becalmed half the time since, and I shall lose more time than I shall gain. I believe that in these days a man should never be tempted to leave the steam-boats.

"I am now on my way to the Havana, and shall have to travel across Cuba to reach it. When I have done there, I go viâ St. Thomas to Demerara,—thence to Panama,—thence I hope to the States, where I have some idea that Rose may meet me. In this way it will be 1860 before I can see you or Florence. But what could I do? When I had accepted the shorter journey which was first proposed, I could not well refuse it when it became longer, and the scheme larger.

"I liked Jamaica very much, but did not like Kingston, the chief town, at all. I met with very great hospitality in the island, and found the country to be very, very lovely. I went over the whole island, and saw as much of it, I flatter myself, as any man ever did in the time. I think I shall save the Post Office £1300 a year by my journey there. I like to feel that the expense has not been for nothing.

"Tom will be in England, I presume, when this reaches you, looking after the family literature. John Tilley says that he has done all that he can. His house is now quite full, and he *cannot* stow away any more Trollope books. This is since the cheap editions have set in upon him!"

The family literature has portentously increased in volume since 1859, having not only been fed from the main sources, but having received sundry tributary streams, for which H. M. Trollope and the present writer are responsible!

"I found your novels advertised with quite new names,—one by that horrid blackguard R. Should not this be stopped? And then there's 'The Days of the Regency, by Mrs. Trollope,' brought out by Thomas Hodgson in his Parlour Library. Surely you never wrote a 'Days of the Regency?'"* The worst is that it makes an appearance as tho' you were in league with the publishers in palming off old novels."

There was a work published by a French writer,

* Certainly not.—F. E. T.

and called, I believe, "The Mysteries of London," or some such title, purporting to be written by *Sir Francis Trollope*. Needless to say the name was an assumed one. So far as I know, there never has been a Sir Francis Trollope. But there was a certain Frances Trollope whose literary reputation made it worth while to imitate her name for the purpose of deceiving the public.

"Tom and I both come out in March,† and both under the same auspices, namely those of the Messrs. Chapman. . . . Do not be angry at the bad writing, for the ship tosses.

"My best love to Theo and Bimba" (little Bice).
"I had hoped to have been with you all about the time you will get this letter.

"Your own affectionate son,

"ANTHONY TROLLOPE."

† Anthony's novel, "The Bertrams," and T. A. Trollope's "Decade of Italian Women," were both published in the spring of this year.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ . . . These are no conventional flourishes,
I do most earnestly assure you——”

TENNYSON, *The Promise of May*.

THE published works of Frances Trollope amount to one hundred and fifteen volumes.

Of these volumes, twelve are records of travel ; one hundred and two are novels ; and one—“The Mother’s Manual”—a humorous poem. The first of her books was published in 1832 ; the last in 1856. Of the intervening years not one was idle, and several witnessed the production of two three-volume novels.

I may add here a few words of personal description, and one or two extracts from letters showing the impression she made on some who knew her in various relations of life, and saw her from different points of view.

“Of her personal appearance,” Mrs. Anthony Trollope writes to me, “no better idea can be given than by

the likeness prefixed to the first volume. It is a reproduction of a portrait I possess of her, painted by M. Hervieu in, I think, 1833. She was rather below the average height, but held herself very upright, and walked with a firm step. Her eyes were bluish grey, set rather far apart; her lips full, with a singularly pleasant smile. She always looked you full in the face when speaking. Her hands and feet were small."

The present writer remembers an anecdote told by her son Anthony, à propos of these small hands and feet. He had been speaking to a certain peer, an old man, about a nomination for one of his sons to some post, I forget what. His lordship in his reply said, "What Mrs. Trollope's grandson? I danced with her when she was Fanny Milton, and I remember she had the neatest foot and ankle I ever saw!"

"When a young woman, she had remarkably beautiful arms. She was somewhat indifferent as to her own personal get up, but very particular that those about her should be well dressed. The costume in the portrait was very much the same during all her later life."

Sir John Tilley, in sending me the letters the loan of which I have already acknowledged, writes—

"Mothers-in-law are not popular. Mrs. Trollope

stayed with us for many months shortly after our marriage, and never could any person have been more charming."

How her daughters-in-law, Theodosia and Rose Trollope, loved her has been sufficiently set forth.

Hervieu's admiration and affection for her were boundless. In one of his queer little notes written to Tom while Mrs. Trollope was working with her pen, and undergoing constant harass from the pressure of money difficulties and the ill-health of more than one member of her family, he says—

"Your mother does work at writing, tho' ill herself. How she keeps her mind and spirit I cannot say. She is wonderful. I am always marvelling."

The following letter from Prince Dietrichstein (of which the original is in my possession) accompanied the gift of an engraved portrait of himself that was never published or publicly sold. Mrs. Trollope had a very high respect for the character and intellect of this distinguished man, of whom in her "Vienna and the Austrians" she makes mention. The passage from her book, and his autograph letter to her, might more properly have found a place in an earlier chapter. But the truth is, the letter—in the enormous mass of papers which I had to read and sift—had escaped my

observation until that earlier chapter was in print. I think it, however, worth giving here. Mrs. Trollope says of him—

“Prince Dietrichstein was the elder brother of the Count Maurice who was governor to Napoleon’s son the Duc de Reichstadt; and the day he called on me, he related many anecdotes respecting the distinguished élève of his brother, which were of the highest order of interest. . . . I have seldom listened with greater interest to the conversation of any one than to that of Prince Dietrichstein,—not only on the subject of the Duc de Reichstadt, but on every other that he touched; his eloquence has all the brilliant vivacity of a young man, and the profound thinking of an old one. His learning and great acquirements have procured him a species of celebrity that I do not remember to have seen accorded to any one, in any country. Many appear to differ in opinion from him, but none differ in that formed of him.”

Here is the Prince’s note in its quaint foreign English, quite unaltered :—

“MADAM,

“The kind letter you did me the honour to direct to me before yesterday, reached me but this morning, when I hasten to acknowledge it.

“How could I not be extremely flattered by your kind wish to have my portrait! Though secluded from the world—and perhaps so much the more for it,—no

one more than myself pays the most sincere tribute of admiration to those few that elevate themselves far above the crowd by their well-employed talents, and by their works. And to be noticed by the one or the other of these few,—what could one wish more, that did not himself conquer a place among them?

“But the rumour spread, was that ‘visiting countries and observing men and manners’ like Ulysses, you intended not only to describe them, like the great contested Homer, and the Great (no more) Unknown, but even to complete it with views and features; of course also with characteristics,—differing this time from what you observed in your most interesting works upon Belgium, the Rhine, and Paris” [*i.e.* the Prince thought she wanted to publish his portrait in her book on Vienna, and was unwilling that it should be published].

“This rumour being now so kindly rectified by you, Madam, and as a proof of my obedience to your commands, I hasten to offer you my print, made fifteen years ago, and that nobody ever got primitively but from myself. Besides, as soon as I shall have the honour to pay you my respects, whatever you should perhaps wish more, will be equally obeyed to.

“Meanwhile be so good to accept the most sincere homage, of your most humble and obedient servant,

“DIETRICHSTEIN.

“Vienna, Feb. 28, 1837.”

I have the engraving. It represents Dietrichstein as an old man with a large aquiline nose, intelligent eyes, and a benevolent forehead, from

which the hair is drawn back and, apparently, powdered. The Prince encloses the following lines on Thalberg, who was then enchanting Vienna. Mrs. Trollope had probably written some album verses on Thalberg's name, for Dietrichstein's are headed—

“IMITÉ DE MADAME TROLLOPE.

Qui Thalberg entendit, trouve en son nom l'espace
Où l'Echo va répandre et sa force et sa grâce ;
Car, si de ses accords le vallon retentit,
Ils s'élèvent au pic et volent au zénith.
On est tenté de croire aux miracles d'Orphée
Quand tout nouvel effort est un nouveau trophée !”

From the Princess Metternich Mrs. Trollope received many notes and letters. But I believe most of them were given away in the course of years to autograph-hunters.

Apropos of the soirée at Prince Wasa's in Vienna, mentioned in Chapter XV., Vol. I., there is a little note from Princess Metternich. Her communications are written on tiny sheets of paper, without an envelope, simply folded over and fastened with a wafer bearing her crown, and the initial M. in light red on a dark red ground.

’ “CHÈRE MADAME TROLLOPE,

“Avez vous reçu l'invitation pour ce soir chez la Princesse de Wasa dont je vous ai fait part hier

matin? Je serai desolée si mon billet était perdu, la soirée étant pour *vous*. La Grande Duchesse Stephanie de Bade est arrivée. Elle a le plus grand désir de vous voir encore.

"La Princesse de Wasa est venue elle-même hier chez moi pour savoir ce qui l'avait privée du plaisir de vous voir avec Mademoiselle votre fille à son bal samedi. Je le lui ai bien expliqué.

"Au revoir, chère Madame,

"M. M."

One of her neighbours at Hadley had been Joseph Henry Green, the surgeon, Coleridge's literary executor. He was one of those who became intimate with the Trollope family while they lived at Hadley. (He survived his old friend less than a month; his death having taken place on the 1st of November, 1863, and hers on the 6th of the previous October.) And when she resolved on quitting Hadley, he addressed the following note to her:—

"Hadley, June 22nd, 1838.

"DEAR MADAM,

"The accompanying lines would have been offered to you yesterday; but visitors scared my Muse, and prevented my finishing them in time. Though very unworthy of your acceptance, perhaps you will

deign to accept them as an attempt to express the feelings of admiration and esteem with which

“ I shall ever remain,

“ Dear Madam,

“ Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

“ JOSEPH HENRY GREEN.”

The verses certainly can boast no great merit ; but I give them because I think they have some interest as coming from the pen of a man highly distinguished in his own science—especially in anatomy, and as an operator,—and distinguished also by an intimate friendship and long intercourse with Samuel Taylor Coleridge ; and because his estimate of Frances Trollope is honourable to her.

“ TO MRS. TROLLOPE.

“ Once more we gather in thy social hall,
To feel what memory will in vain recall :
We mourn, tho' mingling smiles with our farewell,
The joy of which thy presence was the spell.
Our verdant hill no longer tempts thy stay,
To haunts more bless'd the Muses lead the way.
If such must be, if all that's bright must fade,
And light and life must ever blend with shade,
Then go ! With manly vigour wield the pen ;
Drive Superstition to her loathsome den !
Unmask the Hypocrite ! Bid the Slave rejoice,
While his oppressors tremble at thy voice !
Teach Mammon's sons to turn from sordid pelf,
And copy winning manners from yourself.

Go where the lonely haunt, or busy throng,
 Shall still inspire thy fluent graceful song.
 May Heaven with choicest blessings thee endow,
 While Fame inweaves a chaplet for thy brow.

"Hadley, June 21st, 1838."

A less high-flown, but equally genuine, tribute to the popularity of her books, was received by Mrs. Trollope immediately after the publication of the "Vicar of Wrexhill."

The common charge of exaggeration had been brought against her depiction of the tenets and practice of a certain religious school. But this critic would fain have had the picture more highly coloured, or at least the shadows deepened! As to the wicked Vicar, he was not represented quite wicked enough! There is a good strong odour of sulphur, to be sure; but Mrs. Trollope's correspondent would have liked yet another whiff. He writes without a date or address, but signs his name.

"MADAM,

"Do allow a stranger to thank you for the hours of unusual interest, pain," (!) "and pleasure, with which he has read the 'Vicar of Wrexhill.' Of the truth of the direful effects of the Calvinistic demoniacal poison, he can speak from experience, and trembles at the reality."

Then follow two or three paragraphs full of very powerful Biblical adjectives directed against Calvinism ; and the writer proceeds—

“ Perhaps the effect might have been even nearer the truth, had you suffered Cartwright’s villainy in every case to triumph. For it is to be feared that where once this black and blighting Devil Worship rears its head, it hardly ever fails to plunge its victims beyond the power of being rescued.”

He then suggests a catastrophe of so very strong a flavour, that I would rather not quote it, and adds, “ *This* would have been remembered, and could not have been got over.”

Sfido io! as the Italians say. I should think it could *not* have been got over! However, he is very much obliged to Mrs. Trollope for what she has done, and says—

“ Much would I wish to engage your vivid pen to be once more employed in this holy cause, and that you could be induced to paint the effect of these villainous doctrines among a lower class of people :—among the tradesmen, farmers, and labourers of England. For among them it is exerting its baneful influence, and deforming the fine, open, honest faces of England into those of Italian assassins.” (!) . . . “ Lying, villainy, and corruption of every name and kind, are inculcated, practised, and gloried in. None are too poor (like the

Roman Catholic among the Irish) to be fleeced, pillaged, and cajoled. And now at this season, when all our clergy are subscribing and relieving their distressed flocks to the utmost of their power, and often even beyond what prudence would dictate, these low, selfish Leeches are pillaging them to the utmost Farthing! Pray take the case into your consideration, and may every happiness attend you and yours."

There is a fine confusion of metaphors in the image of the leech, which is not only low and selfish—very reprehensible qualities in your leech—but *pillages* to the utmost farthing? Compared with this gentleman's conception of a Calvinistic preacher, the Vicar of Wrexhill, Stiggins, Chadband, nay, even the great Tartuffe himself, are very mild and milk-and-water creations.

CHAPTER XVII.

“Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.”

CHARLES LAMB.

By the time she received the letter from her youngest son, quoted in Chapter XV. of this volume, Mrs. Trollope's mind had begun to fail : or rather it would be more correct to say that her memory had failed. She was still able to take an interest in many topics, but she had to be told all about them afresh every day. But this applies chiefly—if, indeed, I should not say at this period, *wholly*—to new things and new people. Of the past she still remembered much, and still vividly ; so that I doubt not that her son Anthony's letter gave her pleasure. She might not always be able to recollect what part of the world he was journeying in, or the cause of his journeyings, but the mention of his name, and the sight of his handwriting, would not fail to arouse her interest, and call forth a warm manifestation of affection.

Towards those among whom she lived, and

whom she saw daily, there was at this time no perceptible dullness of feeling. I remember on one occasion the delight with which she listened to little Bice's voice carolling forth some Tuscan *stornello* in an adjoining room; and how she clasped her hands together as she listened, exclaiming softly, "Dear creature! Dear creature!"

Her love for her eldest son, and her reliance on him certainly did not grow weaker with the weakening of her mental power. "Tom" was still, as he had been for more than thirty years, the dear companion, the trusted friend, the comfort and mainstay of her life.

She retained a fair amount of bodily vigour almost to the last. The days of long walks, and even of long drives, were over, but she still took daily exercise. At the back of the Villino, opening on to the garden, ran an open *loggia* or stone colonnade. It afforded shade from the sun and shelter from the rain; there were fragments of ancient marbles encrusted in its walls, inscriptions, and carvings. Wistaria and roses climbed round the pillars, and every arch framed a picture of the garden with its background of the old city wall, which then still encircled Florence. Here, at a certain hour every afternoon, Mrs. Trollope would

pace up and down, leaning on her son's arm. "I want Tom to trot me out," she would say, using the phrase that had been habitual between them from his boyhood. And Tom was never asked for in vain.

It was a peaceful and a pleasant haven for the closing scenes of her long and laborious life—laborious, and often sorely troubled; and yet, on the whole, a happy life. And the happiness had assuredly not been produced by Austrian Arch-duchesses or English peers, by the politeness of publishers or the patronage of Quarterly Reviewers; not even by that which she valued, as every writer, every sane man and woman must value it—the "praise of praised men." These things were, no doubt, pleasant in their degree, but they did not make her happy. The happiness came chiefly from her power of loving, and the love she consequently inspired. Her sons might—would, I believe—have been dutiful to her had she been a colder and more selfish parent. But not to a cold or selfish woman could Anthony have addressed that letter from the brig *Linwood*, giving the details of his voyage, writing tenderly and playfully to his old mother from the other side of the world, and accomplishing the task amid all the

discomforts of the tossing ship. Not to a cold or selfish woman could Tom have cheerfully dedicated the hour of their daily walk, feeling it to be one of his dearest privileges to support her steps.

As her aged eyes looked out upon the pretty scene at the Villino, its flowery garden, its pillared colonnade, the rows of orange trees laden with fruit and blossom, the southern sunlight casting bars of velvet shadow across the green lawns and cream-tinted marbles, there was in her heart a sunshine still fairer, without which all the external warmth, and peace, and beauty, would to her have been as dust and ashes—the consciousness of loving care and tender reverence.

The reader who may have followed the record of her life thus far, will have formed his own estimate of her intellect, her weaknesses, her virtues, and her faults. Nothing that a biographer could say, would avail to change the impression made on each individual by the facts laid before him, any more than a portrait-painter could persuade one to admire a face on his canvas, by emphatically declaring it to be beautiful, or winning, or intellectual. The features, if he have portrayed them accurately, will speak for themselves.

If I have succeeded in conveying clearly the story I had to tell, the reader must perceive—whether the idiosyncrasy of the woman be to him sympathetic or not—that she was honest, courageous, industrious, generous, and affectionate; and that those qualities enabled her to surmount difficulties, to overcome sorrow, to endure harsh judgments, and to inspire the faithfullest friendship and love.

That, I think, is the lesson of Frances Trollope's life.

The end came painlessly. She was not confined to her bed many days—indeed, I believe, not for more than twenty-four hours.

On the 6th of October, 1863, she died, passing away as one who sleeps, aged eighty-three years and seven months. The last intelligible words that her lips ever uttered were, as her son has recorded elsewhere, "Poor Cecilia!" I have said that although her once bright intellect had faded, and her once strong memory grown feeble, yet the affections of her heart waned only with the last pulse of life.

She was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Florence, and the stone that marks her last resting-place bears this inscription from the pen of her firstborn son—

"Franciscæ Trollope—quod mortale fuit—Hic jacet
—Divinæ autem particulæ auræ—Memoria nullum
marmor quærit.—Apud Stapleton—In Agro Somerset,
Anglorum—A.D. 1780 nata,—Florentiæ—Tumulum A.D.
1863—nacta est."

* * * * *

The busy pen was laid aside, which had written, perhaps mistakenly sometimes, but never falsely ; which had slandered no reputation and betrayed no friend ; which had done homage to goodness and beauty, and love and truth ; and given hours of innocent enjoyment to thousands of readers. What it had earned for her dear ones, she took thankfully ; the fame and praise it had gained for herself, she enjoyed modestly ; the hostility it drew upon her, she endured without rancour. Among those who knew her, and those to whom she is but a family tradition, her memory "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

And to all who now read her, or read of her, may be addressed the appeal of noble old Samuel Johnson on behalf of a dead poet—

"To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind ye judges, or, at least, be just !

* * * * *

Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the author cannot hear !"

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* Since the completion of this book, the distinguished Italian statesman, Signor Bonghi, of whom mention is made in Madame Mohl's letter, has passed away. Italy is the poorer for the loss of his remarkable talents, his sterling erudition, and his uncompro-
 mising integrity.—F. E. T.

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